

Matt Pond PA, The Party

if you wake
Up to the prize
Of yourself
And all your eyes

Then nothing will
Be just like this
And nothing is
About your will

The names are sitting on the phone
Inside where words are left behind
It's hard to hear them coming out
when there's enough of everything

Next weekend there's a party and it's good to have
these goals
We're finally getting somewhere
These invitations what a thrill

Sunday night is always bad
Schools not there but you still have
The weekend that you left behind
It's in between the light and line
It's time to quit from taking calls
And concentrate the evening falls
That's where it is and what is what
Cover up and cover off

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We're finally getting somewhere
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