

Pistolita, Killjoy

Killjoy
space boy
fighting off pernicious comments
out in acid-worns

and if we die
at least we tried
and in that time please bury me
in clouds of white

and understand
try to understand
we picked our game please stick out your hand
i can't
i'm sorry but i can't
cuz you lose you lose you lost what you never had

kickin
ragged and
steppin streetwise across a concrete candyland
and when she died
it was her time
and with cut-lip, whispers,
bury me in clouds of white

and understand
try to understand
you picked our game please stick out your hand
i can't
i'm sorry but i can't
cuz you lose you lose you lost what you never had

it all
i think i lost it all
the puzzle piece is there and i say,
now we're tall
you're towering too tall
and you lose you lose you lost you lost it for us all