

# The Airborne Toxic Event, Sometime Around Mid

And it starts, sometime around midnight.  
Or at least that's when you lose yourself  
for a minute or two.

As you stand, under the bar lights.  
And the band plays some song  
about forgetting yourself for a while.  
And the piano's this melancholy soundtrack to her smile.  
And that white dress she's wearing  
you haven't seen it for a while.

But you know, that she's watching.  
She's laughing, she's turning.  
She's holding her tonic like a cross.  
The room's suddenly spinning.  
She walks up and asks how you are.  
So you can smell her perfume.  
You can see her lying naked in your arms.

And so there's a change, in your emotions.  
And all these memories come rushing  
like feral waves to your mind.  
Of the curl of your bodies,  
like two perfect circles entwined.  
And you feel hopeless and homeless  
and lost in the haze of the wine.

Then she leaves, with someone you don't know.  
But she makes sure you saw her.  
She looks right at you and bolts.  
As she walks out the door,  
your blood boiling  
your stomach in ropes.  
Oh and when your friends say,  
What is it? You look like you've seen a ghost.

Then you walk, under the streetlights.  
And you're too drunk to notice,  
that everyone is staring at you.  
You just don't care what you look like,  
the world is falling around you.

You just have to see her.  
You just have to see her.  
You just have to see her.  
You just have to see her.  
You just have to see her.  
You know that she'll break you in two.