

Playwright

Youth Lagoon

Adding to the flood
Words that are too old to taste
Everyone I loved
Disappeared without a trace
I still call for them
But I don't have much left in me
Comb the database
Evidence you ever lived
No longer exists
Except the heart inside your kids
I still cry for you
I hear your voice when I speak

I got the future folded neatly in my drawer
Queen of the legless centipedes, rich and poor
Monaco deadbeat, entertain, earn your keep
Panic's in town to visit me twice a week

Curtain's at nine
Where is the playwright?
Fucked up my line
Deep in my wine
Call off the door
Keep them from charging
I have the floor
Love asked for more

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