

Promised Land

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You're taking up lots of space
your shit is everywhere
your breath is all up in my face
your hands are swarming in the air

You're the first one out the car
and then the loudest one in the bar
tell me is there something wrong
girlfriend, what's with this new version of who you are

So she lifts her chin and
squints at me
to assess what I think I know
she says my heart has some dangerous neighborhoods
so beware where you try to go

And they say that the truth will set you free
but then again, so will a lie
it depends if you're trying to get to the promised land
or if you're just trying to get by

What is a camera but a box of light
what is a guitar but a box of sound
you think I don't understand
I think I might

What it is to
to harvest the emptiness
and just ride it around

And maybe your chest is an empty shell
with ribs of spiraling coral
where a perfect pearl of sadness resides
but if you ever need it here
I could come and press it there
and I could listen to the sound of the ocean inside