

# 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