

Left with Alibis and Lying Eyes

Emery

Watching someone stop breathing.
Feel their arms and palms releasing.
The color, the smell of the skin,
All of this with your fingerprints.
And there isn't a thing that we can do.

Drive drive drive drive,
I don't want to get caught.
We'll say, we'll say we're innocent.
And there is enough to prove we're not.
They will believe anything.
I'm packing all my clothes and never going to go home again.
There isn't one thing we forgot.
You'll see, we'll get away with this.

My jeans, your shoes, we'll throw away everything we've used.
But there's still your worried mouth
To match your worried eyes.
The only two things left to find.

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(Murderer, with your teenage eyes, resist confession.
Oh, the weight is so much, my heart is hollow.
With this foolish thing I've done)
There's no compromise.
So remember this.
Your hands are lies.
It's too late for ifs.
We'll go home and close the door,
then pull the sheets up to our heads and sleep.

And there isn't a thing that they can do.

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