

Allison Crowe, Running For Home

They beam things into your head
The ghosts of your pleasure and contempt
When we were liars things were seamless
When we were wired the world was like a secret
I close my eyes now and I scream
I turn the light on and there's nothing left redeeming
I saw your face before it changed
The gun it makes you look nicer in a bad way
So low for how high?
Well it's too late tonight
And I'm sure you're right
As low for how high
And after this there's just the circus
And every morning your carnie heart stops working
It gets tight in there sometimes
Looking for the defects, talking like it's a reflex
I close my mouth now and I scream
I open the door and there's nothing left redeeming
I saw your face before the rough
You should wait around awhile, your body's bound to turn up
So low for how high?
Well it's too late tonight
And I'm sure you're right
As low for how high