

Same Mistake

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

On an open road and a virgin kick to chaos
with an angel tattooed to her inner thigh,
wild eyes reflected, and the neon sign.
I did not ask for love,
merely the same mistake

Don't be a fool with that,
your useless plastic pistol,
On my signal, we will drop our stupid
cause and disappear into the night.
As it stands, we're trading potions
for new potions to be swallowed whole.
We make the same mistake.

What to imply?
Have you picked a part?
Staying in the action.
Where's the action?
Here we are, drawing straws,
taking sides when we aren't
letting up and letting go.
Letting up.
Letting go.

Manacles and endless lists on a shelf.
Our wealth, it will be squandered
by subtle gusts of cold wind,
cars rusting below the bridge.
And shouts behind the factory,
at first frightening,
but it's just kids beginning
To make the same mistakes

On an open road
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On an open road
We make the same mistake