

Jiminy

Say Anything

Get lost in the dead of the night where once I lived on Grand Street.
Deaf from Chucks on bones crushed white.
New Brooklyn bows before me.
Soak it all in and let it run deep.
Glory in delusion.
I can picture us.
Waltz in the ruins of this wilted gray contusion.
Sometimes, when she's far and I'm drunk, I clutch her like a compass.
Never thought of being anything but quixotic and self-conscious.
Some ache to guide your hand, to pull out of the socket.
I'm the cricket that lets you burn while I smolder in your pocket.
You're in my fat.
I store you there to keep me warm in frigid air.
I need my smack.
You're in my veins.
Free the Jew they kept in chains.
I'm suffused with all you are.
I'll always be a bastard star.
You're in my heart.
Could it be in our wank of shame that we're clutching the same member?
Don't you ever pretend to smile and find you've actually done it?
Now you're informed; we kinda run it and that's just fine.
Plummet beak-first into acid washed entitlement.
You might just find a socialist feeding off the fumes of an aging pop-punk vocalist.
So destroy our first LP if you know what's good for me.
Category

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