Streets, The
"Blip On A Screen"

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Turn on the light
so it burns in the night
turning down the flay
the world is uncertain
I'm certained by the curtains tonight
You will not know but grow
We will not dare, we'll always care and ply with your
hair

Got to reverse the pattern
What's the worse that could happen?
For the first time in my adulthood
The worse that could happen
Is utterly unthinkable, sinking unsaid dread
Suddenly I'm worried about the bread under the bed
But then all sort of awful shit seem plausible indoors
Proportions get "walked" in to the worse, and for
certain
You're growing thumbs
I'm growing numb
"totting" to your mom's lips like it might be quite fun

A blip on a screen
You don't know me
I think about you
And what you'll grow to be

Black and white blotches to watch and not get,
and the flashes of sense along with your body and
head
It is all as simple as you think when you were little,
It is all as simple as me sinking a little drink
Your growing nails, Mine are so nailed
I'm drinking your mothers wine for both of us today
You don't know choice but you know my voice,
you should never have of chosen me I have love like a
boy
The world's so dark sometimes, the noise of the cars
building a world up of toys and stars

A blip on a screen

You don't know me
I think about you
And what you'll grow to be

You'll dance on every song, foot fall every little move,
before you realize that every noise is not music
My dad raised these thoughts, he pastes these boards
I never knew I just grew that's all you can do
but then growing to an adult is just learning the language
of explaining with words what you were as a baby
You'll leisurely learn how to lie and pretend,
to service your love and rely on your friends
this could be fraught but its all I got taught and
I don't wanna make it up as I go along with yours

I fix and I plan
but this is just mad
I love you
You're only a 100 pixels on a scan