

Me Without You, Disaster Tourism

Call me outside I'll come running down.

When I satisfied each need invented by my eye

I was a nest by a fox's hole or dirt underneath your boots soles

when I satisfied each need invented by my eye

it was nothing like I'd imagined.

Like cocaine, their green eyes fixed on the television to pass the time

until their two miles of elegant blinds halfway raised for the watching as you walked by

"Look, come to the window

She carries a candle at mid-day while the sun's still so high!"

But you knew better than to pay mind to what to people and the devil say call me outside,

I'll come running down into the vacant, intoxicating night,

call me outside to their haunted streets, their red electric lights,

I'm on the sad side of a nowhere town,

but sister I'm all you got so call me outside,

I'll come running down - Then, not another word.