

Elephants

Them Crooked Vultures

Painted as monsters
Borracho, cansado
Do you know what the people say? Plucked from the garden
Of wretched beliefs
I offer a rose
And smile with harmless teeth Then slick back my hair
You know the devil's in there
Alone in the garden Like lumbering giants
In a shameful parade
We came to ruin all
And make a rotten trade
I'll make you roll over
So roll over Scattered on the shore
Surely washed away
Feeling somewhat deserving
Of what will be someday No, I can never stay melancholy
I've the memory of your face
No, I can never stay melancholy
For long For I move on We're unwanted strangers
Exploited and dangerous
Unable to hide
Or even dream of it Como estas, parting the seas
Like lepers who stroll
Why you afraid sweetie?
I slick back my hair
You know the devil's in there
So keep one eye open, baby We're so easy to spot
Lepers riding atop
Pachyderms of germs
Elephants broken and screaming and oh Roll over
Are we coming over Scattered on the shore
Surely washed away
Scattered on the shore
Surely be washed away
Away, away Feeling somewhat deserving
Of what will be someday
No, I can never stay melancholy
I've the memory of your face All alone in the garden
Of long lost hopeful plans
No, I can never stay anything for long So come on, move
Roll over
Are we coming over?

Here we go

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