

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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extras get on the set