

Mike Cosa**"Where Have You Gone?"**

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Oh i could give a straight up goddamn
I could give you four or five of them
I got a thousand in my bank account
Break it open let the goddamns walk out

All my traumas hinge upon
Some convoluted axiom
Of the cube of x plus y
Equals itself divided by now

Where have you gone?

I been to south of highland falls before
I am a waiter in a furniture store
I'm in demand and i'm unsure why
I get to roll with the flyest of the fly

All my limbs are sticks and lines
My head's a point upon my spine, i can't
Get no quadrilateral
I can't say half empty or half full now

And slapping at the angles of the shape you're in
Left sleeve in velvet, right sleeve in sharkskin
All your laughs snapping like a dog bark
Left here looking for girls that glow in the dark

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