

## And

## Headstones

Can we piece it together  
Simply want it to work  
Right where it's severed  
And we can conserve  
Well it holds down neatly  
Everything that it serves  
It belongs to us now  
no longer needs to be nursed  
Let's not find the weakness  
push the bruise  
What good would it do  
It belongs to us now  
We can endure  
No televisions  
No longer needs to be cured  
And when we define it  
it seems to conclude  
It's right where we find it  
It's right beside you  
Let's not drag out the details salt the wound  
Let's not find the weakness push the bruise  
What good would it do