

Astronautalis, Oceanwalk

I saw the door and I looked through the entrance
Stare down night sky, dot pattern seeming endless
Broken friendship, dandy dog on leash
Door latch caught spot, shoe stomp on street

Tape deck plays and the reels will spin
Suburb sound close down as boom-bap begin
My red face hide in the shade of the trees
As buggered blue moonlight pass through the leaves
Carry out my concerning deeds in the deprivation of the darkness
The com-com-comfort of cave-dweller locked inside an apartment
I spark this with the marked mistakes of minors learning
How to build a better book of matches by watching the fire burning
I can count all my dreams on a pair of Pinocchio fingers
And trace the trail back home by the tumbling splinters
A silly beginner, basic apprentice aggression
In the absence of a master, trying to make up my own lesson

Who knew I would wait, I would wait such a long time

From the dreams to the leaves to the cracks in the pavement
To the roaches and rats to the armored cars pacing
From the spies to the thieves to the cross-eyed complainers
To the...ain't that long when you count out the paces
From the breach to the tracks to the aliens with statements
To the grief and the crap that they all want to wade in
To the forth and back, the forth and back, there's no turning back again

Secrets explode whether you mean it or not
I locked my dreams with the right keys but I worked the wrong lock
The strong box screws split quick before I could retighten
I learned lightning strikes and leaves before language leaks "it lightens"
The waking of the dead to live and work with the freaks
I was a vampire roaming streets when I would swear I's asleep
The beeping of the buzzer burn my brain the next day
I tried to brush my teeth but never could remove the blood stains
A double life of moonlighting grows tiring from trying
If you got to work a day job and keep the villagers from rioting
The list of lies, lengthened longer, left life laymen honest
Invited the world into my home to show the bones stacked in my closet
A dumb little skeleton walking miles to chase a silly dream
Stubborn skull, split shoes, punctuated by abrasive feet
All the while stalking, walking, awkward through the night
In the stomach of the suburbs with a dog by my side

(chorus x3)