

Staring into the Sun

50 Foot Wave

A liquid noose around your neck
A Zippo lighter
Born boring I haven't had a minute to breathe
Christ, don't we have a requisite number of heartbeats?

Sunshine outside the clinic was baffling
Gold on the hood
Slipped something into your pocket
I'd save you if I could

Memories contagious
We're staring into the sun

You charge in blind
Burned by love light

You are not a pacifist
You are not kneeling
You are the strangest stranger I've ever seen

You are not a pacifist
You are not kneeling
You are the strangest stranger I've ever seen

Midnight mass in the winter ash of California
Little Tijuana in the Santa Ana's
You beautiful thing
You're staring into the sun
And beautiful you
You're staring into the sun