

Gordon Downie, 11th Fret

So this is fucking off by degrees
And I suppose we turned out to be not-quite-Hawaii
But I can float back to sleep
Cause at least you're lying to me
Like music that dances from glowing apartments
As shadows entwine into a creamy darkness
Like jewelry hung down from rich silhouettes
Portrays on the sidewalk where wetness reflects
All the colours of evening and the onset of lights
Like the promise of nothing, sweet nothing, tonight.

So this is enacting ecstasy
And I suppose we turned out to be bathroom graffiti
But I can float back to sleep
Cause at least you're lying to me
Like shoveling hope into the infinite us til the world surges in yelling, 'this is a drug bust'
Might turn up the heat and make us into one person
But then the temperature plunges
And the predicament worsens
Til we're a fleck of new snow on the eyelash of a cow and we melt away, melt away,