William Tell Override

Jets to Brazil

Caught making conversation to your teeth.
Kite high in Tuesday ether.
Been gone all week.
People live for such a long time.
Eighty years to get one right.
Jet white like all day paper comes back blank.
No time for conversation, too much to say.
We think you'll live for such a long time now.
You can take this as you like.
This is the sun beating down your door.
Feels like a gun, right between the eyes.
Warm in your sunshine.
William Tell override.
White lies and dedication.
Have a seat.
Glass actor swing your hammer.
This isn't me.
I've been searching for the right kind.
One who doesn't aim so high.
This is the sun, a lifelong suicide,
cold as a gun in hands that can't decide.
Warm in her sunshine.
William Tell override.
When I took it to the man,
he said, "We're doing all we can."
Then he shook my hand
This is the sun, closer than you know.
Feels like a gun, shining through your window.
Warm in the sunshine.
William Tell override.

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