

The neon burns a hole in the night
And the freon burns a hole in the sky
You can find my kind living right on the fault line
Eyes on the seaside, lives on the B-side
Kites on the power-lines

I know what he tells you
But I don't know why you believe it, won't leave it alone
It's just us in the end, walking home and dodging cars
The rest of the believers follow brighter burning stars

A pushpin through my sternum
I spent a long year under glass
Watching your reflection in the cases as you passed
And cupid limps in two years too late, with a love letter for the ugly sister

I'm sorry but you missed her, Mr. Mystery to me
How lost you seem to be
From beneath, it all looks the same
Gum-covered and rusted from the rain

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Maybe you were right all along
I say I'm sorry less than I am wrong
So here we are, both half-starved
You make it look so hard

I'm a shadow boxer waiting for the other girl to make the first move
And I'm a sad imposter, don't let the battles pick you
We never do go over, we always gotta go through
Love to sleep by the hum of the machine
Veins filled with grenadine
It's just a fever dream to me