

26 Is Dancier Than 4

This Town Needs Guns

I'm so sorry I'm not down tonight
But all my friends have lost their minds
And what's more...
... I'm not happy here anymore. We should've stayed at home tonight.
All the bright lights and company
Are not what I need. It's just the same as it was before.
Same faces there to hit the floor.
My legs have carried me far.
There's still strength enough for one more.
So let's carry on
And dance to all the same songs.
Like back when we were young
And nights like this would fade to one. So let's get out of here.
We've done all we can.
This place is not dead.
So when will this night end? We'll do it all again,
Next Friday night.
This Picture-postcard modernity.

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