

Albemarle Station

Silver Jews

Call me from Albemarle Station if you can
I hope you find your concentration beneath those ceiling fans
We used to dance in this split-level ranch
When moonlight flooded the room
Now you're gone and the shades are all drawn
In my air conditioned tomb

Bad roads, bad snow, bad bridges
Could turn a once bad man religious
If thy kingdom ever comes
You better run, run run run

There must be a Spanish word for this feeling
The rush I get when I am stealing
From the Dust Congress
Whose dollars and dimes
Say "in dust we trust"
Oh yeah
The world is not ready for you

I passed an abandoned drive-in
With ivy growing over the screen
It was like I caught Hollywood sleeping
Sleep without the dreams

A magic shop in Colonial Watts
Something gets pushed by the wind
The world's not ready
The world's not ready
The chimes of rabies are ringing again

Bad roads, bad snow, bad bridges
Could turn a once bad man religious
If thy kingdom ever comes
You better run, run run run

There must be a pool out behind the church
'Cause he looked so cool in the back of a hearse
After a debutante of his trial
All the citizens began to dress in his style
Oh yeah

It's a beautiful, beautiful world