

Lorna Zauberberg
Mike Doughty

G D Am C
Wait for your train in my car by the station

G D Am C
On the wheel, my hands are burning from the cold

G D Am C
What do you dream as you doze against the window

G D Am C
And will you tell the dream when you come home?

G D Am C
We're ill at ease in the house of lesser than

G D Am C
And in breakfast, we get by on charm alone

G D Am C
The sun beats down on immaculate beige carpets

G D Am C
And the plank of spoons bounce off the off-white wall

Em Am
I flipped through the music that you left

Em Am C
All the old cassettes that lean against the wall

Em Am
I ate all the peaches off the shelf

Em Am C
And I rearranged the cans into a poem

G D Am C
Vicious mobs of candy-ravers stalk the night

G D Am C
And methadonians sleep right where they stand

G D Am C
A weeping tranny is cradling a steak knife

G D Am C
And you're happy slugging Rob Roys with your man

Em Am
I fold all the sweaters in the drawer

Em Am C
And I smelled your smell and I held one to my nose

Em Am
Lay awake to the drizzle on window

Em

Am

C

As the swan neck of the fan sweeps back and forth

Na na na na na na na na