

Portastatic, Portraits From Before The War

I'm looking for a crack in the door
A way to travel back to how we were before
But time travel isn't what it used to be
And you're stuck staring at these portraits of you and me
Portraits from before the war
Before the smoky clouds rolled in and left us
Soot-stained and brought the wolves to your door
And now you're out drinking with them
But I see no happiness in that crowd's crooked grin

Come back to the fire, it's not so bad
And difficult regrets are easily had
Like all goodwill, this was a fad
Yeah, this was a fad
We waste a lot of things around here
We waste a lot of things around here
Well these are cheap tears

Now I'm looking for a crack in the door
Stuffing it with blankets and winter clothes
That you won't wear anymore
Saying 'Stoke the stove, you lazy one'
Feed it with with molding and with the floor
Let the neighbors see the naked body they've been asking for
'Cause maybe then we'll see it too
And rewrite our own history
Solve the heart and cure the flu
And paint a brand-new portrait of you and me

You know, one rusty rain and all your flowers go bad
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