

## **Dan Mangan**

### **"Fair Verona"**

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Turn the bars into cars  
And wait for the lights to change  
And take shape of people we used to know  
'Til we grow less fond of knowing

And we can ride in the night  
And discard all of the facts  
On our backs remembering the thoughts  
That we thought since we got over our parents

And if we go where we go  
And don't tell anyone where we're from  
We can cut and paste the stars into our hearts  
And understand their language

And we won't spit with out mouths  
Or draw lines in the dirt with our heels  
And every single day, we'll just wait  
And hope to see the next one

If we go down too easy my dear  
We'll still be the heart of envy  
Of all our friends and peers  
All I can hope

To my home  
The thoughts are in my head  
And my bed is full of things I left  
When I left her there

And the light through the blinds  
And through the window pane  
And the lane, where the fire is getting cold  
For they have burned all of their belongings

And up the stairs, there's a pair  
Who like to be made sure  
That they were everything they are  
For they are sadly mistaken

Now I forget how we met  
And those days have all passed

Now cast is filing to the stage  
In a rage and taking their places

If we go down too easy, my dear  
We'll still be the heart of envy  
Of all our peers and friends  
My dear, to them

We'll be has beens, to them  
Be rogue waves, to them  
Be lost dreams,  
Just posers posing

We'll leave when our eyes,  
And weave our goodbyes,  
And if that's what it takes,  
We'll both drink the Kool-Aid again

'Til we've forgotten where our hearts have been  
'Til we've forgotten where our hearts have been  
'Til we forget just where our hearts have been

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