

# Through The Windshield, Holding Hands

Direct Hit!

His girlfriend's at wit's end, but they want to try again  
He's tried to ask how do they make some breakup mutual  
It's not like they could write a note then climb on a bike,  
Ride into the wide blue and forget what they've been through

She's a bitch and he's a dick  
She makes him sick, he makes her frantic  
So faking like they'll ride into the sunset's not romantic

So what should they do?  
Could they just shut up?  
They've withstood barbs, lances, sharp glances  
Still go to shrinks, not dances

It's not my fault that I think suicide's a far cry from useless  
Confucius would say "fuck this," chalk deuces

She thinks their relationship could use an injection of commitment  
So how 'bout brains on pavement?  
Permanent's an understatement

So how do I go through this shit?  
No, I'm not used to fights, bashes, wounds, gashes  
Heartbreak, attacks, rematches

Not to say I'm OK  
I've shown my share of contained enrage  
Adjacent to their tear-filled complacence

I think they should take some time to be apart, reflect, rewind  
But that's no option when they both say that they're fine

Fuck this, I'm not taking it  
This song's devoted to commitment  
We're sick of all the whining, no one cares, no one can stand it  
An automatic rifle in their mouth's the best prescription  
We're all so glad we've come to such an eloquent decision

So thank you, your undue attention's helped me see who I care for:  
or:

Myself more than them  
Just try to ignore my portents  
Important life lessons aren't absorbent, like towels or bowels