

## Parking Lots

Josh Pyke

The night was so cold all the cats had gone home  
I hate to be told what to do, lord  
I hide under awnings like rats in a storm  
I hide under cars when they're left in the parking lots

Oh, now I know what you mean  
When you said I was sick in my heart at nineteen  
But I'm older now and I'm well

So come over here let me look in your mirrors  
The years are beginning to show, lord  
There's been a darkness upon us so long  
It's hard not to feel that our lives  
Are not always our own

Now I know what you mean  
When you said I was sick in my heart at nineteen  
But I'm older now  
And I'm twice as well

So come over here  
Let me look in your mirrors  
An asp and an arrow  
And a lamb with a furrowed brow

Stay with me  
Because I have been dying to meet you  
And now you're here  
I feel I could kill just to keep you  
Be calm the tell-tale heart  
That leaves us beaten in the dark  
Tomorrow see the scars  
They'll leave with feathers and of tar  
They'll leave you lying in the parking lots