

I lay on a white hot bench  
Glowing arches overhead  
In the lap of a paint-chipped clown  
Fingers tapping his red-hot shoe

Torturing medley procession of radios  
March through the drive-thru  
And each melody I hear  
A violent reminder of you

Each melody I hear  
A violent reminder of you

Precious moments alone  
I'd give them away  
I'd burn at the stake  
To feel you near

I'd lay on a white hot bench  
Glowing arches overhead  
In the lap of a paint-chipped clown  
Fingers tapping his red-hot shoe

Over it, a titanic end, fiery wreck, something magnificent

I'm learning a lesson  
I'm humbled for pleasure  
Choked on my heartbeat  
I'm grateful for nothing

Over it, nothing to bend, pablum extant to something significant

I'm learning a lesson  
I'm humbled for pleasure  
Choked on my heartbeat  
I'm grateful for nothing

I stared at the glow until I saw  
I'm mediocre and there's nothing worse

I stared at the glow until I saw  
I'm mediocre and there's nothing worse