

You wrote it on my arm with a sharpie  
and we fell down divisin street,  
took the L through this hell-train city.  
Two pisces-rising, drunk actors in a love scene,  
if I can access the feeling still its vertigris.  
A little lost at the roof-party,  
a kiss on the neck and chemistry,  
your breath is a voice, wet purring.  
A kiss on the mouth's like an elegy  
when you slide down next to me and say,  
"By morning this will just feel like a dream."  
Your eyes are some cold home.

I told the pills to do this to me.  
Surrender and learn something  
or at least for one night know nothing.  
My phone is sick and shivering  
but it's too loud for talking  
and my head is ringing  
and I forget who's looking out for me.  
I look up and you're smiling, say,  
"You sold your soul to the evening.  
You're stranded here. Surrender."  
Your eyes are some cold home.