

Do you belong to a song?  
Does it drag you along by the tongue at the top of your lungs?  
Are you drunk?  
Have you been drinking?  
Do you below the overpass go with a fifth in your fist  
reminiscing the kiss of a love that just didn't love as much as  
you did?

Please don't give up, dear walls  
don't let the ceiling fall  
when you belong to a song, salty eyes,  
You belong.

Shrill notes begin, the grim violin  
then from the silence a violence of sirens orchestrate the score  
to which one more corpse is left quiet  
How we become the hollows of drums  
the rests between notes, the hollers that never reach throats  
"friends" in quotes, they're not calling

Please don't give up, dear you  
I'm but the sliver moon sliding through  
when you belong to a song, salty eyes,  
You belong.

Do please believe, however naive  
let it drag you along by the tongue at the top of your lungs  
and belong, salty eyes

When you belong to a song, salty eyes,  
You belong.