

Open Letter

Broadway Calls

We are the quick results of sweet mistakes.
We are the ears attached to phone call traces.
Studying and taking notes.
You steal it back and hope a poet's words
Will help you understand the way things are.
That's life. We live and die. That's right, we live and die.
We just try to make it out to
The open sea upon the perfect tide.

We've been dead for billions of years before we ever lived.
A comfort, a distraction, a fuck is all I have to give.
And I can't say no, although I'm not trained to save you.
And I can't say no. I swear I'll never turn my back.

We are the city bus on downtown streets.
Two in the morning I will get you off your feet.
Wait at the sidewalk. Watch you unlock
Your front door and stumble off to bed.

We've been dead for billions of years before we ever lived.
A comfort, a distraction, a fuck is all I have to give.
And I can't say no, although I'm not trained to save you.
And I can't say no. I swear I'll never turn my back.
And I can't say no, although I can't promise to save you.
And if you slip under, I swear I always loved you back.

We've been dead for billions of years before we ever lived.
A comfort, a distraction, a fuck is all I have to give.
And I can't say no, although I'm not trained to save you.
And I can't say no. I swear I'll never turn my back.
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