

Junior Boys, Parallel Lines

If you found the words, would you really say them?
Or silent through the verse,
Will mumble punctuation?
Remembering the line, an empty metaphor
That you savor by yourself
Your never cure
If I forgot the lines, is it easy enough to fake it?
Or do you need a moment to memorize
And model it like a curse half disguised?
Leers, cheers, whispers and tears
The final taste before you're taken away
Odds, ends, final amends
It's all right to say it
Just as long as you don't really think so
Give me a little room
To get on with concentration
Just enough to know
What I'm missing in education
Borrowing all the hours that you gave to me to
It's a wonder I could ever breathe
Under all our thoughts
We'll hear the final answer
Of all the things you are that have been paralleled
All the voices that were raised and finally fell
Leers, cheers, whispers and tears
The final taste before you're taken away
Odds, ends, final amends
It's all right to say it
Just as long as you don't really think so
Lights
No show
No sex
That's all you get
No wait
No calls
No remittance for what you know
Leers, cheers, whispers and tears
The final taste before you're taken away
Odds, ends, final amends
It's all right to say it
Just as long as you don't really think so