

Meg & Dia, Santa Barbara

Pray for them
I often lose track
So I took a drag
On my first cigarette
And I found my head
Roll down the dumps
Of 27th Street

I drew a sketch
With lipstick and sidewalk
Of Newports edge
Lego block cliffs
And an ocean that doesn't
Deserve the sounds of silence
I'd swear on a dead artists grave

That I found a spot
Where the drunk never got to
It rocks me gently silent, silent
If I never surface
It doesn't matter
Hold my breath
It's silent, silent

Diligent
They skate by the water
Not sick of it
It only gets harder
That's no excuse
To block all the cliches and
Reason for kicks

He strokes her hair
Both sitting on sand
And her shoulders bare
Nothing to demand of them
Laying back on a lonely stone wall
And passersby look passed it all

Then I found a spot
Where the drunk never got to
It rocks me gently silent, silent
If I never surface
It doesn't matter
Hold my breath
It's silent, silent

I found a spot
That the drunk never got to
It rocks me gently silent, silent
If I never surface
It doesn't matter
Hold my breath
It's silent, silent now