

# Sometime Around Midnight

## The Airborne Toxic Event

And it starts,  
sometime around midnight,  
or at least that's when you lose yourself,  
for a minute or two.

As you stand,  
under the bar lights,  
and the band plays some song about forgetting yourself for a while,  
and the piano is this melancholy soundtrack to her smile,  
and that white dress she's wearing,  
you haven't seen her for a while.

But you know that she's watching,  
she's laughing,  
she's turning,  
she's holding her tonic like a cross.

The room's suddenly spinning,  
and she walks up and asks how you are.

So you can smell her perfume,  
you can see her lying naked in your arms.

And so there's a change,  
in your emotions,  
and all these memories come rushing like feral waves to your mind,  
of the curl of your bodies like two perfect circles entwined.

And you feel hopeless and homeless and lost in the haze of the wine.

And she leaves,  
with someone you don't know,  
but she makes sure you saw her,  
she looks right at you and bolts.

And she walks out the door,  
your blood boiling and your stomach in ropes.

And your friends say "What is it? You look like you've seen a ghost!"

Then you walk under the street lights,  
and you're too drunk to notice that everyone is staring at you!  
You just don't care what you look like,  
the world is falling around you!

You just have to see her!  
You just have to see her!  
You just have to see her!  
You just have to see her!  
You just have to see her!  
You know that she'll break you in two.

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