

# Kind Of Like Spitting, Canaries

Mkay.

Make what you can out of nothing,  
Keep bluffing your way to extinction.  
You're a sick fuck to think that this,  
Unlike anything else,  
Will last forever.

Building rock anthems, a jigsaw exterior.  
You see what you miss, but  
You can't stand to be near her.  
It's bigger than that, you realize,  
But short-sighted impulses own what's left of your dignity.

Tell yourself quietly don't plow the field yet,  
You're waiting to grow some new life from retrospect.  
You know free agency pays little in the long run,  
But you just don't feel like your legs are that tired yet.  
Friends and go-betweens sing like canaries crushed in leaves.  
This is the thanks you get.  
Somewhere that's sweet, maybe someday we will meet,  
And I can thank you without strings.

All these before that get drilled on long after,  
It's all just leverage when you're sure that it's over.  
The streets go blurry like a movie that you saw once.  
Minutes freeze but you can't collect the corners still.  
She used to whisper your name like a refrain,  
And when she held you, you know you felt safer.  
But your demons are fucking huge,  
You stack your deck to lose.  
You say there's nothing you can do,  
Well, we all know you're lying.  
Friends and go-betweens sing like canaries crushed in spring.  
This is the thanks you get.  
You get what you put in,  
I guess that's bullshit in the end,  
Written under fluorescent lights  
That replace  
The sun  
At night.