

Swan Lake, A Venue Called Rubella

Cling to the sum of your parts for a man
Is never what he does, never what he tries...
Now baby come back come back cause you know I didn't mean it
When I mentioned the hollowed-out galaxies inhabiting your eyes...

Shit, where do you come from?
And where have you gone?
Do the furies document your progress
Before the foregone conclusion of the sun... or was I dreaming this?

Everything was going fine and smooth as planned...
The tankards sat contentedly understanding of what they held within.
Then terror struck when we realized what was at hand,
As you and your Union St. ingenues came rolling in!

Just another capacity crowd lost at sea
Just another dense azure template to surf upon
They should play it loud, the disgusted jam band rocks, I agree...
In a venue called Rubella...