

## **The Matches** **"Their City"**

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We hide  
As their sidewalks crawl diseased  
The ever-shopping hopping fleas  
Their engines hum the suns reprise

We rise  
To skies punctured with stars  
She steers us through her Dogpatch bars  
A barback nods, he's one of ours

As they sleep  
Their city is awake and wide  
Their city is awake and wide  
We're aching inside, aching  
Mistakes are waiting  
Take me for a ride

My blood finally thick enough to drive  
Marianne, last touch: 5:45  
The highway's already alive  
With the khakis teeming with caffeine  
To coax the cursor 'cross the screen  
The nervous tic-talking machine

All the lights go green  
For me, Lord Legless, and my Sacred Rose tat queen  
Ah - my Marianne  
Tell your old man  
We're nothing  
Ah - my Marianne  
Tell your old man we're nothing serious

From Lower Haight  
To Sea Cliff Estates  
Sped past their finest  
Yet gave no chase  
Brought our feast (their city)  
Of Mission grease (their city)  
To freeze our tits off (their city's awake)  
On Baker Beach (their city's awake)  
We rolled back to Polk (you rolled a smoke) (their city)  
You killed the beams (and then I spoke) (their city)

Marianne I'm half his age (their city)  
And half the man  
Tell your old man (their city)  
We're nothing serious

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