

As effortless as all you know  
As inactive as a charm  
This vessel's lowly stowaway is armed

Let the credits rave and let the critics roll  
As the groom runs down the aisle  
In a hail of bullets I just throw a towel

And write the bride out  
A second life, a second hand  
A view of space  
With an elephant obstructing it  
I'm splashing grays where once was glowing white  
I hit the pavement in the sunlight

And I would beg the kids to just come outside and play  
But I'd take the ball away

What is a sorry state when you can't believe your eyes  
You'll gladly take as second prize

Oh, and there are prophecies you'll only prophesize  
Over niceties and gin  
And now you're asking, I don't know where to begin

Oh, and all the critics rave as the credits roll  
They kept us wet behind the ears  
So we'll be speaking in hushed tones for 50 years

Take this heart  
And wear it on the outside

Oh, and as the rain comes down like a tickertape parade  
The tears slow and dissipate

Oh, and as the blood and sweat you've invested evaporates  
You'll have tried, but you won't make it pay

Sign this and file it under dumbstruck envy  
That'll strike you down

Sightless, the comfort in the danger  
Enticing, I join the queue

Mindlessly, I made her in my likeness  
Scattered and absolute

Silent and transparent  
The one who holds the candle to the glow of you