

Vampires Are Poseurs (Song for the Living)

Ramshackle Glory

I don't believe in heaven
I do believe in hell
It's down the street from here, we both lived there for years
We burned the calendars for warmth, and the alarm clocks just for fun
We closed the blinds and made goddamn sure that we could never see the sun
You could set a watch by the bottle returns and the ashtrays overflowing on the floor
Nothing's free but time when you're so damn poor
But the past was death row, and the future's a battlefield
I hope we choose the right war
Cause I've been fist fighting gravity since the day I learned how to breathe
I still wake up on the same cold floor I fell asleep on

So I won't, but we shall overcome someday
I can't do it alone, but I shall be free someday
I don't know how to live, but I'm sick of learning how to die
Vampirism is for poseurs in junior high

We made our own postal system across the continent
As long as freight trains run and loners pick up dreamers with thumbs, who needs governments
To get a letter to you, or a mixtape to me, or a postcard to Johnstown?
What's a thousand miles between friends? What's a friend that's not worth crossing a country?
But I owe money and broken hearts from Philly to Sydney and back to Vermont
I regret a million things and that's only what I haven't forgot
But the past was a mine field, and right now is a prison break
I hope we make it alive
When who we are doesn't stop where the law begins
Then we'll storm their court houses to survive

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