

And

Headstones

Can we piece it together
Simply want it to work
Right where it's severed
And we can conserve
Well it holds down neatly
Everything that it serves
It belongs to us now
no longer needs to be nursed
Let's not find the weakness
push the bruise
What good would it do
It belongs to us now
We can endure
No televisions
No longer needs to be cured
And when we define it
it seems to conclude
It's right where we find it
It's right beside you
Let's not drag out the details salt the wound
Let's not find the weakness push the bruise
What good would it do