

Saturday Looks Good To Me, Dialtone

Beside the drum kit in the basement
I was trying to get to sleep
I heard your voice come through the floorboards
On my answering machine
But by the time I reached the phone's ring
The only thing still singing was the dialtone

I couldn't find you in my dreams
So I went out into the night
I heard you talking somewhere soft
Your voice bounced off a satellite
But by the time I reached the place
From where the sound originated
You were gone

But I smelled summer in those letters
That you sprayed with your perfume
I breathed your breath
And I was left swaying with the curtains in the room
In the knowledge you would leave me
Beneath the angry April moon where you first found me

You've got one too many lovers
But you're still my only friend
And you got more secret admirers
Than there are snakes in the garden
And by the time you're finished kissing
Whoever's come around hissing
You're spitting out poison

And all the people have their reasons
For the things they think they have to do
But none of the reasons you're speaking
Sound anything like the truth
Each one sounds like a composite
Each one sounds like a new excuse for letting go
So let go
If all that's left is letting go
As the x-ray clearly shows
This thing was broken long ago

The bars will close
And the ashtrays overflow

I won't be there on Thursday night
But I hope you all have fun
You may not recognize my absence
But I won't be the only one
Who goes missing from your party
As the stitches come undone