

Elected, The "Fireflies in a Steel Mill"

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She ran hard
and her feet felt nothing.
A giant river twisting
to the top of a hill.
And fell down hard
and then it hurt.
And bruised her body
on the rocks in the dirt.
See, with her just feels weird
and very very very sad.
But you won't cry, she won't lie.
She'll come home, baby, if you take it all back.
If you take it all back.

And it was hard
when he told her
those ideas that never get finished.
Well, that's what we are.
We're like the places
you just never see.
You read about them.
You know you'd love them.
That's how you fell in love with me.
And with him, it just seems weird
and very very very sad.
But don't cry. Don't lie.
Would you come home, baby, if I take it all back?
Cause I can take it all back.
(look out)

And I heard that we can be fulfilled
like fireflies in a steel mill.
We got fresh pressed linens on the floor.
But the landlord's at the door.
Saying, "Your check's signed in disappearing ink
Your gold has broken on my teeth."
And this past Christmas, the air was too dry.
It set fire to the wreath.
But we were warm and dry beneath.
This is the last time you'll do this to me.
And ohhhh Emily, you can't hold your drink.

And ohhhh it has to be, what do you think?
But this heavy smog warning.
Should we turn our tails and flee?
Or should we just sit tight and breathe?

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