

Thieves

The Constantines

Sweating it out in my room. Barefoot and unbuttoned [sic] to the waist. The street car runs all night and I can't wait. So meet me down behind the abattoir with the last of the summer kings. Meet me down at the lake. I said, "these waves come in from California." You said, "these waves are all brand new," and "summer is easy living in the city downtown." Thieves in the city. Bees in the flowerbeds. Kissing downtown and then the sun come up. In your summer dress you said, "a culture with shaking breath, I want it now!" Well in my mouth the sun will sound when that evening sun go down. Down to the lake, past the windmill like a fireball through your broken window. Down to the lake with shaking breath and the bloody owls at the end of summer racket. You said, "tonight we can't be held by fences or by chains." Down at the lake with a bad moon shining in the waves.