

Capillary Life

Jawbox

Stretched on this city's grid
Sometimes I feel so well hid
Pinned to this city's grid
No sign to end or begin this capillary life
This capillary life, this capillary life

Streets are slender threads
To suspend the weight of consent
To days that never end
When all I want is more than they can send
This capillary life, this capillary life

Is it too late, is it too late
Is it too late to change my mind?
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This kind content reprise
Off course in veins of someone's time
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Off course in veins of someone's time

Is it too late, is it too late
Is it too late to change my mind?
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Dream on the evening train, brakes scrape
A song through my hands
Turns to a barker's call
Wide awake, not to understand
This capillary life, this capillary life

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