

Hurricane Laughter

Fontaines D.C.

I was toweled up to the waist while you were fresh from the confession
The angry streets, they twisted up and billowed with the laughter
Anyway I thought you burned the rags in some kind of primal fear
And now the night is blue and red and they're tearing down the plaster

Hurricane laughter
Hurricane laughter
Tearing down the plaster
Hurricane laughter
Hurricane laughter
Tearing down the plaster

And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
There is no connection available

So to the hills we fled while the evidence was weighing
Eyes aloft all shocking, blue and purple, serious
Cities barking by the windows screaming to exist
Not without the muted mind of priesthood so imperious

Hurricane laughter
Hurricane laughter
Tearing down the plaster
Hurricane laughter
Hurricane laughter
Tearing down the plaster
Hurricane laughter
Hurricane laughter
Tearing down the plaster
Hurricane laughter
Laughter
Hurricane laughter
Tearing down the plaster

And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
And there is no connection available
There is no connection available