

Glen Phillips "David (Nothing Left)"

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Curious the smile
Tenuous the hold
Embarrassed and uncertain
We enfold
His hands are held together
So it looks just like he praying
But they've never once been answered
And so he's only waiting

Every single word he says
Seems to last a minute
And the faces in between
Last for hours so it seems
And five times he tries
To light his cigarette
But he's shaking so damn badly
The closest he can get
Is a spark, and a breath
Then nothing left

A crucifix on every wall
Forsaking, unforgiving all
Home denied his vision
Drowned in superstition
He burned the walls with acid
So that he could see past them
With a burning rage, a gasping breath
Then nothing left

Saw our games and could not play them
No escaping curious David

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