

Last Call

The Bunny the Bear

In my city, the bars stay open 'til 4 AM
It makes for real tired people
You see the bags under their eyes
But you should see what their hearts lug around
I get shit here and there
Over lines in the bathroom
Rain-soaked cigarettes
Everyone here is looking for something
But it isn't here where you find it
We can fill our nose, our lungs and livers
With bodies and bottles, and [?]
We're still winning
I see here and there
Over jokes and stolen kisses
Maybe it's just me, I can only see
My reflection in these bar-lit smirks
And un-engaged conversations
So dance disheveled to your car with your friend or lover
Either way, I walk in there alone
[?] in line
They seek shelter before the sunrise
When the only curtain left is around the nostril and the eyes
And we feel all the things we forgot for the night