Blue Line

Local H

It's getting hard to realize.
A sense of self in other eyes.
It's us and them.
Do people even know why their backs are up in crazy times?
The "we" is dead.
Trash fire bummers cry a river for the drunken boys and girls.
We're rolling by in washed up waves.
Back into your everyday.
Counting stops along the Blue Line.
Never shown how.
You'd never know now.
The places you return to don't exist.
There's nothing left here to be saved.
Just barreling dogs and barking trains.
Another year lost to the Blue Line.
Trash fire bummers and a river cried for every boy and girl.
Never shown how.
You'll never know now.
Give in to your reasons to resist.

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