Gates

Abe Vigoda

I am the pain that bleeds through your temples
Every morning when you wake up
I am the boy with alcohol poisoning
From all the parties Chris would throw
That summer that they took us in
Like every other American
For getting drunk in back of the Lion's Club
Waiting for the shitty bands to finish up
Then some kids played hacky sack
while the others just got highIt's not hard to fall for a waitress
When you both smoke
Smoke the same cigarettes
You'll get seated as diners lovers
You'll get the check that Scranton's for the better
You'll carve your names into the Paupack Cliffs
Just read them when you get old enough to know
that happiness is just a momentSo I'm marching up to your gates today
To throw my lonely soul away
'Cause I don't need it
You can take it backAnd they will make examples out of us
Like when they caught you in the CVS parking lot
But I fed the liars
Everything I got in my cabinet brain
of canned thoughts
Everything I've got
It was everything I've got
In my cabinet brainSo I'm marching up to your gates today
To throw my lonely soul away
'Cause I don't need it
You can take it backYeah I don't need it
You can take it back

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