

# Consolation Prize

## Jawbox

You woke from a dream of a blank page,  
unwritten story of six years sleeping.  
Clear-headed or empty-headed,  
it was a secret that would bear keeping.  
Looking for a star to wish upon,  
ready to be used until you're gone.  
Accept a consolation prize, in this you're not alone.  
Kept in fear of what's inside you,  
but outside you nothing is certain.  
Certainty's a dream anyway, in which you cannot move,  
in which your hands are bound.  
While you are looking for a star to wish upon,  
ready to be used until you're gone.  
Accept a consolation prize,  
in this you're not alone.  
Walking condescension, drowning in intentions,  
waiting for someone to eye what you have proffered.  
There's nothing offered in your gesture,  
just the slightest supplication for a consolation prize.

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