

Bridge and Tunnel, Night Owls

All my friends are into liquid trends,
when they drink what they can and they pretend to dance.
When the volume's up, and the lights go down,
and the shoes come off, the informal gowns will not cover up
the maps I've drawn up your arms, around your ribs,
through your chest to your heart, where I live in a cage with a wheel and a maze.
It's so perfect.

I'm amazed at how we're all struggling to feel alive tonight
in this city bathed in neon lights.

All my friends think they're all chemists when they combine powders and liquids
in their test tube throats and their iron lungs,
in their funneled nostrils and drug-numbed tongues.

Oh, you don't believe me?

From what I'm seeing it's worse off than you think.

But we're staying up all night.

Aren't we all struggling to stay alive tonight in this city bathed in neon lights?

Let's give it all we have, just to feel the sweat drip down the back of our neck,
before regret drips down your throat.

This is not a test.

This is a real emergency.

Call the ambulance.

Aren't we all struggling to stay alive tonight in this city bathed in neon lights?

Let's give it all we have, just to feel the sweat drip down the back of our neck,
before regret drips down your throat.