

Adair, Midwestern Hand-Grenade

the moon is full and bugs are in the air.
I've been searching for the moment I can touch you.
I lost my hand.
humid summer nights.
this is dangerous.
I'm alive but not living.
what a chance. I'm burning inside.
what a chance now. what will change now?
where will we go if not here and now?
this shrapnel's digging deep into my heart.
and these sleeping pills aren't helping me forget you.
I lost my hand.
and I'm drowning on the highway.
this is dangerous.
will we ever make it out of here alive?
billions of bodies away from you.
billions away from you.
I lost my hand.
all this time without you.
I'm dying.
I lost my hand.
this bruise is permanent.
hold it or throw it.
hold it and watch it explode.