

# Firewater, Bourbon And Division

On the corner of Bourbon & Division  
Crawling down the crooked streets at dawn  
She said: don't come back, all is not forgiven  
So you fall inside a bottle and a song  
Splinters of thought dropping slowly  
Snapping like branches in the wind  
So you light a dog-end smoke  
And you're laughing as you choke  
And you give the wheel of fortune one more spin

Do you remember what you came here for?  
Her words of wisdom scratched into the door  
You can almost taste the emptiness  
Hung inside her tallow dress  
Can the darkness be as empty as it seems  
When the factories of night hum with their dreams?  
And you watch a skinny dog cut across that dusty lot  
Like the surface of the moon

In the decompression chamber  
Cooling in the conversation pit  
Sleeping underneath yesterday's papers  
And pretending the tsunami hasn't hit  
Friday was the crucifixion  
Saturday cremation under glass  
The Resurrection was on Sunday  
No, correction, make it Monday  
'Cause Monday's when they come to take the trash

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