

Vic Tayback

Damien Jurado

In the middle of the day
Who goes walking through my nightmare
Faces our mistake
From moons that never set
All a sudden put away
I have crashed this vacant airline
From a sky that I forsake
To a storm that I cannot claim

Shallow your echo
Chasing who I think is you
Not me today
Not me from now on
Forgetting my lines
We parked where we once spun out
Leaning into tables
He never answers the phone
Not responding my Karen
Not responding my [?]
Not responding in Phoenix
Making my way north