

Firewater, Bourbon And Division

On the corner of Bourbon & Division
Crawling down the crooked streets at dawn
She said: don't come back, all is not forgiven
So you fall inside a bottle and a song
Splinters of thought dropping slowly
Snapping like branches in the wind
So you light a dog-end smoke
And you're laughing as you choke
And you give the wheel of fortune one more spin

Do you remember what you came here for?
Her words of wisdom scratched into the door
You can almost taste the emptiness
Hung inside her tallow dress
Can the darkness be as empty as it seems
When the factories of night hum with their dreams?
And you watch a skinny dog cut across that dusty lot
Like the surface of the moon

In the decompression chamber
Cooling in the conversation pit
Sleeping underneath yesterday's papers
And pretending the tsunami hasn't hit
Friday was the crucifixion
Saturday cremation under glass
The Resurrection was on Sunday
No, correction, make it Monday
'Cause Monday's when they come to take the trash

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