

Paleo, Next Train

NEXT TRAIN

behead a rose
and your heart Crusoes
and your bones feel light as feathers
there's nothing quite like a lover's leapfrogging

everybody is waiting for the next train

he beds a rose
and its heart explodes
with the flick of the wrist. a bat of the eye
or a cross of the T. you are yours. i am mine

in and out
right or wrong
black and white
expecting to see morning light
we draw the blinds to mortar lines

all aboard
getty up
pick it up
click-it-or-ticket forget it
change the channel turn the tv off

everybody is waiting for the next train out of town

we're passing over every stop
we're speeding up conductor
a bouncing ball at sublight speeds
let's never stop conductor

it's all or nothing
all or nothing
all or nothing
all or nothing

i know you're listening

you're buckled for safety
but i think that maybe
this train that we ride
it's a slow suicide
for the hearts that we beat
to a pulp every night

everybody is waiting for the next train out of town

das - orrefors, sweden