

Canaries

Kind of Like Spitting

Make what you can out of nothing
Keep bluffing your way to extinction
You're a sick fuck to think
That this, unlike anything else, will last forever
Building rock anthems a jigsaw exterior
You see what you miss
But you can't stand to be near her
It's bigger than that you realize
But short-sighted impulses own what's left of your dignity
Tell yourself quietly don't plow the field yet
You're waiting to grow some new life from retrospect
You know free agency pays little in the long run
But you just don't feel like your legs aren't that tired yet
Friends and go-betweens
Sing like canaries crushed in leaves
This is the thanks you get
Somewhere that's sweet
Maybe someday we will meet
And I can thank you without strings
All these before that get drilled on long after
It's all just leverage when you're sure that it's over
The street goes blurry like a movie that you saw once
Minutes freeze but you can't collect the corners still
She used to whisper your name like a refrain
And when she held you, you know, you felt safer
But your demons are fucking huge
You stack your deck to lose
You say there's nothing you can do
Well we all know that you're lying
Friends and go-betweens
Sing like canaries crushed in leaves
This is the thanks you get
You get what you put in
I guess that's bullshit in the end
Written under fluorescent lights
That replace the sun at night

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