

## My Childish Bride

### The Airborne Toxic Event

Have you ever seen a map laid flat, four corners pinned back, a  
ll the lines and the legend in black,  
so clear that you feared it was nearly all in your mind?  
And the phrase that fell from her lips left a rip from the top  
of your shoulders to the point of your hip;  
and the feeling that you get is if God exists he's really unkin  
d.

But it's not what you want to say when you're losing.  
All the meaning's lost in the choosing: the right side, the wro  
ng side, the side that's been winning.  
Forget the words, look back to the beginning.

My childish bride, Oh how I, miss your face  
Sometimes, I see my life slip by across your face

There's an ocean on land. There's a plan. There's a plan.  
There's a fifty-foot tower running power over sand.  
There was a city on a hill. It was a thrill but the lights are  
all gone.  
Now we stare at each other like a sister to a brother, like a p  
usher to a shover,  
like a secret to a cover, like a lover to a lover under covers  
with the stereo on.

But it's not what you said to me when you were leaving.  
Oh this mass of bodies, we're heaving the right way, the wrong  
way, the way that they taught us.  
Forget your words, remember they got us.

My childish bride, Oh how I, miss your face  
Sometimes, I see my life slip by across your face

Tell me are you real? Do you feel? Do you steal these moments y  
ou reveal with those eyes that can't conceal?  
Were you wronged? Was your song just some clever thing that you  
made up?  
'Cause the words are just right and I could listen all night.  
I could whisper. I could bite. I could write. I could write. I  
could sing. I could cling.  
There's not a single thing I'd ever give up.

But it's not what you meant to me when you were leaving.  
Oh this mass of bodies all heaving the right way, the wrong way  
, the way that they taught us.  
Forget yourself, remember they bought us.

My childish bride, Oh how I, miss your face

Sometimes, I see my life slip by like a taste of death.