Cursive, Farewell Party

"Bon Voyage"
And promptly he hung up the phone
There was a doorbell ringing
So he snuck out onto the terrace
He said "If these were my last words,
would they even make print?
If all I had to say was simply over said
by those old heretics."
These words are counterfeit
Xeroxed off of memory
And no one's listening
Hey

Twilight dawns
All the champagne is gone
All that's left is left behind
Doorbells, still lives

"Since you're leaving was it a hollowed out heart? It seems like you've been yearning for some wordly position. Somewhere you can curl up in a little ball."

It seems the world collapses In the mother's womb The place of birth Where we're all condemned It's the warm, sad, jaded end Starving for salvation of a terrace Drunk, tired, and alone Farewell dead skin

These words are second-hand They're dry They're cracked-plastic lies They're cheap old whores Who wasted their lives In search of the warmest womb