

Bridge and Tunnel, In Case Of Emergency

All the telephones say we like to speak in a forked tongue.
To keep our hands clean, we fuck with dull knives,
and we're keeping tabs to make sure
that no one here gets out alive!
"Please sign your name on the dotted line."
Electric lady came to me in a daydream singing in
key, to the tune of a pitchfork apocalypse.
A digital baby came to me in my sleep saying
"if I want to learn to speak, I'll start
keeping track of my teeth."
We're so over dramatic, so stick
this knife in my side just to spite my heart.
And it's so post-traumatic. This funeral party is
dead, and we're sending "thank you" cars.
I'm beginning to learn to pay my way
through benign tumors and manageable pain.
Where there's a will there's a way.
I'm calling the doctor, but they say he's not in,
and I'm calling your priest but he won't absolve my sins.
I'm calling hotlines but "all operators are currently busy."
I'm calling neighbors but all of them are
watching movies, none of them are living.
They're all praying to gods they found on the T.V.
Oh no.