Scene

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hey mr. heart, don't you know, without the right food to grow you won't break the soil come summer. from punk house to punk house, it's always been somebody else's scene. i guess in the spotlight. undress in the day time. all my friends are brilliant. it's really them you're listening to. cover torso, cover toes. bury the mirror in dirty clothes and at last it sings. something new to believe. sexual politics, no justice. just rain, just words. just us. shouldn't have to place demands. help me ask and not command. oh there we go again, so unsure about it. who we are and where we've been. this is the bad side of tenacity.

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