

# The Butcher (LP Version)

## Matt Pond PA

Open up till midnight  
The butcher waits for someone's desperation  
That goes beyond control  
Speaking is an invitationUnder fluorescent lights  
You can't wash out his desire  
Where bodies are indecent  
And they are not in decline

From behind the counter he thought you whispered you want moreCut out the brights of the oncoming cars on  
the highway

Lightness is forced when you cut out the lines in the paper  
Cut the split seconds  
The ones over-filled  
When you thought you were caught with unknowable thrills  
Instead you get absence  
Soft haze in the face

The lines in your head have to all be replacedCleave the dry stone to a promise  
That an answer soon will follow  
Grave attention is still focused

On the flashlight and the cold fortuneDown the streets on prospect  
The butcher walks home  
Orange in the streetlight  
Even knows it in the dark  
Proves it with his eyes closedHe puts his red coat downstairs  
Goes up into his bedroom  
Undresses and folds his arms  
As if it could impress you

From under the covers he thought you whispered you want more

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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