

Airborne Toxic Event, The "Wishing Well"

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Standing on a bus stop feeling your head pop out,
in the night on the kind of night where you want be out
on the street, crawling up the walls like a cat in heat.
And the air is thin and it blows through your skin and
you feel
like something is about to begin but you don't know
what and you
don't know when, so you tear at your hair and you
scratch at your skin

You want to run away, just get on the fucking train and
leave today
and it doesn't matter where you spend the night. You
might end up
somewhere in a fight or caught in your room in a
concrete shell,
fighting all alone with yourself and you just want to feel
like a coin
that's been tossed in a wishing well, tossed in the air
and you fell
through the dark blue waters where you cast your spell,
like you
were just a wish that could turn out well.

So you stand on the corner where the angels sit and
you think to yourself,
"This is it. This is all that I have. All I can stand is this air
in my lungs and this
coin in my hand that you tossed in the air and I fell all
the way to the bottom
of the well."

Like those soft little secrets that you tell to yourself
when you think no one's
listening too well.

And the walls spin and you're paper thin from the haze
of the smoke and the
mescaline, the sweat of your brow under unmade
sheets in your ear with the
noise from the darkened streets where you ran far and

wide, you screamed,
you cried, you thought suicide was an alibi.

But you were always a mess. You were always aloof.

It's awful I guess. But it's the awful truth.

It was true from the first to the last words that she read.

The she emerged from the dark like a ghost in my
head. She said, "I haven't
forgot any words that you said. I just stare at clocks
and cry in my sleep
and I tear up our letters and i burn them in heaps and I
gather the ashes in
that hole in the ground where we fell."

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