

There are too many parties sometimes and you want to say no,
no, I don't feel like making merry tonight.
Everybody's coming on like their lives depend on it,
like getting someone to come home with them tonight is the cure to cancer.
The snowsmell in the air is a cure for foggy notions. Everything is clearer
when staying outside is painful. When Neil is pulling Guinness
at the Sassafrass Bar, there is no reason to resist.
The flirts are just making faces,
come-hither faces like we've been shown
to do by all the avatars. The icons scatter because you didn't back up.
You've been careless with your data.