

Glassjaw "Hurting & Showing"

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When I get back
Pre-break of dawn
hear the ring it's me
live from a pay phone
talking in the rain.
Things pan out exactly as i say they will.
Will I be less happy
when I get back?

Two hand in one glove
as if we were poor.
The hard up make the soup from stones
like the poor before them did before.

You say the waiting could crush your heart.

But it's nothing new to me
have you crave me so desperately
but I know
how when you need me you bleed for me,
though now I'm gone you fill my shoes with new
fans.
Always and forever
we are apart and may she see
she'd be free rejoicing in distance
if she only let me sleep.

Will things make less happy
when I get back?

Absence makes the heart grow still.
Abuse the hunt; confuse the kill.
I know, I know.

Make the dead feel deader
deader.
Make the dead sleep nights with a razor
waiting.
Kill the prey.

I'll hold my child's head underwater.
If it's a boy, I was joking

if it's a daughter, I'll say I did what I did
because I had to...
And if you find my kid later
tell her I laughed too.

We just might work out fine
because I love you enough
to let you give the pain that I want
...And when you do
I just might fuck you
enough to love you.
Once upon my night stand
lied letters piled in columns
postmarked Middle Island
out east in the country of Solemn.

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