

Butterflies Drowned in Wine

Smog

Butterflies drowned in wine
I'm headed into town
Where up is up and down is down
None of this fumbling around

Phantom fingers straighten a phantom tie
I'm going to talk to some people there
Forget everything I'm told
In one ear and out the other

An eagle flies right through my mind
The shadow skims across the land

Some people add and some subtract
I love an expert I hate a hack
You've got to bust up a sidewalk
Sometimes
To get people to gather round
And I'm prepared to do whatever it takes
I'm prepared to do whatever it takes
For temporary brother sisterhood

Move the tables and the chairs aside
And give me some room
I'm going to show you something
You won't soon forget

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