

## Kind Of Like Spitting "Scene"

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hey mr. heart, don't you know, without the right food to  
grow you won't break the soil come summer. from punk  
house to punk house, it's always been somebody else's  
scene. i guess in the spotlight. undress in the day time.  
all my friends are brilliant. it's really them you're  
listening to. cover torso, cover toes. bury the mirror in  
dirty clothes and at last it sings. something new to  
believe. sexual politics, no justice. just rain, just words.  
just us. shouldn't have to place demands. help me ask  
and not command. oh there we go again, so unsure  
about it. who we are and where we've been. this is the  
bad side of tenacity.

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