

Mesa, AZ

Bad Books

We passed eight hundred miles
Talking circles about living with loss
You said your sense of humor's
Always helped you get above and across Every hurdle, every chasm
Every shocking and unspeakable blow
Just proves the universe is chaos
So you laugh to clear the lump from your throat But if you're fixed on being bitter
Go be bitter on your own
We're still two hours from El Paso
Arizona's such a long way to go The chemicals were coursing through
Our bloodstreams at incongruous rates
I was time traveling inward
Through a past life I can never erase You were hanging out the window
You said, "We're just a beggar's banquet in space"
You were laughing at the moon
You were cursing it for wearing your face Me and New Mexico are orphans
Or is it bastards? Either way
I think I know a guy in Roswell
We'll hitch a moon ride, steal you back your face You sleep and whistle 'Blackbird' backwards
While my eyes cut her name in clay
You wake to Mesa, Arizona
Say, "Let it go, she'll change her mind someday" You took the wheel in Mesa, Arizona
"I got the rest, man
You can drift away"

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