

Snow On Dead Neighborhoods

Electric President

Pluck all the wires from your skin, and toss them to the wind
Open your chest and let me in, I'll help you mend

While you carve our names in the ice on the sidewalk
And I do the same on the face of a cinderblock

Thousands of houses hug this road, but no one's home
All the picket fences look like bones, 'cause nothing grows
Snow covers everything in sight a ghostly white
Under that blanket there's no life, just blinking lights

And we peer through the glass of those empty households
The TVs are all still on. They're flashing images against the w
alls