

## And Yet...

### To Kill a King

When all our good friends  
Are married and pious about the things they did  
When they were young and loose  
Look me up, reach out sister  
I'll be waiting in the chapel  
With a cigarette and a cocktail just for you

Because the weight to make our way  
To tick the boxes neatly placed  
I call bullshit, you call bullshit  
This fleeting wondrous life won't fit

And yet...

Who will I reach for  
Who will I reach for  
Who will I reach for  
When the dark comes in?

While our better halves

Who cut out our still beating hearts  
And are pushing strollers like brain dead motors in the park  
You and I tread a different path  
Like lightning across the heavens we'll flash  
Showing only, yes solely what we love

Because the weight to make our way  
To tick the boxes neatly placed  
I call bullshit, you call bullshit  
This fleeting wondrous life won't fit

And yet...

Who will I reach for  
Who will I reach for  
Who will I reach for  
When the dark comes in?