

Loom/Pulse

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You always got those dark sunglasses
Covering up your face
But if you promise to take them off
I promise I won't squander your gaze
I will be picturesque
I will be nice
I won't do anything
You can't tell your wife
I will think before I act
I will think twice
Just let me see your eyes

Each time we've spoke
We've put in our token
And ridden the tilt-a-whirl
And I was giggling and dizzy
Flirting like a 12 year old girl
The carnival of you and me is coming to town
Watch how we spin and spin
And then fall down
Now we just say hello
And head for firmer ground

You are the one-way glass that watches me
Standing in line at the bank
I always looked into your glasses
Like a cat looks into a fish tank
But all I could ever see was the specter of me reflected
I want a monument of friendship
That we never had, erected
I want it to take up lots of room
I want it to loom

You always got those dark sunglasses
Between us when we talk
But after the party is over
If you wanna take a walk
We could just look around not do nothing wrong
Just try to be at least as brave as our songs
I will bring my heart
I will bring my face
Just name the time and place

You crawled into my bed like some sort of giant insect
And I found myself spellbound that night at the sight of you there,
Beautiful and grotesque and all the rest of that bug stuff
Fluttering your way into my mouth,
Behind my teeth, reaching for my scars.
That night we got kicked out of two bars and laughed our way home.
That night you leaned over and threw up into your hair.
And I held you there thinking I would offer you my pulse
If I thought it would be useful.
I would give you my breath except the problem with death
Is you have some hundred years and then they can build
Buildings on our only bones.
A hundred years and then your
Grave is not your own.

We lie in our beds and in our graves unable to save
Ourselves from the quaint tragedies we invent,
And then undo from the stupid circumstances we slalom through.
And I realized that night that the hall light which seemed so
Bright when you turned it on is nothing compared to the dawn,
Which is nothing compared to the light which seeps from me
While you're sleeping beautiful and grotesque,
Resting cocooned in my room beautiful and grotesque,
Resting.
That night we got kicked out of two bars and laughed our way
Home and I held you there thinkin' I would offer you my pulse.
I would give you my breath.
I would offer you my pulse.