

So Many Dynamos, Let's Laugh About It Later

Let's get stupid drunk on the roof of an abandoned building

At four-thirty in the afternoon.

We'll sit in lawnchairs and stare at the people.

They all look like ants.

I swear that I can see your house from here.

And it goes without saying

but it's always said,

that tomorrow we will wake up

inside your bed,

with the bitter recollections

of a romance killed,

and another tired night of being unfulfilled.

But

Isn't this what you wanted?

Why act so disappointed?

Well, I know that living in the city

will do that to you.

So why do you have to

always be so goddamn helpless?

Isn't this what you wanted?

So lets pack up our things and douse this building
with the gasoline that we hid under the floorboards.

We'll strike one match and make sure

that this city, it never breathes again,

and hope that we will be the first ones to go.

And I wish it could be simple,

but it never will,

Because the things that make us stronger

are the things that kill.

And the sooner we can get ourselves out of this,

is the sooner we can learn from this experience.

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