

# Electric President, Snow On Dead Neighborhood

Pluck all the wires from your skin, and toss them to the wind.  
Open your chest and let me in. I'll help you mend.

While you carve our names in the ice on the sidewalk,  
And I do the same on the face of a cinderblock.

Thousands of houses hug this road, but no one's home.  
All the picket fences look like bones, 'cause nothing grows.  
Snow covers everything in sight a ghostly white.  
Under that blanket there's no life, just blinking lights.

And we peer through the glass of those empty households.  
The TVs are all still on. They're flashing images against the walls