

The Dismemberment Plan

"Back And Forth"

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There's a kind of music that reminds me of you It's all
clear expensive drinks and shiny shirts And the click of
heels as they descend from the taxi Like the first foot
on the moon, oh, and it glows with ache And if it hits
me right it's almost too much to take And it's got right
angle razor thin lines That turn and swerve like perfect
sines As we dress to the nines in an Attempt to leave it
all behind In a search of the moment between the
seconds where Everything is just fine That silver thread
imbedded deep within our spines And I used to be kind
of weird about this A fear of dependence on a guilty
gilt-edged Hedged transcendence that makes us lairs
And tense when we look down and realize That nothing
really suspends us But it was never just another
Saturday night Not with you in attendance So throw
your hands in the air And wave them like you just don't
care It's on a whim; it's on a dare To shrug away what
we can't bear And we're going back and forth And back
and forth and back and forth and back We're going
back and forth And back and forth and back and forth
and back And it's a deep blue see-through membrane
that protects us It connects us, a pulsing cellophane
Party-train skein that helps us and Envelopes and
keeps us locked inside Forever and ever along for the
ride And we're moving through a phosphorescent gel A
semi-solid self-lit ocean and it's a funny notion, isn't it?
Yeah, but I'm kinda digging it And it's rigged and isn't
nearly so big And it speaks only of its own Perpetual
near miss Like the uncertain memory Of a stranger's
mistaken kiss And faces slide by in gl

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