

Empty Your Bottles

Banner Pilot

Let's get reborn tonight like a phoenix in bar lights.
Burn up, plans don't seem so crazy.
They all look clear through the cloudy beer.
We can rise up and leave this urban ashtray.

Blaze away, and set some fires on Lyndale.
Losing days, if we stay this numb there's no way that we'll fail now.

No one really gets us, no one does; we've smoldered in silence.
Now I'm yelling at the approaching skyline
'Cause the routine don't make sense.
Listen to Kerouac; he's talking to us.
Pack up your bags, if we don't run we'll rust.

Take me away with you.
Yeah take me down; can't move until I get kicked around.
Front porch, empty bottles, your hiccups; toast to new days.
Simpatico don't wake me up.