

# The Last Great Washington State

Damien Jurado

Never be sorry for the lack of response  
Your hand on my arm before we were lost  
The horizon just laughed to see us fall off  
Your face in a jar I constantly dropped  
You have him now but I'll have you later  
The phone is a gossip  
The clock is a murderer  
My time is her burden  
Your voice is his slumber  
How long have we been here?  
I can't quite remember my name

I had you pegged as one who would throw me  
Away from your shoreline into the galaxy  
Where moons are a fool, stars climb eternity  
Long after voids and handwritten destiny  
Long after voices return from the telephone  
Cut off from color and leave everyone you know  
They'll let you down  
I'll let you talk into the sky  
That he keeps turning off like a light

Praises fall short from the hands of the choir  
Who all stand in judgement and funerals pyre  
Now that you're dead they wait for the symphonies  
Conductors retire to the bed of our sympathy  
Losing our minds on yesterday's tragedy  
Are you surprised they're singing in harmony?  
Flooding the hallways  
I notice the exit signs pointing the way out  
I knew they were onto us along

Your suitcase fits well in the room you are living in  
Quick to leave town  
Is it how you imagined it?  
Alone with your ghosts, and the question mark protagonist  
Leaving you in deserts in search of the answers  
To all of the questions that lead to more questions  
Afraid to stand up or lose your salvation  
Stop and rewind  
They all change the station  
The story hits home too close for their liking  
"Stick to the script where your lovers are dying"  
Bored and annoyed  
"You're not even trying to turn us on"

And the building was on fire  
When I saw you step out  
Afraid of your ghosts, and highly in doubt  
When you knew along  
Not even your cloud  
Would ever withstand the song from your mouth  
So they took all your scripts  
And the rain from your eyes  
They're cashing it in for the next passing ride  
To some other city you made up in your mind  
They missed when you died

So they're hitting rewind  
What good is living if you can't write your ending?  
You're always in doubt of the truths you're defending  
Seeing yourself in others' ideas  
I'll write you from somewhere  
And call you from later on  
I'll need a good time  
You'll need a daydream  
Helplessly helpless  
"I am alive, can you hear me?"  
Sleeping in motion  
I love you Washington State