

Invisibility: Nonexistent

Kurt Vile

Well I've got a lot to say in my own way
It won't materialize in speech
You'll only see it in the structure of skin
Of secondhand smoke
You know that it's a joke
You know that we could put you on

I was destroyed by death today perhaps I'll run away
There is no peace in songs they sing
Maybe some comfort is to come travelling
I find it in a dog
I find it in a drug
I find it but I don't know where to put it then it's gone

My transport has arrived
My chariot's a-waitin'
Down yonder under the hill

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