

Son, Ambulance, Pleasure, Now

When you take that morning drive, you leave those things that autumn brings.
You turn the corner, the sun pops up.
You the corner, turn it up.
The sprinkler sprays the dry dead lane.
Your friends all fields who grew like you.
Fighting class is in recess: A silent drive.
I don't want to sulk all the time.

No!

I told him about heaven.

Turn it off.

Yeah, turn it off, turn it off, yeah, turn it off.

Here we stole out on the deck.

Here is pulsing like a neck.

The wheels turning inside your head, you're thinking now.

Now you're thinking.

Hear the crickets click and chime.

Here with trees to frame the sky.

The moon has ducked behind the clouds.

She's waking up, she's winking at me.

I don't want to be the fool again.

No!

Get better, get better, get better now.

You are better now.

(All day long)

All my life I dreamt about a perfect beauty.

(All day long)

It's all come true in your movements, in your movements.

(All night)

Each second so precious, each moment passing for a second.

(When she wakes)

When she wakes we talk about what we'll do all day.

When you take that morning drive, you leave those things all your summer dreams.

You turn the corner, the sprinkler the dry dead lane, the radio playing.

Rain drops trickle down the shingles onto all the upturned noses.

I thought you would find me in the gutter with the lilies, with the lilies.

I don't want to be such a fucking jerk.

No!

It's pleasure, now.

Pleasure, now.

I will do something to make you happy.