

The Age Of Rockets "Elephant & Castle"

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Around the bed frame hollow cans
and rings from coffee cups line the pages on the desk
monday spent mourning the sun
while taste still lingers from something lost along the
way

and you're the worst
at what you love the best
and up till now:
an experiment

around the staircase pools of dried blood
singing you to sleep
the dishes will know to do themselves
I can't remember places but I do recall the name
of something lost along the way

and we used to know where we all would go when
where gone
and whispers of doubt that escaped our mouth carried
home
and as the night kept our parents in bed we burned
new york to the ground
and we used to know where we all would go when were
gone

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