

Empty Lot

Banner Pilot

Counting lines that cross my face and moving objects into place

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I'll never make it through so I'll make a deal with you -
let me drink your wine and waste your time and whatever I've got
I'll give to you.

We've just got to wait 'til Spring and see what all it brings.
I bleed like everybody else, you look like everybody else.
We'll breathe this toxic air and pretend not to care.
If we can conquer Bleeker Street I know we'll land right on our
fucking feet.

We're just walking home through an empty lot.
We'll take the world on - the year that I've had think it's wor
th a shot.

I'm writing over days better left forgot
and navigating ways through a twisted plot.
And we're just walking home through an empty lot.