

No Sides

Bad Books

Draw your five short breaths and pretend it's meditation
To shower head higher, power give me patience
Make me nobody's robot, make me nobody's slaughtered lamb
Deliver me from evil and open me as best you can

Playin' cracked guitar for the Boston Occupation
Get your blindfold drift aimed and endless destinations
Watch the wakened assembly leave principled righteous lives
With your heartbeat through set cement honored to be here, guys
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See it's a slow crawl and a new wave
And if you feel small, don't babe
Whenever you're alone you're not

You wait in line so I can finish conversations
Straighten out the stories and edit out the faces
You're lost in the file when the cashier catches your eye
Summon up a smile, come back to earth and mumble "hi hi hi"

And it's connected on a timeline
It's a circle, no sides
At the same point where it starts it stops

Out on the back lot you wanted for nothing
You sat with your hands full, the future was open
I dreamt southwestern sky
a moon drenched island night
a new born day awake and alive.

Now it's a nightclub with a guest list
And oh oh, bad news kid
Whoever's getting in, we're not
So let's start up our own, just us
Where anything we need, anything we need
anything we need we've got