

Bird Flu

Hopesfall

I'm a killjoy
even offstage i'm plastered
memories of a sex stained flower
on the wall of your room
i need a view
i need a few
people around me think they are California bound
we're turning blue and yellow
we don't make a sound
i've sunk into cold floors
half naked and always stumbling

you are to me
however you want to be

as long as we're machines (we will lose)
we are just a dream (the unknown)
no ordinary tease
of another life
come find
we ought to be
how we used to be
a more human and extraordinary love

hush up that gypsy queen in the back of magazines
crush the pills
flip it over
rip this oxy
f**k alter boy sensitivity
make it numb to learn
we can;t get far enough
from nights of
dancing on the streets like we paved them ourselves
and now we've learned to chase our liquor with disaster

palm readers never let you know
palm readers never let you go
we're all ribbon chasers
without ribbons of our own
under the watchful eye of a dirty bird
my chemical companion
can't you read my mind?
you want some attention
but i'm tired of it tonight