

You hold my hand  
You hold your liquor  
Projection screen  
Had ceased its flicker  
You gave me tiny tastes  
Of your truth  
I was starved  
And you were full

I drove back home  
When you got sicker  
Disputing claims  
That you still held the TV clicker  
Anna's face was flushed  
It's still in my mind  
The waiter asked  
If she was high

You need to hide  
It's in your framework  
Look me in the eyes  
And act like I don't know how shame works  
Your compass spins in reverse  
The trees do time lapse speed growth  
The sky is lost behind  
A sea of green

She's acting like she knows what's up  
She's dripping dripping that devotion stuff  
Breaking like her bread won't puff  
She's sipping sipping from that holy cup

Waking up every day is all about  
Doing things you don't want to do  
But your reward is you get to wake up