

## Kind Of Like Spitting "Canaries"

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Make what you can out of nothing  
Keep bluffing your way to extinction  
You're a sick fuck to think  
That this, unlike anything else, will last forever  
Building rock anthems a jigsaw exterior  
You see what you miss  
But you can't stand to be near her  
It's bigger than that you realize  
But short-sighted impulses own what's left of your  
dignity  
Tell yourself quietly don't plow the field yet  
You're waiting to grow some new life from retrospect  
You know free agency pays little in the long run  
But you just don't feel like your legs aren't that tired yet  
Friends and go-betweens  
Sing like canaries crushed in leaves  
This is the thanks you get  
Somewhere that's sweet  
Maybe someday we will meet  
And I can thank you without strings  
All these before that get drilled on long after  
It's all just leverage when you're sure that it's over

The street goes blurry like a movie that you saw once  
Minutes freeze but you can't collect the corners still  
She used to whisper your name like a refrain  
And when she held you, you know, you felt safer  
But your demons are fucking huge  
You stack your deck to lose  
You say there's nothing you can do  
Well we all know that you're lying  
Friends and go-betweens  
Sing like canaries crushed in leaves  
This is the thanks you get  
You get what you put in  
I guess that's bullshit in the end  
Written under fluorescent lights  
That replace the sun at night

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