

Xmas Drags

Futurebirds

With a mind all twisted up
And an appearance mostly undone
I drove out to your party
With those Christmas Drags full on
Maybe I'll get to explain again
A life they just won't ever get
And they can float their quiet judgements
On those thin smiles of regret

Nodding into my drink in a slowly numbing hand
My thoughts are far, they're in some shiddy bar
I see a stage without a band
That PA hum, it's a siren song
Yea, that feedback is calling up
Somebody's gotta break that stage in two
Why shouldn't it be us?

It just might be we get to live another round
Maybe this all ain't building up
To some hole dug in the ground
Maybe a next life they'll wire me right
And I can keep it on the path
And maybe we're only living on
In digital photographs

Stuffing clothes in my bag
You look good laid across the bed
But you're talking fancy restaurants
And galvanized 5-year plans
I know you need a TV and a washing machine
But girl you got to realize
You're ain't the only one with dreams

It just might be we get to live another round
Maybe this all ain't building up
To some hole dug in the ground
Maybe a next life they'll wire me right
And I can keep it on the path
And maybe we're only living on
In digital photographs

We're only victims of wild desire
In some endless heart attack
And maybe the light we've seen as gone
It just keeps on coming back
But maybe we're only seeing the spaces
Of digital photographs