

Hostile, Mass.

The Hold Steady

A knockoff necktie. the way he wore it made it look more like a
tourniquet.
I looked deep in his eyes I saw Lynn, Massachusetts.
She hung a sleeveless dress up on a sleeved up lifestyle.
Girl you gotta cover that.
He was gushing blood from wide open wounds and she decided that
she loved him.
They put the screws into Charlemagne.
He had a detox dream he saw Christ in all his glory.
Charlemagne didn't feel any pain.
But he's bleeding from the holes in his story.
He said: hey my name is Corey. I'm really into hardcore.
People call me hard Corey.
Don't you hate these clever people and all these clever people
parties.

In the park drinking dark Bacardi.
Thinking things are funny when they really ain't that funny.
The kids on the corner they keep getting stung.
The color of our teeth matches the color of our tongues.
In the back bay fens getting gentle.
Up against the fence with some guy who looks like mickey mantle
.
Dirty minds keep coming thru the mud.
The color of their eyes matches the color of our blood.

He had a painters cap. it said panama jack.
It had the flaps on the back that kept the sun off his neck.
He woke up deep in hostile Massachusetts.
Reaching out to try to touch the special effects.
He had no shoes and no pants.
They dressed him in a shirt with a collar and called him porky
pig.
The two of you went up to his room.
Later on you wouldn't admit you did.

Seeing lousy movies but only for the a/c.
Skimpy little outfits and bad guys acting crazy.
That's how I know when you're lying.
It looks just like overacting.
Kids on the corner are cracking and caving in.
Turning over and turning other kids in.
I never want to make you feel uncomfortable. I hope I never did
.
They met as kids he was angry and angsty.
She was a damned good dancer.
I'll be damned if they didn't disappear.
Wandered out of mass one day and faded into the fog and love an

d faithless fear.

Charlemagne in sweatpants and you and me in hostile, Massachuse
tts.