

Places

Fountains of Wayne

Places

We move in and out of watching

Faces

Float around the hotel lobby like

Fishes

They're all blowing air

We know it must mean something

But we just stare

We stood

On Primrose Hill like statues we were

So good

Walked along the locks and into

Camden

Tried on silver shoes

And orange plastic jackets

Places

We move in and out of fast as

Hail stones

Make jokes hey isn't that the the word for our

Tombstones

So that everyone will know

When they're out one afternoon

Stop to read the stones