

# Paulson, Programs

Broke and drunk on lemonade; her idea to go away.  
When-when they-they arrive dress-dressed in pride,  
they'll wash them down in flashing lights.

Weight escapes in stereo, soldiers cracking random codes.  
He'll find he's so lost-lost  
and in her eyes, won't-won't let-let him compromise.  
Dance all night.

Coming just to get along, smiling but the love is gone.  
She-she fi-finally gets her balance back,  
she-she swear-swears it was an act,  
of all ways it could've gone, cake and white and carry-ons,  
she'll put an end to this, this 4-year stand  
'cause she can't love a violent man.

Dance all night.  
It's in her kiss, you won't admit it.  
I know that after this we'll never dance again,  
so dance all night.

When I took your hand, did I misunderstand?  
The plates began to slip away and matching edges start to scrape.  
The floors collapse from underneath and plaster walls evaporate.  
The programs run and take away the center of our gravity;  
the bonds we made were never meant to break.