

## California, Gracefully

### Every Time I Die

Two sets of taillights burn dim  
And divide stretch for miles  
Making track marks across  
What veins fail to carry

You should have taken my keys  
While my hands were shaking  
You could have kept the dead gone  
Entombed in the soil of arms  
Raise the breathing abrasion  
With a turn of the key

Lost motor skills and a set cruise control  
Mangled insect screams  
Through the puddles of drool  
Mainline the highway, baby

Tie off the concrete veins  
And set the radio to FM love songs  
Clocked relapse defined by the rpm's of a static heart  
Reanimated by the rush of eyes and horizon

Nothing warms like a road flare when caution sets  
Anodyne seeps like dashed yellow lines  
Through the withdrawn rear view addict  
Drenched to the drawn teeth in seething foam

You want me dead, you should have called me home  
Rumble strip as pulse prevents retreating eyes, dilate and close  
I can feel the dry heaves moisten, I can feel the blood withdrawn  
You are my failed twelve step program

Red light could kick this habit, needle full of junkies fuel  
Drops of blood on her fingertips  
Your arms are a deprivation chamber  
Sterile to sixty in forever flat  
Dissolve into the coast like John Wayne  
A hero and his heroine, damn