

Umbrellas, The

"Set the Scene"

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To set the scene, we're lying here.
The night sky is woken up by intruding lights,
And the sound of cannons,
We drove downtown for this.
And we love our country just enough
To set off explosions.

The humidity is getting to me, but I'm content.
The insects they nibble away at our skin
As our bodies touch and twist.
Your pressed collar and pencil thin lips,
Your smile is strained and you're waiting
For a kiss that just won't come.

Now we're back at your place,
We rely on stale dialogue.
I ruined what could have been long ago.
What I need tonight doesn't matter now,
So I watch you collapse and fold yourself into the bed,
While your hair it laps against the pillowcase,
Like the tide on the shore.

Now the bridges will take me over the bay,
Over and under and further away
To places that I've never been,
To white-washed oceans where it's too cold to swim.

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