

Crowd stale, wholesale
We're on the porch and there's a keg and you are quiet
Wind shifts, I drift
To autumn, I tell Dom what I see
She laughs at me
Blast beat, we retreat
And it's a lonely street, the burden of circumvention
But fractions like us
Fill cities and flats and cul de sacs
So we yell over it and have a laugh
And it's a laughable scenario
Peripheral motion picture show
And I feel your eyes, and I stayed inside
But it wouldn't work so I soak up your vice
Tonight's a blur
We meet
You scare me
See, I have met people from Maine and Athens
Georgia and Montreal
And I'm dead, lips red
Licking sugar, I smile at everyone
Formulated fun