

# 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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