

Seven A.M.

The Constantines

We're paperless
Won't document this
Under surveillance
Reconnaissance

The nation of the sleeping
And its promotions
We slip beneath the marquee
In a car named Anadyr

Hiding beneath the streetlights
By the ticket window
Watching saddened sidewalk kids
Line up like the faded movie posters

What's been watching?
What's been hiding
Between the continents and seven a.m.?

Keep an eye on the neighborhood
And an eye raised to the sky
Any airplane entering our airspace
Will be shot down

What's been watching?
What's been hiding?

We're paperless
Won't document this
No emotion
No box office