Retirement

Cursive

Our mistakes are scrawled upon the chalkboard
They're scribed across stained glass
They're posted on the billboards
A lackluster charade
And are we so naive to concede these forefathers?
Apparently we areWell, apparently it's true
There's no slot machines past the pearly gates
Why do we kid ourselves?
We grow old and wise
We just lose our mindsThe dinner is a hit
The guests are full of spirits
They gather around the husband
He's versed in party tricks
The wife is in the bedroom
Smearing her makeup, makeup, make it up
But she's got a lover on the side
Motels, cheap wine
She says "You can't base love off the pity fuck,
unless they've got a lot of money.'"Cause it's the games that we play
'Cause we need to exist
We're not humans, we're citizens
It's the one on the ground
With his hands on his heart
It's the cleavage of division
It's all jagged and jaded
But it suits us
We just fake it through

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