

## **Jer Coons**

### **"Film Called Life"**

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It's the type of night  
Where the stars don't shine  
For fear of being seen  
And I wish I had some chemicals  
That I could hide between

As you sit across the counter top  
Tucked behind a magazine  
The words they print, so meaningless  
As we're unraveling

The air, it breathes of vacancy  
The cold is way too much  
We'll talk, you say  
As I escape  
And I will be in touch

I fear that I can't find no words  
To patch the holes I've dug  
I wove the thread and took the care  
And then pulled out the rug

Cuz the reels all set  
And you're sitting with me  
At this film called life  
We're all dying to see  
A million frames per second  
The projection is on  
How can I escape what the picture is drawn

At home alone, I'll find a hole  
And loneliness, I'll never show  
Pretend I'm at the cinema  
And watch a film I used to know

It doesn't change a thing  
I'm sure that I can only hope  
To know just how it ends  
So as to feel some false control

Cuz the reels all set  
And you're sitting with me

At this film called life  
We're all dying to see  
A million frames per second  
The projection is on  
How can I escape what the picture is drawn (x3)

Cut out

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