

Cursive

"Ceilings Crack"

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Passed out in your yard
My clothes were soaking in the morning rain
My head's just a bruise, like walking in a coma
Like a battered drone
All my limbs are numb

I've been driving past your house
Been pounding at your door
I know I'm just a peon to you
But I deserve more
Than arrogance
Condolences
My hearts are on the sleeves of my shirts scattered
over your lawn
And the morning dew... kissed them

Drunk on Bastille Day
Throwing pennies at the broken birds
Scribbling plans on napkins
A sketch of broken angel wings under your bed
My bandages

Stumbled over to your house
I'll sneak in the back door
I know I've been an asshole to you, but that was before
The argument, the accident
Well, I've heard it's just a matter of time before the
hour is spent
And my hour is spent
I can't afford it this time
I can't afford this time
I can't afford this time
I can't afford it...

The hour has come for retribution
I'm storming the walls down
I'm storming the walls down
The hour has come for retribution
I'm storming the walls down
I'm storming the walls down
Before this night's done, the wounds will be gone
I'm storming the walls down

I'm storming the walls down

The Dirt of the Vineyard
Less talk, more dancing
If we could push off the sick conversation one more
night
I surely would
My shoes have gathered the dust of the vineyard
Have I soiled your gown?
There's soil on your gown, like sangria
Cleanses the heart
Our clogged hearts are choking on the grime
As the big band waltzes on
Your stranded eyes whisper...

"The dirt is out.
I can smell her on your velvet hands."
The dirt is out --
are we stuck in the motions again?

Oh, but was it sweet
In the vineyard
Sangria, won't you bless
The starving lips
Such virgin lips
Would choke on all this grime
I've found some dirt under my nails
I'll scratch and bite until...

The dirt is out
but sangria burns under my skin
The dirt is out --
I thought I'd never wash these hands again

Under my skin....

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