

The City On Film

"Anticlimactic"

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Now june's tune is a powerful heartbreak lovmake,
like
Cherrytime twists of summer and vanilla mists. your
long,
Cold legs miss december senseless and at least our
little
Blanket romances. like they said in my school - we're
Only giving the devil a ride when we swing from the
knees
And when we roll to our sides, we burn and dive into
Whatever sea we see. oh, this girl has got quite a hold
On me. ya, you know what I mean. now angeline told
me to
Watch and to pray for the conversion of the sinners
along
My precious way. but to converse with the few confused
Had me wasting away days when all I saw was
confusion and

Lack of grace. the neat coffee cream, the sweet sugary
Steam. the cold snow on your window; the world's a
white-
Washed screen and I'm keeping warm from the winter
storm,
From the howling, hovering screams right here next to
you
And you inside of me. oh, this girl has got quite a hold
On me. man, ya know where I stand. so we laugh
flawlessly
And we talk like licks of the wind with humor and
opinion
And serious grins. we know we just can't help but love
Each other, 'cause we know it just can't happen any
other
Way with our cinematic guise and our narrative eyes
and
Our last wishes.

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