

## Stop Talking

The Walkmen

My hands  
Come together  
And I draw in the breath through my teeth  
Your curt shots  
Sarcastic remarks  
Come so often  
They're never sincere

Darker amusement sets in  
That's the problem  
You're saying something and my eyes  
Open wider  
And we grin and we stare at the floor  
Your jokes missed  
Your hands grow to fists  
And your lips purse  
Expecting the worst  
With every word  
That's how it started  
That's the problem  
And after we're done  
I can still feel your eyes on my forehead  
And after we're done  
I can still feel the pain in my free time