

## The Big Pink

### "I'll Meet You At The Bottom"

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Oh, so such a dirty little word  
Addictive like a party drug  
That fakes the senses to make sense of what we love  
So picture your pinstripes without any lines  
Like a vacant canvas stained to white

Bring it closer  
A crashing melody  
And let the ship sink  
The story's drowning out at sea  
The lyrics splinter  
In salty sympathy

Pop goes the giant scene parade  
Green floats in fifty different shades  
Partial perfection leaks with industry embrace  
But we wear our disdain on stylish sleeves  
Like tattoos of insecurity

Bring it closer  
A crashing melody  
And let the ship sink  
The story's drowning out at sea  
The lyrics splinter  
In salty sympathy

So long live the history

A song is sinking, a lyric splintered  
Art fought, but the chorus had a gun  
A song is sinking, a lyric splintered  
Art fought, but the chords were screaming

Long live the history

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