

## 26th Street

Joshua Burnside

Hurt, young, rosy  
Wandered off at night  
Ice pick and Butterknives  
Smiled and curtsied  
Tripped over laces  
Won a dollar at the races  
Through her head (soul?)  
Surgery solution  
Grew old in an institution

Came home today  
Kids begged on the motorway  
And that's all for sports today  
This fucking country  
If death is the engine don't say it on TV  
I'll shoot you five times on 26th Street, yeah

Mister (or Missed her?) Cherrish  
Shoes went missing  
And in the meadow snakes were hissing  
Tape and (cold day?)  
Soul is given to the machine for it to live in  
Dip the apple in the brew (lead?)  
Slip the death slip through

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Kids begged on the motorway  
And that's all for sports today  
This fucking country  
If death is the engine don't say it on TV  
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When the lightning strikes  
When the lion roars  
When the tulips bloom  
Is it all payed for?  
Is someone keeping score?  
Is there a balance sheet?  
Was it all payed for on 26th Street, yeah?  
When the choir sings  
When the eagle soars  
When the day breaks  
When must the blood pour?  
Is there a balance sheet?  
Or was it all payed for on 26th Street?