

Parallel Lines

Junior Boys

If you found the words, would you really say them?
Or stutter through the verse, with mumbled punctuation?
Remembering the line, an empty metaphor
That you savored by yourself, you're never cured
If I forgot the lines, is it easy enough to fake it?
Or do you need a moment to re-memorize
And model it like a curse half-disguised?

Leers, jeers, whispers and the tears
That final taste before you're taken away
Odds, ends, final amends
It's all right to say it
Just as long as you don't really think so

Give me a little room
To get on with concentration
Just enough to know
What I'm missing in education
Borrowing all the hours that you gave to me
It's a wonder I could ever breathe
Under all your thoughts
You'll hear the floating whisper
Of all the things you were that have been paralleled
All the voices that were raised and finally fell

Leers, jeers, whispers and tears
That final taste before you're taken away
Odds, ends, final amends
It's all right to say it
Just as long as you don't really think so

No lights
No show
No sex
That's all you get
No waits
No calls
No written tests for what you know

Leers, jeers, whispers and tears
That final taste before you're taken away
Odds, ends, final amends
It's all right to say it
Just as long as you don't really think so