

# The Draft, Bordering

It's gonna be a long night  
cause nobody here's wasting time,  
and the wheel of misfortune's gone  
to refill it's atom bombs.

And there's enough here to know  
that we might not know when to go,  
or when they just want us gone.  
You know I have been all along.  
And I remember things just like a dream  
opening up somewhere in between  
closing time and time to re-open.  
I'm bordering a lack of oxygen.

It's gonna be a long night.  
My drinks laced with cyanide,  
and most people I know have gone  
or passed out in the parking lot.  
And I remember things just like a dream  
opening up somewhere in between  
closing time and time to re-open.  
I'm bordering a lack of oxygen.