

TV on the Radio "Tonight"

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My mind is like an orchard
Clustered in frozen portraits
Of blossoms that bloomed so fine
Just to drop from the vine
I've seen 'em all tonight

Could keep it silent and tortured,
Or shove it unto the floorboards
A rusty heart starts to whine
In its tell tale time
So free it up tonight

Life deals a measly portion
Light on good friends and fortune
It's chipped you away inside
And drawn all your blinds
Concealed it all from sight

Could cut that final corner
Charge the void no quarter
Or skip to the final line of some
Suicide note well publicized
Or give it up tonight

Kindly reverse the order

Of the options you've laid before you
The needle, the dirty spoon
The flames and the fumes
Just throw them out
To Night

The time that you've been afforded
May go unsung unrewarded
Some nameless you cannot know
May be coming to show you
Unbridled love and light

Should you grow in an orchard
Covered in dusty portraits
Of blossoms that bloomed so fine
Just to drop from the vine

Oh, listen up tonight

Don't keep it silent and tortured
Or shove it unto the floorboards
Your busted heart will be fine
In its tell tale time
So give it up tonight

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