

On the Beach

Dirty Projectors

On the beach
The sun bleached the gathered forms
With coats and ties and sighs all formal
They waited for me
Blackened backs facing

I waited for their formation to break
As a welcoming smile breaks
And is disarming
I waited for their hail

But the committee did not turn
I grew aware that they knew that I was there
Were retorts, but no one cared
Were retorts, but no one cared

I waited for their formation to break
As a welcoming smile breaks
And is disarming
I waited for their hail
I waited for their hail