

# Ceilings Crack

## Cursive

Passed out in your yard  
My clothes were soaking in the morning rain  
My head's just a bruise, like walking in a coma  
Like a battered drone  
All my limbs are numb  
I've been driving past your house  
Been pounding at your door  
I know I'm just a peon to you  
But I deserve more  
Than arrogance  
Condolences  
My hearts are on the sleeves of my shirts scattered over your lawn  
And the morning dew... kissed them  
Drunk on Bastille Day  
Throwing pennies at the broken birds  
Scribbling plans on napkins  
A sketch of broken angel wings under your bed  
My bandages  
Stumbled over to your house  
I'll sneak in the back door  
I know I've been an asshole to you, but that was before  
The argument, the accident  
Well, I've heard it's just a matter of time before the hour is spent  
And my hour is spent  
I can't afford it this time  
I can't afford this time  
I can't afford this time  
I can't afford it...  
The hour has come for retribution  
I'm storming the walls down  
I'm storming the walls down  
The hour has come for retribution  
I'm storming the walls down  
  
I'm storming the walls down  
Before this night's done, the wounds will be gone  
I'm storming the walls down  
I'm storming the walls down  
The Dirt of the Vineyard

Less talk, more dancing  
If we could push off the sick conversation one more night  
I surely would  
My shoes have gathered the dust of the vineyard  
Have I soiled your gown?  
There's soil on your gown, like sangria  
Cleanses the heart  
Our clogged hearts are choking on the grime  
As the big band waltzes on  
Your stranded eyes whisper...  
"The dirt is out.  
I can smell her on your velvet hands."  
The dirt is out --  
are we stuck in the motions again?  
Oh, but was it sweet  
In the vineyard  
Sangria, won't you bless  
The starving lips  
Such virgin lips  
Would choke on all this grime  
I've found some dirt under my nails  
I'll scratch and bite until...  
The dirt is out  
but sangria burns under my skin  
The dirt is out --  
I thought I'd never wash these hands again  
Under my skin....

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