

the burns of our beginnings are gone in lights like these  
orange white, they try to kill the night  
get turned on for the streets  
we could lay and give into them or pray for a small breeze  
the city plan is already made up, crossed off with names of trees

that doesn't justify your wake

the fences have been covered, a coating that is clear  
i've walked around and thought about back yards  
there's nothing like that here  
it's underneath the sidewalks and buried in your ear  
how could i have set off all these alarms and never have been near

\*i don't care where you go  
that doesn't justify your wake  
the plow, the water turned  
we'll finish out of place

we sought out the connection, the height of where we are  
the building tops look down and make us hot, they don't seem very far  
and all across the sidewalk  
try not to look too hard  
the broken glass cannot control itself, it makes fun of the stars

\*