TV On The Radio, Tonight

My mind is like an orchard Clustered in frozen portraits Blossoms that bloom so fine, just to drop from the vine I've seen them all tonight

Who'd keep a silent orchard I'll shove it all to the floor boards Her rusty heart starts to whine in its telltale time so For freedom tonight

Life is a measly portion A light on good friends and fortune It strips you away inside, drawn all your blinds Conceal it all from sight

You took that final courter Shot the boy, no quarter We'll skip to the final line of some suicide note well publicized Or give it up tonight

Carry with bursting order
To the options you've layed before you
The needle, the dirty spoon, the flames and the fumes
Just throw them out tonight

The time that you've been afforded May go unsolved, unrewarded Some nameless you cannot know may be coming to show you Unbridled love and light

Should you grow an orchard? Covered in dusty portraits Blossoms that bloom so fine, just to drop from the vine I'll listen up tonight

Don't keep it silent orchard Shove it all to the floorboards Your rusty heart will be fine, in its telltale time So give it up tonight