Me And Us

Punch Brothers

We go to bed and you fall asleep, fall asleep, not me,
we go to bed and I lie awake, lie awake and
float out the window and down the street, over the bridge and
into the village for a little break from me, meaning us.
I float away and you disappear, disappear,
some pretty young villager takes my hand and leads me to more
pretty young villagers forming a ring, forming a ring around
a bonfire built on a line in the sand between me an us.
Am I lost, have I lost, have they thrown me on the fire,
there to dance in the flames, far enough from you to wonder
if me still means us.
She leads me to the end of the night. A boyfriend of hers is there.
You're on his arm, but our eyes don't meet, our eyes don't meet 'cause
we only have eyes for fueling the fire, being melted down and reformed
in the image of wilder things, wilder things than us.
Are we lost, have we lost, have they thrown us on the fire,
there to dance in the flames, far enough from one another.
We fed them to the flames, but they're just getting colder and colder.
The boy's at least half again as selfish, and the girl's feeling a day
older per hour,
but there's no help for them now,
because together looks good when you're alone looks good
when you're together,
and it takes a village older and less inclined to say which is better to say
which would be better.

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