

3-11 Porter

"Musical Polygamy"

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It looks like the fun has up and run away
Too scared to hold, and now too scared to break
We've put out roots down here but
There's a feeling I can't shake
Anticipating your next move
I can't get comfortable with you
And I try to weigh it out
We've nothing, everything to lose
You can't stand me, I'm sick of you
And what is this thing turning into?

And how can we hope for No hard feelings?
We built this together and now we're pulling down
together
From different sides of the room
And when this is gone
What else are we gonna do?

We've gotten good at eye contact
While regurgitating lies
Learn to swallow hard so we won't cry
It's been so long since we laughed at the same things
The joke is on me and and you
Fuck everything
I wonder who will be the first to quit
Examining, contaminating

We stay together for the children now
But they're not happy with us anyhow
What is it worth to renew our vows?

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