A Gun In the First Act

Thursday

I saw you standing with a broken cigarette out in the rain.
I guess all our lives are a little less than they seem.
Now you're praying to the memory of a god you use to love
(A reminder of his death hanging low around your neck.)
Do you find sleep comes easy
Dancing with the empty silhouette of everything?
Our waking lives are just the dreams of our dreams.
Standing in the city asking what it's all for but
There's nothing in this world that giving meaning makes it more:
The louder the ring, the less the thing.When we see black clouds coming over our heads, over our heads, then we know where it's ending;
A loaded gun hanging over our heads... We already know the way it ends.Screaming from a stage or at a pay-phone in the rain
Trying to find the words I always think I need to say.
Please, bring it back to the moment before you left
I never felt the sting.
The louder the ring, the less the thing.
Break, break, break it down
Back to the way that it was before
When symbols weren't just loaded guns
and black clouds weren't just metaphors
Bring, bring, bring it back
Back to the way that it was before:
Empty all the loaded guns and bury all the metaphors.
Now we're going around in a place that makes no sound,
where names never fit and
nothing ever means a thing.

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