

Don't say a word
Not because I know what you mean
Not because I've heard you say this before
But in this semblance of Democracy
It's like a vacuum for what you overheard
Don't say a word
Don't call me back
Not because I didn't call
Because I'm busy watching TV on my day off
And you might startle me with rational words
Contradicting all the news I just heard
So don't call me back

Now a word is tense and bare
Like a trigger just a hair away from being pulled
You know I can't pretend to know how this is going to
end But don't you feel like you're being fooled?
But you don't say a word

Are you at work?
I called this morning but I guess I was late
Now we're both waiting for the day that the dreams wane
With possibilities permanently sealed
Atrophied after their purpose revealed:
To keep you at work
Have you gone out?
I called but the place was too loud
Cacophony, I couldn't make out
If you wanted me over tonight
Another private tease as sense comes by daylight?
Or we could go out
Nouns pass for narration and camp sights for nations
But you're just driving out of range
You struggle with phone, but it doesn't matter, I'm not
home
Besides, I've got nothing to say

Don't say a word