

Burn All The Time Machines

Gordi

Off a red brick ledge, her feet
Her finger in the air tracing defeat
A sympathetic voice on speaker phone

All the cuts they bleed
And she needs stain remover for her sleeves
And you try even harder just to make her feel alone

Make a mess of me
Take what's left from me
All the best of me
Should I get in the dirt down there with you
Or watch you from above and hope that you
Know you're taking all the best of me

Burn all the time machines you own
'Cause all that shit we have outgrown
But they keep on pulling me back in the same ways

You built my shaky ground
And then you said, "Hey, stick around"
Fuck your reunions and your birthdays

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