

# Captive Of The Sun

## Parquet Courts

My misophonia brought the faders up  
Now she's a military grade, in  
Dolby surround, around five-point-one 'cause  
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  
Philharmoninc got a first chair car  
Crash, pan the falsetto to smash  
The glass, it's a drive-by lullaby  
That couldnt get worse, a melody  
Abandoned in the key of New York  
Where nothing comes after  
I'm a passtime streamer, hanging  
From the rafters, I don't get out  
I don't have fun  
Livin' like a captive of the sunSight-read the chart  
Clap the rocks into sand  
A twelve-pass van on a pothole bandstand  
Got an oil-can hangover by default, and trucks pave  
The roads with amphetamine salt  
Skull-shakin' cadence of the J train  
Rolls the rhythm of defeat, re- peating like a pulse, marching on  
And static, lyrics shout a retort  
To the melody abandoned in the key  
Of New York

Songwriters

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