

Jonathan

Dog Slaughter Beach

Jonathan, I think you're wrong
I think about dying
Just like everyone else
You'd be surprised how often
I pull that book off the shelf

Jonathan, I think you're scared
No way of knowing today who might go pullin' your hair
Or rain down kisses on your pretty little eyes

Jonathan, you aren't your name
You aren't your beer can
Anymore than you're my friend
And all this worry does not carry itself

Jonathan, you look so tired
After we wake up you can explain everything
But wouldn't you like to lay down now?