

# Some By Sea, Under The Cyclone

On the needle with this gun in your back and there's nothing left to recommend.  
We split the heart attacks between our families, so the memories won't last.  
'Cause you've been waiting around to get your mind in the gutter,  
hoping late, late nights will mend you.  
The list isn't long, but temptation gets ugly,  
so empty out your songs.  
Long lost, the outside is waiting and you say "I like the way I am";.  
But someday, when the cyclone is over your head, you'll run and hide.  
Burn the lights and hand me back to the hallway,  
to a door left of my parents' room.  
We split the tab between the blatant defenders,  
but their enemy's long gone.  
the hour's long in the teeth and the spirits are waning and the airport's lost my name again.  
Just keep your eyes to the front,  
the oncoming headlights will empty out your skin.  
Long lost, the outside is waiting and you say "I like the way I am";.  
But someday, when the cyclone is over your head, you'll run and hide.  
On the kitchen table there are olive branches everywhere,  
so pass your burden over here,  
I'll smile and drink it down.  
Under the cyclone, there are car accidents and all the passengers scream "no!";.  
There are bouts of disappointment and claims of overacting.  
Welcome to the interstate between your best friends.  
If there's a smile then pick it up, dear.  
If there's a scar then push it deeper.  
Just learn to hide yourself inside a secret.  
Back down to the intersection,  
the fine lines of contradiction.  
We push for a photograph and just end up with dust