

Faded Paper Figures

"Small Talk"

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Mapping out the Interstate
My finger prints a figure eight
We come around, we've seen this place
Before.

And climbing up the empire state
You hold my hand and hesitate
A camera shot, we've seen this place
Before.

We're welded in gridlock
We're watching the wall clock
All the literate small talk keeps us sane.
We work by the windows

Feels soft where the wind blows.
All the literate small talk keeps us sane.

In cubicles we simulate
A broken wall, a city state
We're lost in files, we've seen this place
Before.

A counterculture elevates
We cross it out, we can't erase
A sous rature, we've seen this place
Before.

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