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

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