

The Airborne Toxic Event, Wishing Well

Standing on a bus stop
Feeling your head pop
Out in the night
In the kind of night
Where you want to be out
On the street, on the street
Crawling up the walls
Like a cat in heat

And the air is thin
And it blows through your skin
And you feel like something
Is about to begin
But you don't know what
And you don't know when
So you tear at your hair
And you scratch at your skin

You wanna run away, run away
Just get on the fucking train and leave today
And it doesn't matter where you spend the night
You just might end up somewhere in a fight, in a fight
Or calling your room on a concrete shelf
Fighting all alone, with yourself, with yourself
And you just wanna feel like a coin that's been tossed
In a wishing well, a wishing well
A wishing well, a wishing well
Well you're tossed in the air
And you fell and you fell
Through the dark blue waters
Where you cast your spell
Like you were just a wish that could turn out well

So you stand on the corner
Where the angels sit
And you think to yourself,
"This is it, this is it
This is all that I have
All I can stand
Is this air in my lungs
And this coin in my hand"
That you tossed in the air
And I fell, and I fell
All the way to the bottom
Of the well, of the well
Like those soft little secrets
That you tell, that you tell
To yourself, when you think
No one's listening to, well

And the walls spin
And you're paper-thin
From the haze of the smoke
And the mescaline
The threat of your brow
Under unmade sheets
In your ear with the noise
From the darkest streets
We ran far and wide
You screamed, you cried
You thought suicide was an alibi
But you were always a mess
You were always aloof
Yeah, it's awful, I guess

But it's the awful truth
It was truth from the first
To the last words that she read

And she emerged from the dark
Like a ghost in my head
She said, "I haven't forgot
Any words that you said
I just stare at the clocks
And I cry in my sleep
And I tear up your letters
And I burn them in heaps
And I gather the ashes
In that hole in the ground
Where we fell"