

# Irma

## The Magnetic Fields

Irma waits by the window  
Vaguely looking down at her socks  
And humming, possibly her  
Father will come home with a boxOf chocolates, possibly  
Not father's memory  
Was never what it once was  
Shouldn't really drive anymore  
Either as if in answer  
With a sound like blowing up yourEars, father's jeep crashes  
Through Irma's wall she says  
Bad words as several hundred  
Boxes of her favorite kind  
Of chocolate fill her bedroom  
But she doesn't actually mind

Lyrics provided by

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