

# Matt Pond PA, East Coast E.

it stopped raining against the windows  
in the late days before july  
we used our bodies against our reason  
as we threw ourselves from in to outside

through the glass wed pass the graveyards  
the speed was part of killing our time  
our mouths were moving suggesting promise  
smartly promise can change into lies

caught in a car you werent driving  
wondered where theyd let you off  
before the impact you smiled  
before the impact you said what a great summer night

you were looking at your fingers  
you were counting for control  
id never heard so much quiet  
id never heard so little breath  
or so few of your words

ahead of safety wed gone much farther  
faster the trees blurred the lines  
the last few moments the seconds slowed up  
as the tires pointed at the sky

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wondered where theyd let you off  
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extras get on the set