

Shearwater, Not Tonight

Hurts so bad that you know it's not sinning.

The funny thing is it's just beginning to feel good.

And downstairs all your friends are waiting,

they're talking low and filling their stories with angels,

and they imagine intervening in true crime photos and placing meaning within them -
from blue to red to black-and-white.

Don't look too long, you'll be up all night among them,

the sudden dead. The last thing he said was "You should have been here before the camera
maybe I wouldn't have to die.

But just live out this long life jangling, and as old men you could watch my hand dangling, cold and

Baby,

don't worry tonight;

I know it's too ugly to hold yourself upright.

So fill a clean glass, cold and smooth. Take the reds, then take the blues. Away,
you can hear a voice that's singing

"angels could come but you wouldn't believe them, and those that believe still can't see them

And The Suicide slides out of his skin and he climbs inside of the bed you're in and touches your fa

He says "what right had I to die when all these little cells just tried to keep me alive?

What right had I to leave the human race behind?

Do you really think you're better, with your shotgun and your suicide letter?

Do you think you're right?

Well baby, don't worry tonight,

I know it's too ugly to hold yourself upright.

There's a light from the front room

as it's filling with all of your friends.

It doesn't get much better than this, and then it ends."