

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