Don, Aman (Remastered)

Slint

Don stepped outside.
It felt good to be alone.
He wished he was drunk,
Thought about something he said,
And how stupid it had sounded
He knew he should forget about it
and decided to piss, but he couldn't...
(A plane passed silently overhead, the streetlights, and the buds on the trees and the night, were still.)It finally came, he took a deep breath.
It made him feel strong, and determined,
To go back inside.The light.
Their backs.
Their conversation.
The couples, romancing, so natural.
His friends stare,
With eyes, like the heads of nails.
The others.
Glances.
With amusement,
With evasion,
With contempt.
So distant,
With malice,
For being a sty
In their engagement,
Like swimming underwater in the darkness,
Like walking through an empty house,
Speaking to an imaginary audience,
being watched from outside, by no-one
(A song without a key)
He could not dance to anything.Don left,
And drove,
And howled,
And laughed,
At himself.
He felt he knew what that was.

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