

Misspent Youth

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

The glory of a misspent youth,
chasing tire stains in muted thunder,
trading sex for drugs.
And my Ophelia does not drown,
she just barely hangs on. Now driving drunk in Daddy's car.
Honey, I won't spoil the ending.
But see that bend up in the road?
Didn't it seem that the night
was a little too quiet? When it seems your subjects
have all forgotten you,
I need you to pretend that you are mine.
And the water is just deep enough to
take another chance,
ah, but the river doesn't want you tonight. The engine was not built to last.
And there's a permanence
to the memory of a bruise.
But I still take it on
the chin for you. You are not alone here,
but you ain't helping me none.
Disabled motorist
in the road, I have become one.

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