Living North

Cymbals Eat Guitars

I met the first guy
Who said "I'll always remember this night, Jane"
When I brought cigarettes home on a whim
It was really him
And all of us other guys
Who've said it since then
Well we've been trying to mean it as sincerely as he didThere is a metal divide
Between myself and this lake in New Jersey
Silver seaweed hands reach up and grab
A woman walking dog pulled in
Never heard from again
Focus on shining tension
We're striders on the surface
Of striders on the surfaceI found a dog's leash on the shores of the Pacific
It means nothing to me

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