The Hold Steady, Navy Sheets

I guess I met a couple bona fide angels But they all seemed kinda fat and fatigued And now we're tryin to match the mouths from the screams Match the heads in the dreams

Everybody's searchin out the softest seat All dolled up for the funeral feast Everybody's stabbin at the biggest piece Clever kids kissin on the?

Now I'm not really sure we were lovers Or if it was just some kinda car crash Now we're tryin to find a DNA match To match the heads with our hats

Everybody's reachin for the sharpest knife Legs wide open on the opening night Everybody's bathin in the laser lights Clever kids screwin' with some new device

Sunday morning, sidewalks splattered Feverish in stylish tatters Didn't this used to seem like glamour I remember when it mattered

Can't get over what's transpired Left home virgins, came back vampires Belt it out like backstretched choirs We're either dead or really tired

Everybody's comin onto navy sheets Everybody's comin onto navy sheets Everybody wants to suck on somethin sweet Everybody's comin onto navy sheets Everybody's comin onto navy sheets