Nine

Adastra

I recall once on the church steps,
When I moved to kiss your chest,
How we paid such close attention
To each sweet and stuttered breath,
I should?ve stopped to paint our picture,
Captured honest pure affection,
Just to document the difference
between attraction and connection.

I can see all of my friends and
I break into empty buildings,
When the coast was clear,
With backpacks full of beer,
We?d throw our bottles from the rooftops
At this city - it looked endless.
Guess I still don?t see the difference
between real purpose and that urgent adolescence.

And I remember in a basement sharing sweat
With all these stranger boys and girls,
?We?ll change the world!? We sang,
?We?ll change the world!? But
Nothing seems to change and

They say none of them will listen,
But I still see much more power in that basement
than in heartless politicians.

And if we get beaten by this winter,
If we get strangled by regret, just
Let our love of life and tension
Gasp in sweet and stuttered breaths, and
Have them lay us in a basement,
Smash some bottles on the ground, and
Say we could never tell the difference
between the feeling and the sound.

Remember not our faulty pieces,
Remember not our rusted parts,
It?s not the petty imperfections that define us but

The way we hold our hearts,
And the way we hold our heads,
I hope they write your names beside mine
on my gravestone when I?m dead.
And when we?re dead let our voices carry on
To find a better song
To find a better song and sing along
Sing along

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/