

24-Hour Store

The Handsome Family

Late, late at night
24-hour store
Ghosts fly up the aisles, across the shining floor
Opening and closing automatic doors

Hands waving mirrors
Angels fly through lights
But the sleepless and lost push their squeaking carts
Down the rows of clothes and see nothing at all

No, no one hears the singing bones
And no one sees the crying ghosts
And everyone thinks I'm alone
All alone

But under concrete
And steel linoleum floors
There is a fire that will never die
A golden wheel inside the world

A golden wheel in plastic and bows
In particles of light that fall from the sun
A river of candles
Tumbling in the dark

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