

## Captive of the Sun

Parquet Courts

My misophonia brought the faders up  
Now she's a military grade  
In Dolby Surround, around 5.1  
Cue the barking from the baritone  
Conductor in the pit for the car honk duet  
Half-tone harmony from the sewer  
Rebel youth choir belt phrases even newer  
Dump truck man drops the beat with trash cans  
Call 911! We got therapy demands  
Philharmonic got a first chair car crash  
Pan the falsetto to smash the glass  
It's a drive-by lullaby that couldn't get worse  
A melody abandoned in the key of New York

Where nothing comes after  
I'm a passtime streamer  
Hanging from the rafters  
I don't get out  
I don't have fun  
Living like a captive of the sun

Sight read the chart  
Clap the rocks into sand  
A 12-pass van on a pot-hole band stand  
Got an oil can hangover by default  
And trucks pave the roads with amphetamine salt  
Skull shaking cadence of the J train rolls  
The rhythm of defeat, repeating like a pulse  
Marching on and static, lyrics shout a retort  
To the melody abandoned in the key of New York

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