

Stalagmites

The Cribs

We stand here in ceremonial dress,
With a knife in the garter.
Like the love you never get to feel,
This is the fame of the martyr.
You are the California smile,
You're the cake decorator.

"He has this plan which is keep doing exactly what it is you're doing
and somehow everything's going to be alright.
And I was like, I'm growing stalagmites, I' don't want to be here anymore.
So I guess we're going to live in this haunted city forever more,
Where the gray creeps through your front door and all the houses
look like jack'o'lanterns, exactly the same all stood in a row.
Glowing with the mundanity of an early evening being lived out inside."

Like the rabbits with ointment in their eyes
Trying to focus in cages.
The lives are lived so what is it?
An hourglass or two faces?
We're only human is our excuse,
Let's just keep blaming nature.
My heart melts less over the years,
Whilst the past rings in my ears.
You are the California smile,
You're the cake decorator.

"So if needs be I'll batter you with unrelenting dignity,
My mouth will be sealed tighter than a nervous clam.
Because all words will be meaningless when you're washed up on the sand.
Try not to think about the future.
Try not to live in the past."

In the meantime I'll write down all of these words
And sing songs of being lost then found,
Being loved and lost.