

Working Title, About-Face

When I was a boy
Chasing a note
Straining to bring up
The chords in my throat
Battling age clinging the coat
Humming the old songs in stereo

I had not a thought
Of parking lots
And me in the car

With the doors all locked
I'm staring ahead
Everyone's dead
I'm under the pain in between my ribs

It's just like the movies
It comes about face
All at once when I'm breathing
The careless air of the night