

Nightmares In The Middle Of The Day

[A]

I was born in a tin shack on a desert plane
The doctor had a heart attack and they buried him in the rain
My mother took a look at me and took her own life
My father was a mad man who lived by the knife

[A2]

My flag flies at half mast almost every day
My face is painted with shadows of black and blue and grey
In my eyes you can almost hear the death march howl
In the New Orleans reign of a tuba man's growl

[B]

I was reared on buckshot and the undertaker's wood
Jesus'd like to heal me if only he could
If you see me walking by, you better look away
Cause I can give you nightmares in the middle of the day

[A3]

I was on the road as soon as I could walk
I was moaning low as soon as I could talk
You were screaming bloody murder like the slaughter man's sow
When everyone is gone I'll take the final bow

[A4]

For a cast of walking skeletons who'll bleat their pains to the wild
In a city full of orphans you'll never find a child
You're hoping that you'll see me at the funeral parade
To give you back your mask before the final masquerade

[B]

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