

# The Cribs, Be Safe

One of those fucking awful black days  
When nothing is pleasing and everything that happens  
Is an excuse for anger  
An outlet for emotions stockpiled, an arsenal, an armour

These are the days when I hate the world  
Hate the rich, hate the happy  
Hate the complacent, the TV watchers  
Beer drinkers, the satisfied ones

Because I know I can be all of those little hateful things  
And then I hate myself for realizing that  
There's no preventative, directive or safe approach for living  
We each know our own fate

We know from our youth how to be treated  
How we'll be received, how we shall end  
These things don't change

You can change your clothes  
Change your hairstyle, your friends, cities, continents  
But sooner or later your own self will always catch up  
Always it waits in the wings

Ideas swirl but don't stick  
They appear but then run off like rain on the windshield

One of those rainy day car rides, my head implodes  
The atmosphere in this car, a mirror of my skull  
Wet, damp, windows dripping and misted with cold  
Walls of grey, nothing good on the radio, not a thought in my head

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that  
You'll wish you were dead

Let's take life and slow it down incredibly slow  
Frame by frame  
With two minutes that take ten years to live out  
Yeah, let's do that

Telephone poles like praying mantis against the sky  
Metal arms outstretched  
So much land travelled, so little sense made of it  
It doesn't mean a thing, all this land laid out behind us

I'd like to take off into these woods and get good and lost for a while  
I'm disgusted with petty concerns  
Parking tickets, breakfast specials  
Does someone just have to carry this weight?

Abstract typography, methane covenant  
Linear gospel, Nashville sales lady, stocky emissary  
Torturous lice, mad Elizabeth  
Chemotherapy bullshit

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that  
You'll wish you were dead

The light within you shines like a diamond mine  
Like an unarmed walrus, like a dead man face down on the highway  
Like a snake eating its own tail  
A steam turbine, frog pond

Two full closets burst open in disarray, soap bubbles in the sun

Hospital death bed, red convertible, shopping list, blowjob  
Deaths head, devils dancing, bleached white buildings, memory  
Movements, the movie unreeling, unreeling, about to begin

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that  
You'll wish you were dead

I've seen your hallway, you're a darn call away  
I've hear your stairs creak, I can fix my mind on your yes  
And your no, I'll film your face today in the sparkling canals  
All red, yellow, blue, green brilliance and silver Dutch reflection

Racing thoughts, racing thoughts, all too real  
You're moving so fast now, I can't hold your image  
This image I have of your face by the window  
Me standing beside you, arm on your shoulder  
A catalogue of images, flashing glimpses, then gone again

I'm tethered to this post you've sunk in me  
And every clear afternoon now I'll think of you, up in the air  
Twisting your heel, your knees up around me, my face in your hair  
You scream so well, your smile so loud, it still rings in my ears

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that  
You'll wish you were dead

Inhibition, distant, tired of longing  
Clean my teeth, stay the course  
Hold the wheel, steer on to freedom  
Open all the boxes, open all the boxes  
Open all the boxes, open all the boxes

Times Square midday, newspaper buildings, news headlines going around  
You watch as they go and hope for some good ones  
Those tree shadows in the park they're all whispering, chasing leaves

Around six PM, shadows across the cobblestones  
Girl in front of bathroom mirror  
As she slowly and carefully and paints her face green, mask-like  
Like Matisse, "Portrait with Green Stripe"

Long shot through apartment window  
A monologue on top but no girl in shot

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That was great by me  
Yeah? Mine were alright. Wasn't my best one but who cares?  
That's the spirit