

The Matches, Their City

We hide
As their sidewalks crawl diseased
The ever-shopping hopping fleas
Their engines hum the sun's reprise

We rise
To skies punctured with stars
She steers us through her Dogpatch bars
A barback nods, he's one of ours

As they sleep
Their city is awake and wide
Their city is awake and wide
We're aching inside, aching
Mistakes are waiting
To take me for a ride

My blood finally thick enough to drive
Marianne, last touch: 5:45
The highway's already alive
With the khakis teeming with caffeine
To coax the cursor 'cross the screen
The nervous tic-talking machine

All the lights go green
For me, Lord Legless, and my Sacred Rose queen
Ah - my Marianne
Tell your old man
We're nothing
Ah - my Marianne
Tell your old man we're nothing serious

From Lower Haight
To Sea Cliff Estates
Sped past their finest
Yet gave no chase
Brought our feast (their city)
Of Mission grease (their city)
To freeze our tits off (their city's awake)
On Baker Beach (their city's awake)
We rolled back to Polk (you rolled a smoke) (their city)
You killed the beams (and then I spoke) (their city)

Marianne I'm half his age
I'm half the man
Tell your old man
We're nothing serious