

# Lagwagon, Resolve

Don't leave me in this room;  
The walls are closing in;  
This is the space I used to say,  
The line is drawn for you each day.

But every day you show  
With sound of caving walls  
Some day this song will have no pulse  
And I'll cave alone.

But there we are,  
Waiting for your answer.  
Your arms speeded elation,  
Beating out your salvation,  
But when the tape stopped you were gone,

A half measure from home, home, home.

This week I recreate,  
Edit you back into  
The blare that could define you,  
Coveted by few who knew.

The phone rings without pause,  
This grief wills everyone;  
All I have is a shitty song;  
How could it ever be enough?

So here we are, in our final accord.  
A mortician and his tools  
Sonically bury you.  
You could have chose another chord to resolve on, on, on.