

# Laura

## Franck Pourcel et son orchestre

Laura  
Calls me  
In the middle of the night  
Passes on her  
Painful information  
Then these careless fingers  
They get caught in her vice  
Til they're bleeding  
On my coffee table  
Living alone isn't all that  
It's cracked up to be  
I'm on her side  
Why does she push the poison on me?

Laura  
Has a very hard time  
All her life has  
Been one long disaster  
Then she tells me  
She suddenly believes she's seen  
A very good sign  
She'll be taking  
Some aggressive action  
I fight her wars  
While she's slamming her doors  
In my face  
Failure to break  
Was the only mistake  
That she made  
Here I am  
feeling like a fucking fool  
Do I react the way exactly  
She intends me to?  
Everytime I think I'm off the hook  
She makes me lose my cool  
I'm her machine  
And she can punch all the keys  
She can push any button I was programmed through

Laura

Calls me  
When she needs a good fix  
All her questions  
Will get sympathetic answers  
I should  
Be so  
Immunized  
To all of her tricks  
She's surviving  
On her second chances  
Sometimes I feel like this  
Godfather deal is all wrong  
How can she hold an umbilical chord  
For so long?  
I've done everything I can  
What else am I supposed to do  
I'm her machine  
And she can punch all the keys  
She can push any button I was programmed through  
Laura  
Loves me  
Even if I don't care  
That's my problem  
That's her sacred absolution  
If she had to  
She would put herself in my chair  
Even though I  
Faced electrocution  
She always says  
I'm the best friend that  
She's ever had  
How do you  
Hang up on someone  
Who needs you that bad?

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