Steam-Driven Jaw
Cal Morton

Break out of the chains of broken dreams
in the small town fields of the cool one's glory
we never thought these days would ever see their end
in a time of quickly thought-out stories
flashing lights and a night of toilet paper throws
we never act like you always paint us
before the faithful ones of laser dates and shows
with the close calls rushing in your head
and if you looked very closely
you would see my unsaid thoughts
are crucified by your cross
in a way that shows my pain
and i don't care to know
just where our souls will go
worn out and used in youth
in light of all that's you
tufted lawns and the clanging ways of home
by the doors leading to the unpaved roads
we shall wait for belated friendship cards
with the crushed hopes of the flannel bearing toads
going out and the pictures we had taken
you never need to say your sorry
we know the script had made you say it
even though it was a line we had crossed out
and if you looked very closely
you would see the words we chose
made perfect total sense
in those times of idleness
and i don't care to know
just where our souls will go
worn out and used in youth
in light of all that's you

but we never knew
what we learned anew
and we never knew
what we thought we knew
and we never knew
that we knew the few
who had the only fun

In the fleetingness that is now
Bruder yade, gone from these deep blue moods
Trapped by the freaks, the alter, the found
Captured by the weak, the drugged out, the sound
And the glamour of disillusioned doubts
School life and the tales we were forced to tell
Holier than thou preps who'd bow before you
Not enough poem could ever be wrote
About these nights of wired caffeine heights
And if you looked very closely
You would see these days of youth would never end
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