

So Many Dynamos, How High The Moon

There are needles in the evening air, sirens came but now they've disappeared.
We don't speak with our folded hands. We don't listen, we don't understand.

I didn't take it seriously when it whispered from a billion feet.
I didn't like what the moon told me before it burst into a million pieces.
It said, "Don't go out tonight without batteries and flashlights."

There are bullets in the evening air, falling quickly through the atmosphere.
Under your desks, kids, under your desks.
Bad moon's falling, kids, cover your heads.

55 looks like a bar-fought floor, shards of glass make an obstacle course.
So we throw searchlights into the sky, silent beacons to the people passing by.
It says, "Streets are ours tonight, we've got batteries and flashlights."

Hope you've got your things together.
Hope you're ready to retire.
You can call it anything that you desire,
but hurricanes have clever names and the aftermath is still the same.

There are words that could never intend to be heard through conditioning vents.
There are hearts that could only relate to a song that will never see tape.
There are landmines to never be fired made of ends that stay forever untied.
So we throw searchlights into the sky,
and we wait for C cells to go dry.

Don't go out tonight.