Carry a Torch

Driftless Pony Club

Girls! Girls! The city is sick!
God only knows if we'll make it through this.
There's beds on top of ambulances,
A place where you sleep.
You're nauseous from the bleach that you need to soak your sheets.
Your lipstick's pretty crude across the mask over your mouth.
But I warn you, in the memory of your lips underneath:
Carry a torch and trust the wrench, but get out! Get out! Get out!

Girls! Girls! The city is sick!
I know you're more unhealthy than you care to admit.
When the city is embracing you, you can't feel anything else.
You're more familiar with the streets than you are with yourself.
Your name is engraved in the frames of every house.
But I warn you, because you never meant to stay:
Carry a torch and trust the wrench, but get out! Get out! Get out!

All the doctors and the architects wash their hands -
What would you expect?

Your ears can hear the choirs sing
The death of their important things,
And every note a call to end
Anatomies and atlases.
The simple maps, they have comprised
Of comprise and compromise,
The place we are when we stand still,
The space we feel the urge to fill.

Girls! Girls! The city is sick!
There's bruises on your tongue, 'cause you don't know when to quit.
There's blood stitched in your skirt that won't wash off in the lake,
And glass in your teeth so that you know when you're awake.
If you're gonna keep together, you're gonna have to move quick.
I only warn you 'cause I knew you before you were sick:
Carry a torch and trust the wrench but get out! Get out! Get out!

Lyrics submitted by Erik.

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