

Woe †

Say Anything

All the words in my mouth
that the scene deemed unworthy of letting out
banded together to form a makeshift militia
and burrowed bloodily through my tongue and my teeth.
I stood proud in the gallery
With my open socket of a mouth for them to see.
They all just laughed and said
"That boy, he, that boy's got woe. Woe.
He lives with woe. Woe."

And this girl who I met
Whose pride makes her hard to forget,
She took pity on me horizontally
But most likely because of my band. (hey)

It's all I can get when I'm lonely
And these visions of death seem to own me
In the quiet of the classrooms
All across the stacked United States of Woe. Woe.
We live with woe.

She said "I can't get laid in this town
Without these pointy fucking shoes.
My feet are so black and blue and so are you."
Please take me out of my body
Up through the palm trees
To smell California in sweet hypocrisy.
Floating my senses surround my body.
I wake my nose to smell that ocean burn.

So now I'm forging ahead
Past all the plutocrats who sold me out.
Go sob in your bed.
If life is twice as pretty once your dead
Then send me a card.
I'm still the optimist though it is hard
When all you want to be
Is in a dream.
(A dream)