

Behind The Frontlines

Johnathan Rice

Blue light of morning palm trees in rows
The end of my affair with the west coast
I was already dressed when she opened her mouth
And decided to give up the ghost
Helicopters the coast guard and radar screens
All the haunted and lonely technology
I'll cut all my times with the dead and the dying
I have been wasting my time
In need of a substance to steady my hands
I'm gonna make the most of this day's plans
Falling in love with the shivering engines
Falling in love with the prettiest sound

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A tear in the fabric that no one could see
But your heart was always unraveling
I gathered the twine as it trailed from behind
And collected it all in my coat
The Pacific Ocean you claim as your own
The vineyard the graveyard the grapes and the bones
Falling in love with the weight of the water
Falling in love with the taste of the ghost

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On drugs in the dark with the one I love
That my friends is where I wish I was
Tied up in twine with the dead and the dying
And dragging back home under her control
She's looking for someone to settle her debts
And I always settle for the silhouettes
Falling in love with some back lighted stranger
Falling in love and going into the red

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