

Matt Pond PA

"City Plan"

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The burns of our beginnings are gone in lights like
these
Orange white, they try to kill the night, get turned on
for the streets
We could lay and give into them or pray for a small
breeze
The city plan is already made up, crossed off with
names of trees

That doesn't justify your wake

The fences have been covered, a coating that is clear
I've walked around and thought about back yards
There's nothing like that here
It's underneath the sidewalks and buried in your ear
How could I have set off all these alarms and never
have been near

I don't care where you go
That doesn't justify your wake
The plow, the water turned
We'll finish out of place

We sought out the connection, the height of where we
are
The building tops look down and make us hot, they
don't seem very far
And all across the sidewalk try not to look too hard
The broken glass cannot control itself, it makes fun of
the stars

I don't care where you go
That doesn't justify your wake
The plow, the water turned
We'll finish out of place

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