

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