

# Antihero

## Futurist

When you left, they made me shave my face and take my place on that assembly line.

By automated surgery, I split up in a pan like brownies.

The county clerk withheld my blood and poetry,

but that donâ€™t mean that I wonâ€™t bleed again,

that I wonâ€™t bleed again.

And when you left, I told myself Iâ€™d had enough

of hanging on for dear life, hanging to preconceived assumptions â€™bout how love should be my life raft,

saving me.

And I learn to leave it alone and

become your antihero.

Now youâ€™re gone and out of touch itâ€™s all too much to hide away, but calling you up on the phone down by the

docks drunk and alone wouldnâ€™t help it at all, so I just wait.

So I just wait

and I learn to leave it alone and

become your antihero.

And when you left, they made me shave my face and take my place on that assembly line.

I know Iâ€™ve been here times before,

but how could I forget the one I fell for?

The county, theyâ€™ve still got my blood and poetry,

but that donâ€™t mean that I wonâ€™t bleed again,

that I wonâ€™t bleed again.

I wonâ€™t bleed again,

that I wonâ€™t bleed again.

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