

Yawn, Yawn, Yawn

Les Savy Fav

One was a piper. One was a rat.
They couldn't decipher how it came to that.
And at the cockadoodle they crawled out of their beds.
As if the rooster knew each rising dawn they dread.Lost in a flurry.
Looking for landmines hid in a ribcage back at the front line.
And when the sun is falling they crawl out of their skins.
They hear the moonlight calling them from this mess they're in.Take deep breaths and waste sweet seconds.
The late day beckons, the late day beckons.
And if you save it, it'll slip away, spend seven nights like Saturday.
Yawn, Yawn, Yawn, we're all long gone.
If we get lucky we'll be dead by dawn.
So let's get-get-get-get-get-get-get-get-get-get it on!
I wanna get-get-get-get-get-get-get-get-get-get it on!Charging the windmill and missing the mark.
Blinded by sunlight but drafting an arc.
I've got a million dollars made of ten million dimes paid for ten billion failures of others' good advice.

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