

Bart's Bike

Bears In Trees

I walk to Starbucks with Kiki
He tells me about his old band
As he drives us the span of the Atlantic
I rest my head on a vodka-soaked mattress
And Eric says
If we bought Jake a car, you're gonna buy him a house'
He deserves damn near everything
I'd build him a home in a heartbeat

We played to fifty people in Croydon
Now one thousand eyes stare us down in Camden

Meet me in the time of harmony
Sip on sunbeams til the new moon
I'm not sure of anything
I'm not sure if that's true
I know the glow your essence tended
Is the me I choose

We decorate time
As it moves through us slowly
You teach me not to try
A bruised PA blasts sincerity
Embroider our names into the walls
Hold a Glasgow basement's energy
Blast saxophone at 3am
Find heaven sent in Brooklyn streets

We send each other DVDs
Store memories in stolen things
I know that you meant embody
When you looked to the mountains towering above us

Talk like we're never gonna see each other again
Well, that depends
On what you count as resolution
Did you ever find absolution?
In a home displaced from everything you cherish was it worth it?
To fall asleep in a state and wake up in the same state of panic
Eighteen hours on the dashboard
Watching your friends skip town
While you are stuck in traffic

When Scott bowed out singing comatose
Tattooed those lines upon my bones
Let's go out some time it's so nice outside
These people are my home
You're all the sun against my skin
I melt for you, hear my ears ring
You're all the sun against my skin