

Flatliners, The "Count Your Bruises"

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from the echoed streets of the mission
where the night can save your life
to the rows of narrow corridors
where the world looks nothing like
anything your eyes have ever seen in your entire life
san francisco can be short and louder than the world at
night
and the world exhales
and none of us can even stand still
let it rain all day on our asshole parade
cause we're smiling still
count your bruises one by one and laugh it off
and stick around down here with us
there's unity in detachment
we're not on trial
so let the time you spent on the back bench...
make the life you've lived worth while
in a city blanketed with revolution you can't live in
denial
don't go living life inside those quotations
look to your friends for your inspiration
chicago rooftops will take me away from the ugly city
by the 405 where every palm tree dies and the world is
burning alive

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