

# Drmanhattan, Gunpowder: A Ballet

There's a graceful dance above me.  
From the sun reflecting in.  
Off the cars that pass below.  
Each with their own story within.  
And the dance moves  
They remind me of the times that I've walked in  
To a room and left with nothing  
Except the fear to walk back in.  
So I'll stay safe at my vantage.  
On occasion I'll peer in.  
You'll grow up out of the corner of my eyes  
Right next to him.  
You'll need help, you'll need attention.  
You're a captivate whim.  
But I'm a coward prone to quitting.  
I just make sure never to begin.  
the gunpowder between my teeth  
Lets me know that I've come clean  
It should be easy to say goodbye  
Since you won't be looking at me.  
I can see you through a window  
But the cracks keep you a blur.  
There's a victim in this story  
I wish to god that is was her.  
While I know I've your recognition  
It's of its nature I'm not sure.  
If I could ever push this question  
I'd shut my ears for the answer.