

Bridge and Tunnel, Down For My People Like Joe

I'm sorry if we've been at two different ends of a candle burning out,
But the stillness of these rooms keeps our voices tucked away.
And the scarceness of sunlight and the glow of the TV keeps the sentiment in short supply.
And I'm all coiled like the telephone cord that I pulled out of the wall
So I wouldn't have to say that it's been a fucked up year,
But the next year will be better.
And if next year is fucked up too,
Just know that I'll do my best to always be here for you.
So let's just assume that next year will be fucked up too.
We're still coming home every time we say we won't.
We're still coming home every time we say we won't.
Every time we say we won't.
We're the semioticians of each other's discontent.
And we try try try to punctuate these days with exclamations.
So thank you for being the line I'm drawn to.
We're still coming home every time we say we won't.
We're still coming home every time we say we won't.
Every time we say we won't.
When bound for glory is a relative term.
Whether grease or wrench,
We'll all find a place in the gears.
Whether grease or wrench,
We'll be here to face another year.
And we will face another year better together.
Another year together.