1-24lyrc

the state of the union

a coming together a common Eden all the partisans all the brave school uniforms and loving parents no seedy bedrooms no rip off crack

samba and salsa

everynight across the street chicks in short skirts screaming cars packed in like oily tuna low riders and geo metros police helicopters hovering ambulance and cruises pulling up car alarms blaring and all the machismo from the chin and bit of scruff all the way up to the moon

Going at it

We're going at it without needing to again our exact timing each choosing an exhausted side each of us losing all talk and all argument all the time defenses

we're going at it yelling speed at each other the clockwork bruising in the heat of the hear and now the moments barely moving on