

Books from Boxes

Maxïmo Park

ightfalls
And towns become circuit boards
We can beat the sun as long as we keep moving

From the air
Stadium lights stand out like flares
All I know is that you're sat here right next to me

We rarely see
Warning signs in the air we breathe
Right now, I feel each and every fragment

This paper trail leads right back to you
You say you need me to step outside

You spent the evening unpacking books from boxes
You passed me up so as not to break a promise
Scattered Polaroids and sprinkled words around your collar
In the long run,
you said you knew that this would happen

This is something new
But, it turns out it was borrowed, too
"Why does every letdown have to be so thin?"

Rain explodes
At the moment that the cab door closed
I feel the weight upon your kiss; ambiguous

You have to leave.
I appreciate that
But I hate when conversation slips out of our grasp

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Two bodies in motion
This is a matter of fact
It wasn't built to last

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The pounding rain continued it's bleak fall
And we decided just to write after all
(after all)

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