Cymbals Eat Guitars
"Plainclothes"

There was a man who killed a state trooper
And drove his pickup truck to Belmar
And slept in a beach house
A dream of the day
When two protons collide
And everything everything changes

When I drive with floodplains on either side of me
And in the back seat my friends point out egrets' nests
High on the telephone poles
Friends f*ck each other in the guest room
I feel the ghost of all the parties still happening
Right on this very spot that I am standing
Kids are blissing in the spare room
Light years away

The drug store smilers tower ten feet tall
Over a maze of abandoned cars
Their canceled eyes show through the holes in their
sphinx masks
I scramble to the dunes to puke under the pale moon

It is initiation season
So watch out for the cars with no lights on
If you flash them they will swing around
And follow you home

And in the lamp light living room
A portal gently pulls at all the sh*t that you own
What a relief it is to laugh like this years later
Through tears at someone's kitchen table
Feeling the full weight of all that dark energy

Because there's matter and there's legion else
Unobservable scaffolding for planets and stars
Dry mushrooms taste a lot like communion wafers
To see cathedral ships behind the Bucks County sky
when I was thirteen
My man's in a hallucination reverie

He says that there was a man who went and murdered

a plainclothes
But he drove so far away from Belmar
Because all of the people there hung glow in the dark
masks
On every single screen door
A Crown Vic in the rear view, oh my god