

# Astronautalis, Short Term Memory Loss

your turning off your course again  
the fall would kill a stronger man  
with hungry headlights closing in  
st john is looking pretty welcoming  
death is always closer than you think  
he's closer than closer than your friends and things  
we drove that car into a full on spin  
i wonder it just how would it feel if we dove on in  
i caught a glimpse of my screaming friend  
when my sound cut out... i swore she was laughing  
shattered lights spiral and blur on in  
and then rain sang along to her freckled skin  
the city's just a smudge on watery lense  
i couldn't help but helpless so i kissed her again.

turn it off and walkaway  
don't look into those waves  
you'll never be the same again  
and we all suffer short term memory loss  
from time to time

you got him jumping everywhere across the gaps and stairs  
embracing every nick and cut and jammed fingered face plant it's  
he doesn't care for good repair soak up the sun and air  
chipped a tooth to feel the truth breaking every bone he can't mend.  
the bloods the thing that drives the dream that makes him think he can fall off  
the bloods the thing that boils to steam that makes machines out of our hearts.  
the tires breathing out like moms and troubled teens.  
with secret smoke breaks balancing between showmanship and discovery  
mr. mellow drama is over there "covering things"  
directing traffic, mumbling, like "move it along nothing to see"  
it's such a funny dream it's such a sight to see  
honking horns and doubled breeze, matthews bridge in a watercolour dream  
and i'm just standing there shifting in my skin  
sift through grate below, fall to the rivers wash, taste the blood  
embrace my breaking bones