Bourbon And Division

Firewater

On the corner of Bourbon and Division
Crawling down the crooked streets at dawn
She said, "Don't come back, all is not forgiven"
So you fall inside a bottle and a songSplinters of thought dropping slowly
Snapping like branches in the wind
So you light a dog end smoke
And you're laughing as you choke
And you give the wheel of fortune one more spinDo you remember what you came here for?
Her words of wisdom scratched into the door
You can almost taste the emptiness
Hung inside her tallow dressCan the darkness be as empty as it seems
When the factories at night hum with their dreams?
And you watch a skinny dog cut across that dusty lot
Like the surface of the moonIn the decompression chamber
We're cooling in the conversation pit
You're sleeping underneath yesterday's papers
And pretending the tsunami hasn't hitFriday was the crucifixion
Saturday, cremation under glass
The resurrection was on Sunday
No, correction, make it Monday
'Cause Monday's when they come to take the trashDo you remember what you came here for?
Her words of wisdom scratched into the door
You can almost taste the emptiness
Hung inside her tallow dressCan the darkness be as empty as it seems
When the factories at night hum with their dreams?
And you watch a skinny dog cut across that dusty lot
Like the surface of the moon

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