

METROPOLITAN
HOSPITAL
CENTER

LYRICS

MEMORABILIA

I still remember
The sound of your voice
I hear you laughing
I'm always asking
If it's only in my head

I still remember
The look in your eyes
When I saw you in our apartment
On the night I left you
Dying on a hospital bed

I may still remember now
But pretty soon
I won't remember at all

INFANT NOSTALGIA

Infant nostalgia's got me sick in the head
Infant nostalgia, hanging on by a thread

When I stall in the hall during visiting hours
I hear of regret and I hear of remorse
You talk of how things would have been different
If it hadn't been for the divorce

If you don't know why
Can't say why
Don't know why
You do what you do
Can't say why
Then why'd you do it?

Infant nostalgia lingers in the wing
Out the door, make a left, then another
A new mother cries as she smothers her child
And there's no turning back from here, she reconciles

We didn't see it when I checked you in
How poetic it is that the babies inspire
As the elders are preparing to expire

And they don't know why
Can't say why
Don't know why
It's over so soon
Can't say why

Old lover, you don't come around
You don't come around anymore

Because you cut it all down
And cut me out
You cut it all down
And cut me out

Infant nostalgia, it was all over too soon
Infant nostalgia, deep in my head
Infinite nostalgia, I'm gonna lay you to bed
Gonna lay you to bed

THIS TIME LAST YEAR

The lights in the hall
Florescent house calls
Nursing the curtains and the walls
Outside is Death
She's an ex-girlfriend
Who pretends to be uncertain
And she fools you

You say you'll be all right
But you don't know
If only you knew
Knew what you need
I'd believe you

When each year that's passed
Makes you long for the last
Maybe your judgement has lapsed
You would know much better than I, though

But this time last year
It all felt so right
We knew what we needed

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

By some miracle
My senses are powering on
Seemingly empirical
The chemicals are nearly gone

Pushing through my veins
Reviving the pains
And the strains
And the drawl
Normally afraid
But today I want to feel it all

Such a tempting stratagem
To duck and cover it up
I had them check for pathogens
And I dumped some piss in a cup

Unusually shy
Or feasibly terrified, I stood by
Waiting for the room to go black
Waiting for my love to come back

And I saw your reflection
In the mirror on the wall
Tonight

Heavily medicate
Give up the ghost and resign
Chemically compensate
Go out with not a whimper nor a whine

And when I can't align with reality
Nothing else can set me at ease
It's like I'm suddenly a detainee
Patiently awaiting my release

And in the nick of time
In the thick of the sublime
You walked out the door
Ignored, I implored
But what for?

Let's try this once more
Is it working?
Oh, will I feel it in my head?
"Not yet"
I guess they'll need to up the dosage again

But I heard your inflection
Lying on your side of the bed
Tonight

I wanna know
Are you all right?

Oh, anesthesiologist
Oh, anesthesiologist
You gotta let me feel again, all right
Oh, anesthesiologist
Anesthesiologist
Let me feel it tonight

Don't you wanna come back?

PRIMARY CARE

I'm picturing a room
With a table and a chair
You don't look scared anymore
But I can never be sure

Alongside the table
Is a dresser with a drawer
To store all that's yours
Moments you cling to
But don't remember anymore
It all seems obscure

What can I say
While you're away?
What can I do
If it hasn't been proven
That you're under primary care?
Am I just splitting hairs
Or am I scared?

I'm picturing a light
It's a cliché, oh, it's trite
But it's bright through the night
And when it flirts with your eye
Reflections meander by

Do you remember the day?
We sat together on a plane
The sun bathed the ground
And as we combed through the clouds
You said you wished that you knew how
How they feel

Should I regret
I don't see what's next?
Should I believe
If only to grieve?
You're under primary care
But no one knows where
I think it's not there

MAUDLIN

When you were young
You'd knot your tongue
Whilst you were hung
Twiddling your thumbs
Amongst those you considered bums
Whose time had surely come

As if you knew any better
Although you were fettered
Perhaps if you would have let her
Set her things down to grab her keys
Surely, she would have been pleased
To unchain you

Unchained from the being
That you had tried fleeing too soon
As you were still peeing your sheets
Not yet cooking your eats
Or out on the streets
Collecting receipts
In order to keep your seat at the table

Oh, the privilege of childhood rings
To the sound of melancholy strings
But now I, with my wings, ask,
"Why would I ever lust to cling to you?"

