

Some Crap About The Future

Electric President

You spread your rusty fingers across the ledge.
You get your grip and peer down over the edge.
You watch the city move and breathe and migrate.
You're not apart of it. You're broken now, like us.

I turn and brush the birds from off my shoulders.
And cross side-walks with an earful of white noise.

You sit up on your perch for the rest of the night.
You watch the moon and hope the damn thing crumbles.
You count the stars reflecting in the windows.
And then you realize just how minimal you are.

I stop and watch the airplanes leave the city.
And I silently wish I was on one.

You sit down slow and watch yourself in the glass.
You reach inside and tear out all your cables.
Snakes of smoke are dripping from your fingers.
You have no body, just a cage to hold your parts.

I have no answers; I'm rambling.
I was never one to solve whatever has gone wrong.

You lie down on the roof and watch the sun rise.
Its burning fingers rummage through your insides.
And for a moment you feel like you're alive.
And then it's gone, so you get up.

Up, up, baby. There's blood on the sidewalks of this town.
They've got us on the ropes. But we don't have to take it lying down
anymore.

Our hands aren't tied now.
Down, down, baby. Down in the in the center of this town.
They've got 'em buried deep.
Under layers of concrete are the bones of our past.

(Oh no, no)

We'll leave on the evening train.
It won't be long, but it feels that way.
But home never meant very much to us anyway.
So we convince ourselves that we're better off gone.
And maybe we're right.

And we collapse on a road.
On an old dirt road, where the sun doesn't look like such a waste.
And we fall asleep, under leaves of a couple of them nearby tress.
And we never wake again.