

Bright Eyes, Susan Miller Rag

When all the knots attention keep you from getting loose
Relax your love
Relax your living
And cruise... past the People's Choice and their backwards attitudes.

When you're done all sleeping and all your dreams fall through
Relax your rush
Relax your grieving
And lose... yourself in the till of your woodwind solitude.

Light in the corners of the room
In your Eighth House is a rising moon
Better get out of her soon...

Far away from the rag trade
Fa away from this maritime state you're stuck in
Relax your law
Relax your ego
And groove... from the deep-sea dive to the nose-bleed altitudes.

When you divide the memories outside the photobooth
Relax your cause
Relax your feeling
And choose... not the one that you want but the one they just handed you.

When wet tequila gimmicks starts off but gets you juiced
Relax your thoughts
Relax your breathing
And do... what you want, when you want, with whoever you wanna do.

The sun is eclipsed as silence swoons
And you your Eighth House is a darkened room
Is it midnight or high noon?

Far away from the rag trade
Far away from this marathon race you're running
Relax your costs
And dodge the seroes
And prove... what you think that you can to whoever you needed to.

Far away from the rag trade
Far away from this maritime state
Far away from the rag trade
Far away from this maritime state you're stuck in
...You're stuck in