

Dreams From Gin

"Broken Window Fallacy"

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T's a fact that the facts have all fallen out
So call it on over to purge the doubt
But you can't open your mind
Because you can't close your mouth

So move it on forward without a parchment thought
With a heart beat unsteady your own broken clock

But you don't know where to move to cause
You don't know where to stop
And you don't know what to hold
Cause you don't know what to drop
So you shuffle your feet through an empty parking lot
With all the angsty angst that soon won't be forgot

It's alright Give it Time
The feelings will fade
You'll feel warm inside
You'll feel warm inside

The point of nostalgia will bring back the youth
But the taste is unsteady a dry vermouth
And you can't get the thought stuck inside of you
So find another window maybe one without a glare

But the one to consider might have rotten hair
Or a body soaked in ink
Or an artistic flare
A body that wanders
But a mind that isn't there
A book of poems filled with cynical fear
Loyalty to another, man who would dare

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