

The Matches, Salty Eyes

Do you belong to a song?
Does it drag you along by the tongue at the top of your lungs?
Are you drunk?
Have you been drinking?
Do you belong to the overpass go with a fifth in your fist
reminiscing the kiss of a love that just didn't love as much as you did?
the kiss of a love that just didn't love as much as you did?

But please don't give up dear walls.
Don't let the ceiling fall.
When you belong to a song, salty eyes.
You belong.

Shrill notes begin the grim violin.
Then from the silence of violence the sirens orchestrate the score.
To which one more corpse is left quiet.
How we've become the hollows of drums.
The rest between notes and the hollers that never reach throats.
Friends in quotes, they're not calling.

But please don't give up dear you.
I'll bet the silver moon's sliding through
When you belong to a song, salty eyes.
You belong.

Do please believe however naive.
They may drag you along by the tongue at the top of your lungs.
And belong salty eyes.

When you belong to a song, salty eyes.
You belong.