

Spitalfield, From The Desk Of B. Larsen

We drove through the night,
listening to pavement on the stereo,
and wondering to ourselves,
will we see the sunrise,
before the drugs wear off?

Crossed so many borders
that cease to exist at least for now,
and at this hour,
our fears and reservations
speed through open windows,
to the southern skies.

[Chorus:]
And we're getting good
at passing out in motion,
or on strangers floors.
And our wandering hearts,
numb our blistered fingers and our burning throats.

Tomorrow is the same,
it's just another repeat of today,
the smile and the wave.
Can we stay above the surface,
without feeling blas?

Can we climb that stage again
to entertain the ghosts and maybe ourselves
and then pass out.
Our blood is mixed,
and we are one,
and we will get through this.

[Chorus]

Our blood has mixed,
and we are one,
Will we get through this?
[x2]

[Chorus]