

Twin Cities

Eureka California

You fall and break your crown
On a fountain pen lying on the ground
You cry out in pain
You're not dead boy, your leg's just lameAnd you'll wear it on a shirt
For lack of a better word
And it's hard to be knocked down
With Twin Cities all around me right nowWatch it unfold again
Slipping on a fountain pen
This time it'll all go south
As the pearly whites get knocked straight out of your mouthAnd I'm finally aware
And I'll sell all my shares on a dare
I won't cut my hair or tie a tie
I can be a drone in another lifeAnd now it's forty below
Is the sun still shining?
Well you just don't know
And it's all white as you can see
It's not alright between you and meAnd you'll wear it on a shirt
For lack of a better word
And it's hard to be knocked down
With Twin Cities all around me right now

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