

Airborne Toxic Event, The "This Is Nowhere"

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We all sit on the curb
And we stare at the rain in our boots
The car, the clouds, the sky
While Ishmael wraps himself in the sheet again
He'll clench the fists and close his eyes
I don't know how many times I can loan him my
cigarettes
When I don't even know if he's alive
Do prophets lie?
It makes me feel less horrified

And my closet's filled with
All these endless accouterments
These shoes, these scars, these shirts, these ties
And these things I say to make myself feel good again
I'll speak, I'll write, I'll laugh, I'll lie
I can't bear to sit here and drink myself sick again
Another night
When everything I know was just a lie
And I don't even know where I'll sleep tonight

I got nothing to do but stare at these walls
And take some time to screw my head on right
We all ended up alone, wasted here at Silver Lake
We'll work, we'll feed, we'll change, we'll try
I can't make any sense of this or you or anything
I'm wide awake, and all our parents lied
It's not alright, and all our words collide
Awake all night

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