

Matt Pond PA, Perfect Fit

we set out across country the first perfect fit and i
so far removed from expectation, the desert hardly harbored life

*not much coming through, eyes slit face to the light

when we finally fired the engine or when the engine finally died
laying flat across the desert, the perfect fit was left to dry

*

the hands stopped moving from just waiting
no, you couldn't be alive

the final hitch, the great discovery, to hold your hands you'd have to lie
i swear i never was that easy, the perfect fit was left to dry

i bet there's not that much left of you
no, you couldn't be alive
from here there's only faint emulsion
no, you couldn't be alive

not as great as saying nothing talking to myself