

Kid Dynamite

"Gate 68"

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once again we lost the role to boredom and late nights
on the radio. don't. spare me. i already know mix tapes
sound their best when i'm alone. i've practiced the best
policy. nothing, is what it's gotten me. why blame this
on anyone but me? she'll freak out. i'll freak if she
doesn't get the hint. don't think that i could deal with it.
if i couldn't follow through with the routine, we'll give it
up and move on to another scene. phone call sounds.
silence serenades, jumps on deaf ears and lands it
with ease. if you're no angel, then where did you get
those wings? your fly on by blue eyes break me. is it in
the cards? what's in the future? is it ours? i don't play
with fire if i know i'll get burned. hand over flame takes
me where i want to be. i hope that we don't lose the role
to boredom and late nights on the radio. don't. spare
me. i'd rather not know mix tapes sound their best
when i'm alone.

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