

# Kansas

## The Devil Wears Prada

Sun sets in an ocean of brown farmland haze  
Power lines draped across roads, you could drive on for days  
Well, it's all too perfect, time to look back at us now  
Endless and empty like Kansas  
Our cities of clouds flat on the table like Kansas  
I lay down in sheets suddenly worn threadbare  
Every wall I lean on transforms to sliding doors and thin air  
Well, I hope yours is kinder, let go of this when you find her  
Bury this heart down underneath your white canvas  
Our houses of cards flat on the table like Kansas  
It's not regret just an unexpected accounting of debts only now called  
No it's not regret just remembrance is all of how close we had come  
The war almost won but I sent up our flag and moved on  
You and I lost to the winter like Kansas  
And all my goodbyes flat on the table like Kansas  
Just accounting of debts only now called

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