

Not Tonight

Shearwater

Hurts so bad that you know it's not sinning.
The funny thing is it's just beginning to feel good.
And downstairs all your friends are waiting,
they're talking low and filling their stories with
angels,
and they imagine intervening in true crime photos
and placing meaning within them
- from blue to red to black-and-white.
Don't look too long,
you'll be up all night among them,
the sudden dead.
The last thing he said was:
"You should have been here before the camera arrived,
maybe I wouldn't have to die.
But just live out this long life jangling,
and as old men you could watch my hand dangling,
cold and white."
Baby, don't worry tonight;
I know it's too ugly to hold yourself upright.
So fill a clean glass, cold and smooth.
Take the reds, then take the blues.
Away, you can hear a voice that's singing:
"Angels could come but you wouldn't believe them,
and those that believe still can't see them anyway."
And The Suicide slides out of his skin
and he climbs inside of the bed you're in and touches
your face.
He says:
"What right had I to die
when all these little cells just tried to keep me
alive?
What right had I to leave the human race behind?
Do you really think you're better,
with your shotgun and your suicide letter?
Do you think you're right?
Well baby, don't worry tonight,
I know it's too ugly to hold yourself upright.
There's a light from the front room as it's filling
with all of your friends.
It doesn't get much better than this, and then it
ends."