

## Seven A.M.

The Constantines

We're paperless  
Won't document this  
Under surveillance  
Reconnaissance

The nation of the sleeping  
And its promotions  
We slip beneath the marquee  
In a car named Anadyr

Hiding beneath the streetlights  
By the ticket window  
Watching saddened sidewalk kids  
Line up like the faded movie posters

What's been watching?  
What's been hiding  
Between the continents and seven a.m.?

Keep an eye on the neighborhood  
And an eye raised to the sky  
Any airplane entering our airspace  
Will be shot down

What's been watching?  
What's been hiding?

We're paperless  
Won't document this  
No emotion  
No box office