When you were a teen
You were so obscene
Seemingly opposed to good hygiene
Somewhere in between filthy and clean
If you'd have lifted your head up from the screen
Maybe you could have impressed them

Was it time for an antidepressant double?
For in the midst of the adolescent rubble
Was an incandescent bubble that flickered
You poked it 'til its light went out
Though you knew without doubt
That such a move would not be welcomed

But then again, you were discontent
Instant regrets of the afternoon spent
Slitting your wrists on compact discs
An indulgent faggot ignorant of the risks
Though I've since learned to forgive

Maybe it was the burgeoning taste for caffeine
Or the way you balked at "the machine"
As you crawled towards eighteen
That made you covet the attention

Oh, the wasteland of the puberty years
Through the thirstiest of tears
Before the dirty became clear
And now I, in control of my own gears
Say good riddance

Later on, you hit your stride
A few brief years with eyes wide
And nothing to hide
Entirely applied to the beauty
Which surrounds us

I've learned
How quickly shifts turn to glitz
Once one admits
That things could be worse
And that neither a scar nor a curse
Will destroy you

Is it merely greed
To have everything I need
With healthy blood to bleed
Vegetables to eat
And shoes tied to my feet
But a hunger for omissions?

Oh, to be nineteen
Lean and mean
With nothing to lose
All there is to choose from
And now I, four years loose
Have nothing more that I am due

When I was on my way here
I stopped by the pier
The East River looking clear
For the first time in years

So elated, I swept a frigid tear
To the side of my left ear
A sightseer perched on a bench, so near
"There's nothing to see here," I said
As I contemplated jumping in

But my memory, it interrupted
Recollections of you
Standing on a dock for the first time
In my head is a mother of mine
Who tucks me into bed at night
And convinces me to be all right

I never see her coming
Until she opens up the closet door
From above the basement floor
The sounds of her longing roar
And from her cultivated pores
Is something more than I could ask for

Oh, the mystery of sentimentality
How impossible it seems
To just let history be
Without regurgitating dreams
And now I, with my myriad schemes
Should have no trouble leaving you behind

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Locked doors and big drawers
Hold you from now on

Docked Fords and raincoats
In the parking lot
You see the rain come down
As I button your gown
But all you're wearing's a frown

Wait for me
Before you leave tonight
And when the time is right
I'll allow you to be free, as you please
But when I step back outside
I'll be looking for your eyes

Amidst an evening walk on Harlem's waterway
Beside a face that softly sways
And here I stand, agaze
Thinking it's you who has returned to stay
But a face is a routine
And you're an irregular mien

Departure, she surrounds you again
And like a mouse trap
She's bound to your crown, when
When my guard is down

How she wraps around your eyes
Wraps around the guise of your lies
And you think it's too soon
I watch you sink into the room
Perfume clouds above your tomb
As she slips you back into her womb
There I can't betray her
I'm not your savior

Every night
I hear you laughing
Tell me, love
What's so funny about
Drifting away like dust?

You say you'll be home soon
You swear you'll be home soon
Admit it, you're not coming back!

I'm alone
Now that you're gone
It's all I've ever wanted
But now that you're gone
I miss you
And I love you
Now that you're gone
Now that you're gone

APPARITIONS

Wishful thinking every night
Had I seen your reflection
Or was it just a light?
Walk me through your open door
Whisper to me softly
Upon a creaking floor

In the night
We move so slowly
Dancing to the ticking clocks

Wishful thinking every time
I light the candle
Just to watch its flame die
Put my dreams in a time machine
Turn back the clock
And live them for me

We all figure
Time is on our side
Fooled to believe it
Until we've lost the right

Don't say you miss me
Don't say you care
Don't say you want me
Don't say you're there
You're not there

But in the end
I guess the memories
Are enough

Tonight

