

## Graves And The Infinite Arm

Electric President

Dig yourself a hole and throw your asthma in  
Throw the toys in after  
Cover them with earth

Dig another hole and throw your conscience in  
Drop your hiccups down  
And arrange them well

Dig a deeper hole and bury all those words  
Bury all the fangs  
That they bared last night

Dig another one and put yourself inside  
And close your eyes  
It's comfortable

Crawling through the house in darkness  
Cause I'm looking for a blanket  
Yeah, I've got another hole to fill now  
Gotta keep them going  
Gather clothes and books and photos  
Gather anything of value  
And I'll cover them with dirt and compost  
Make a place to lay my head

No light in this room  
Just the glow from the oven  
And the screech of their laughter is all you can hear  
If you just close your eyes  
You can pretend it's heaven  
We might be crooked now  
But we're even when we grow

If you catch yourself drifting  
If your feet leave the ground  
Warp your arms around a lamp post  
Or just drift until you're found  
If you could see me now  
We'd laugh yourself to stitches  
We might be crooked now  
But it doesn't matter what we show  
Cause we'll be even when we grow