

Only God Can Save Us

After The Sirens

And even after we all collapse in laughter
and all the perfume passes from hands to tapered glasses,
we're still stuck in suits and dresses --
loosened ties and glassy eyes and
I don't think we'll move again till fall. Through nervous chattering
I'm wondering if you can see
the lie I'm peddling.
The lie I am peddling. "Come on, it's only a moment!"
"It's only a garrison for islet defenses."
Well, you sift through my pretenses and
I'll wake up when it's necessary. And think, while you are calling bluffs
that maybe this isn't love I'm after,
cause that is not enough,
and that is not enough.

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