

Rooftop Brawl

Bishop Allen

There was a rooftop brawl, and I twisted my own arm.
I had been working in the mirror on my charm.
And in the silence, I started laughing again.
I saw the stars.
I didn't care.
There was a crowd below with their faces to the sky.
They seemed so curious, but I could not tell you why.
I started floating just like the ocean.
Everyone screaming, nobody there.
There was a sidewalk wake, I had stitches in my side.
I had been looking with a flashlight for my pride.
I heard the sirens, and they were crying.
Everyone flying scared.
I got a number written down on the back of my hand, but I can't
read it.
I got a notice in my pocket that I don't understand.
I think I need it.
I got a watch on my wrist, but it just won't tick.
I don't know.
I got a key that I swallowed, yeah its part of the trick.
I gotta go.
And if the sun comes up, it will still be a surprise.
I will be statue still, rubbing both my eyes.
The bells are ringing, the bees are stinging, and I am singing,
La da da da