

# Chapter 2

J. D. Salinger

Pull out the same and I'm sitting out of this one  
The bloated pet, wringing out his own tongue  
Stealing tracks that we would have followed out of here  
You're stealing fractions from a whole that disappears  
And the talk everybody wants a coup  
But you start it, someone else and I'll recoup  
Sell the stream, the source is turning into mud  
And tell the valleys, nothings turning far enough  
Between the wreck there's heaven sent  
Between the choice I'd rather have  
And at the end a chapter goes  
And now the finish is the start  
Between the wreck there's heaven sent  
Between the choice I'd rather have  
And at the end a chapter goes  
And now the finish is the start  
The fire spits everybody's talking low  
We won't go away, not until your body's cold  
If one by one the pillars fall away  
The floor floats like a ray  
Between the wreck there's heaven sent  
Between the choice I'd rather have  
And at the end a chapter goes  
And now the finish is the start  
Between the wreck there's heaven sent  
Between the choice I'd rather have  
And at the end a chapter goes  
And now the finish is the start  
Why is the finish now the start?  
Why is the finish now the start?  
Roll the timing back for her  
Between the wreck there's heaven sent  
(Back for her)  
Between the choice I'd rather have  
(Back for her)  
And at the end a chapter goes  
(Back for her)  
And now the, and now the, and now the finish is the start

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