

August 6Th
mewithoutYou

[Verse]

Bm **D**
Aug. 6th, carved in desks with old knives:
A
"Back when our common cause was alive
Bm
And--let's say--the hyacinth fields were in bloom
D
Children watched as the soldiers marched by
A
All the birds fell like frogs from the sky
Bm
Prostrate in the streets every crescent moon
D
Lonesome offspring of which still resound
A
With the victimless sins of their authors passed down
Bm
And the remnants of loathsome, disjointed worlds
D
Along the short path round the lily pad pond
A
With off-white deerskin wedding dress on
Bm
German songs, homemade bonnets like old-order, amish girls jilted by squirrels
D
In the parks of Sioux Falls haunted by church bells
A
Like ghosts of applause and the earth deep down tire-stacked walls like
Bm **D**
A
New Mexico, peaceful as moth-bitten pincushion dolls making up myths about
wounds without cause..."
Bm
And sometimes when it's quiet my heart feels like Guernica
D
[scenes from old air raid] on screens in blue dusk
A
Perfumed neighborhoods/graveyards the breath feels like flies in my lungs, voice
like ambulance
Bm
Sirens whose light floods the ground
D
("praying mantis spreads arms" said the lines of whose palm?)
A
Skyline shifting like clouds became "airplane descends"
Bm

[fade to scenes on the ground] human foreheads all smashed

D

Foreign cars upside down, insect mouths open wide

A

I stared down a huge insect, bright red-glowing eyes

Bm

[does it feel wrong to say a thought "metastasized"•?], legs on both highway sides

[Break]

F#m A G

(Said insect was mechanized!)

F#m A G Em

F#m A G

(Said insect was mechanized!)