

Kind Of Like Spitting "Grenada"

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City spread below us from the hill. The weather white
gypsy town looks to be natural still. Someone made it
real one day. Someone built a downtown mall but didn't
sign their name. *[something]* Cars become our castles
sidewalks open into moats. No one walks and talks a lot
anymore. So we gather round fatefully where we can
hear, nothing felt, nothing found. I have to tell myself
I'm having fun way too many times through the night. I
have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times
through the night. Beauty worn with age is timeless
still. Can't fill my heart 'cause I can't get my fill. And the
crimes that I commit against myself. Patience wanes
and I embrace the patience that is fear. Bitter pill. Sit
alone at home and wait for you. Seems like what a
lonely man should do. As if lovelorn, taken from a film.
Pencil in an actress with a paragraph. How I may find
peace and meaning still in a little retreat just beyond
these hills. I have to tell myself I'm having fun way too
many times through the night. I have to tell myself I'm
having fun way too many times through the night. I
have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times
through the night.

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