Bad Astronaut, Violet

Tonight the drunks are infected, we're on our way As if they drop by to see me u-n-i-n-v-i-t-e-d And I am a walflower, maybe a better father This is a job For seconds I miss the Bentleys Today maybe they'll call, You describe every prison you pass through them all Then he asked you for your head and I vowed to burn your bed Try to pretend, but this is your life, somehow, it feels right I'm calling this evolution, I'm falling for institution Warm submission enveloping you Tomorrow I'll survive the questions Knives buried with cold indifference My world is true rendered by you Here they come again, I could never find the words So I disguised them in verse Until it comes out dumb and wrong, The simplest song, if you sing along