

Spitalfield

"From The Desk Of B. Larsen"

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We drove through the night
Listening to Pavement on the stereo
And wondering to ourselves
Will we see the sunrise
Before the drugs wear off?

Crossed so many borders
That cease to exist, at least for now
And at this hour
All fears and reservations
Escape through open windows into the southern skies

And we're getting good
At passing out in motion
Or on strangers floors
And our wandering hearts
Numb our blistered fingers
And our burning throats

Tomorrow is the same
It's just another repeat of today
The smile and the wave
Can we stay above the surface
Without feeling glossy?

Can we climb that stage again?
To entertain the ghosts an maybe ourselves
And then pass out
Our blood has mixed
And we are one and we will get through this

And we're getting good
At passing out in motion
Or on strangers floors
And our wandering hearts
Numb our blistered fingers
And our burning throats

Our blood has mixed
And we are one
We will get through this
Our blood has mixed

And we are one
We will get through this

And we're getting good
At passing out in motion
Or on strangers floors
And our wandering hearts
Numb our blistered fingers
And our burning throats

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