

# At The Drive-In, Hourglass

Sucks me in,  
Taking a ride.

And i'm wishing,  
For the satellite.

Grabbing vein.  
Pulling down,  
On the radio.  
Laughing at the face that's bending down.

I'm all alone so far up here,  
And my oxygen's all gone.

Bend the metal.  
My glory box has failed.  
We're rocking in our reclining chairs.

Drive away.  
That car,  
That brought us all this harm.  
Those are the pieces of my story line.

I'm all alone so far up here,  
And my oxygen's all gone.  
I'm all alone so far up here,  
And my oxygen's all gone.

Truly,  
Stressing,  
Realization.  
I wish I was an astronaut.

Eight hour,  
Bitterness.  
All for whose sake?  
Stained-glass Sunday School charades.