

## Parallel Lines

### Dear and the Headlights

There's no sound, no one around  
Half the sun's gone underground  
All the dead still hold their heads  
But their old weeping won't resound  
As we drag our western talks  
Down thousand year old blocks  
Vesuvius looks ashamed  
That he ever lost his mind  
And that people now spend time excavating his rage  
Kiss my mouth, leave me no doubts  
With antiquated gestures now  
There's no sound, no one around  
That lurid moon in peeking out  
And your steps they seem to rhyme  
So perfectly with mine  
As we pass through ancient gates  
And I'm whistling at stray dogs  
And you're laughing on my arm  
Just waiting for the train  
Out by parallel lines I try to make sense  
Of that strange pulsing there in my wrist  
But you don't bother to guess  
You're not confused to be blessed  
You're just smiling so thankful to exist