

# Captive of the Sun

## Parquet Courts

My misophonia brought the faders up,  
now she's a military grade,  
in Dolby surround around 5.1.  
Cue the barking from the baritone  
conductor in the pit for the car honk duet.  
Half-tone harmony from the sewer.  
Rebel youth choir belt phrases even newer.  
Dump truck man drops the beat with trash cans,  
call 911! We got therapy demands.  
Philharmonic got a first chair car crash.  
Pan the falsetto to smash the glass.  
It's a drive-by lullaby that couldn't get worse.  
A melody abandoned in the key of New York. Where nothing comes after.  
I'm a pass-time streamer, hanging from the rafters.  
I don't get out. I don't have fun.  
Living like a captive of the sun. I sightread the chart, clap the rocks into sand.  
A 12-pass van on a pot-hold bandstand.  
Got an oil-can hangover by default,  
and trucks pave the roads with amphetamine salt.  
Skull shaking cadence of the 'J' train rolls.  
Rhythm of defeat, repeating like a pulse.  
Marching on and static, lyrics shout a retort  
to the melody abandoned in the key of New York. Where nothing comes after.  
I'm a pass-time streamer, hanging from the rafters.  
I don't get out. I don't have fun.  
Living like a captive of the sun.

Lyrics provided by

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