

# Snow On Dead Neighborhoods

Electric President

Pluck all the wires from your skin, and toss them to the wind  
Open your chest and let me in, I'll help you mend

While you carve our names in the ice on the sidewalk  
And I do the same on the face of a cinderblock

Thousands of houses hug this road, but no one's home  
All the picket fences look like bones, 'cause nothing grows  
Snow covers everything in sight a ghostly white  
Under that blanket there's no life, just blinking lights

And we peer through the glass of those empty households  
The TVs are all still on. They're flashing images against the walls