

## Empty Lot

Banner Pilot

Counting lines that cross my face and moving objects into place  
.

I'll never make it through so I'll make a deal with you -  
let me drink your wine and waste your time and whatever I've got  
I'll give to you.

We've just got to wait 'til Spring and see what all it brings.  
I bleed like everybody else, you look like everybody else.  
We'll breathe this toxic air and pretend not to care.  
If we can conquer Bleeker Street I know we'll land right on our  
fucking feet.

We're just walking home through an empty lot.  
We'll take the world on - the year that I've had think it's wor  
th a shot.

I'm writing over days better left forgot  
and navigating ways through a twisted plot.  
And we're just walking home through an empty lot.