

Dismemberment Plan "Back And Forth"

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There's a kind of music that reminds me of you
It's all clear expensive drinks and shiny shirts
And the click of heels as they descend from the taxi
Like the first foot on the moon, oh, and it glows with
ache
And if it hits me right it's almost too much to take
And it's got right angle razor thin lines
That turn and swerve like perfect sines
As we dress to the nines in an
Attempt to leave it all behind
In a search of the moment between the seconds where
Everything is just fine
That silver thread imbedded deep within our spines
And I used to be kind of weird about this
A fear of dependence on a guilty gilt-edged
Hedged transcendence that makes us lairs
And tense when we look down and realize
That nothing really suspends us
But it was never just another Saturday night
Not with you in attendance
So throw your hands in the air
And wave them like you just don't care
It's on a whim; it's on a dare
To shrug away what we can't bear
And we're going back and forth
And back and forth and back and forth and back
We're going back and forth
And back and forth and back and forth and back
And it's a deep blue see-through membrane that
protects us
It connects us, a pulsing cellophane
Party-train skein that helps us and
Envelopes and keeps us locked inside
Forever and ever along for the ride
And we're moving through a phosphorescent gel
A semi-solid self-lit ocean and it's a funny notion, isn't
it?
Yeah, but I'm kinda digging it
And it's rigged and isn't nearly so big

And it speaks only of its own
Perpetual near miss

Like the uncertain memory
Of a stranger's mistaken kiss
And faces slide by in glowing shadows
Like snowbound ghosts that go up and down
In epileptic shivers and negative radioactive slivers
In a landscape of endless dull glitter
And a taste in my mouth so sweet, yet so bitter
And we exhaust ourselves trying to get there
Somebody scream "f---, --" all right
We'll try to fill the echoless night
So fasten up and hold tight
We can't give up without a fight
And we're going back and forth
And back and forth and back and forth and back
We're going back and forth
And back and forth and back and forth and back
So in the end, whatever, we die, we dissolve
Equations unbalanced, riddles unsolved
And we were never connected or involved
Except for the intersections and crazy mathematics
With no time and no space and no schedule and no
place
And we pass right through it without a trace
And sometimes that music drifts through my car
On a spring night when anything is possible
And I close my eyes and I not my head
And I wonder how you been and I count to a hundred
and ten
Because you'll always be my hero, even if I never see
you again

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