

Christ Potion

Jack Stauber

Shallow shapes and your design
Hop aboard the subway train, and gain
All the ones who looked away
(All the ones who looked away)

Missing eyes won't miss too much
Wishing we'd have stayed in touch, and (back again)
Weekends no longer making the week go by...

Ailment, hell below
Count the faces
Hold the hands you know

Close the corners, and your eyelids
Collect the coins, and live like we're 59
Never live like you can't begin again