

The Airborne Toxic Event

"The Graveyard Near The House"

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The other day when we were walking by the graveyard
near the house, you
Asked me if I thought we would ever die.
And if life and love both fade so predictably, we've
made ourselves a kind
Of predictable life.

And so I pictured us like corpses, lying side by side in
pieces in some
Dark and lonely blood under a bow.
We looked so silly there all decomposed, half turned to
dust in tattered
Clothes, though we probably look just as silly now.

Bye bye bye bye, bye bye to all this dogged innocence.
I can't pretend that I can tell you what is going to
happen next, or how to
Be.
But you have no idea about me, do you?

And it left me to wonder if people ever know each
other, or just stumble
Round like strangers in the dark.
'Cause sometimes you seem so strange to me, I must
seem strange to you.
We're like two actors, playing our parts.

Did you memorize your lines?
'Cause I did.
Here's the part where I get so mad, I tell you I can't
forget the past.
You get so quiet now and you seem somehow, like a
lost and lonely child and
You just hope that the moment won't last.

Bye bye bye bye, bye bye to all this dogged innocence.
I can't pretend that I can tell you what is going to
happen next, or how to
Be.
But you have no idea about me.
You have no idea about me, do you?

So there's always a way around.
There's something tying our feet to the ground.
A moment passed we hate how it sounds.

Then it seems a little less profound.
Like we're all going the same way down.
Yeah, we're all going the same way down.
I'm just trying to write it all down.

'Cause I write songs and you write letters.
We are tied like two in tethers.
And we talk and read and laugh and sleep, at night in
bed, together.
And you wake in tears sometimes.
I can see the thoughts flash across your eyes.
They say, "Darling will you be kind?"
"Will you be a good man, and stay behind if I get old?"

And then the letters all pass through my head, with the
words that I was
Told.
About the fading flesh of life and love, the failures of
the bold.
I can list each crippling fear like I'm reading from a will.

And I'll defy everyone and love you still.
I will carry you with me up every hill.
And if you die before I die, I'll carve your name out of
the sky.
I'll fall asleep with your memory and dream of where
you lie.

May be better to move on, and to let life just carry on.
And I may be wrong.

But still, I'll try.

'Cause it's better to love, whether you win or lose or
die.
It's better to love, whether you win or lose or die.
It's better to love and I will love you 'til I die.

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