Thea Gilmore, Exit Route

God's electrician sparked up the heavens once again
Heading northbound on the 7:10
And the Lord said let there be commuters
Talking pension plans, medicals and monthly targets end to end
I was hoping I could steal you
Away from all that chemical release
We were both walking, talking silk-wrapped razor blades
Carving our initials into each others memories and

I know I cant place blame
But this was all your idea
I just got out when I did
To prove the exit route was clear
To prove the exit route was clear

And I've seen you play dumb, but what else can you do?
I've seen you dodge my questions like bullets
But come on, honey, show me something new
Show me this amphetamine psychosis
Show me this not-quite-comatose it's
Gonna track us up for the evening
And you and I can support each other like rotting fence posts and

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We both lay on the floor end to end
While our bodies and our brains gave up the fighting
And your bed-sit looked like some sick demon had rolled in
It looked like Hell with fluorescent lighting
It looked like Hell with fluorescent lighting and

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