

# Cursive, Retirement

Our mistakes are scrawled upon the chalkboard  
They're scribed across stained glass  
They're posted on the billboards  
A lackluster charade  
And are we so naive to concede these forefathers?  
Apparently we are

Well, apparently it's true  
There's no slot machines past the pearly gates  
Why do we kid ourselves?  
We grow old and wise  
We just lose our minds

The dinner is a hit  
The guests are full of spirits  
They gather around the husband  
He's versed in party tricks  
The wife is in the bedroom  
Smearing her makeup, makeup, make it up  
But she's got a lover on the side  
Motels, cheap wine  
She says "You can't base love off the pity fuck,  
unless they've got a lot of money."

'Cause it's the games that we play  
'Cause we need to exist  
We're not humans, we're citizens  
It's the one on the ground  
With his hands on his heart  
It's the cleavage of division  
It's all jagged and jaded  
But it suits us  
We just fake it through