

Temple Of Broken Dreams

Ezra Furman

When you're far from home I do believe it's fair
To use a public bathroom mirror to cut your hair
In a cheap Southampton diner
I am both Samson and Delilah
As I chain myself to the pillars of Nowhere

When I walk back to the booth where I was sat
With my transformation hidden 'neath my hat
That's when suddenly it strikes me
All the lonely pilgrims like me
Form a tribe of travelers scattered 'cross the map

So let's defy the distance here to there
Let's write each other postcards and call that prayer
Let's congregate in a place that isn't anywhere
At the temple of broken dreams

You're a collection of the shards that you can save
We're all destined for perfection in the grave
Until then when struggle ceases
We're just juggling the pieces
Like the waitress with too many empty plates

We work so hard trying to keep whole and aligned
The human heart that starts out broken by design
If we ever did defeat this
Fundamental incompleteness
There'd be no more love or care or space or time

So let's defy the distance here to there
Let's write each other postcards and call that prayer
Let's meet up in a place that isn't anywhere
At the temple of broken dreams

So I'm back at the wheel of my Chevy shrine
I can feel all of your dreams mingling with mine
Just because those dreams are shattered
Doesn't mean that they can't matter
We'll arrange them in mosaic over time

Now the future's looking rough and so's the past
Luckily the present moment's where we're trapped
We're all losers, we're all gamblers
We're all bugs frozen in amber
Small eternities that never seem to last

So let's organize our lives around love and care
Let's write each other letters and call it prayer
Let's meet up in a place that isn't anywhere
At the temple of broken dreams
Ah, at the temple of broken dreams
Yes, at the temple of broken dreams