

A Down and Dusky Blonde

God Help the Girl

I fried my head, I'm not a brunette
I'm a down and dusky blonde
I am living in a tree
When I lie in bed I see
Beyond my brother's head the moon, I hear the rain
I am conscious of my voice as a tool
It's more demure
Than your friend the singing queen
With her matinee good looks
She talks like talking from a book
I speak the language of my village, of my street
But I need a friend and I choose you
I tell you the way I feel
The truth is crushing like a heel
I will forget the kiss and feel if you will too
It's a drag that you're getting old
I love to think about the year
When we sobbed and then we cheered
The town deserted like a film
Your torso crushing me
Into the country and the tunnels and the fields
I read a book a day, like an apple
But I did not eat
And so the doctor came to me
He said a woman does not live
By the printed word
Forgive yourself and eat
Autumn sped along outside
Trick photography on speed
I was locked inside a room
They made a deal, they would control
The simple things like bodies
But I kept my soul
When I needed someone I chose you
Because the fledgling soul awakes
And on the balcony she quakes
And she is waiting for the sign
And when the brother does not come
And when the sister's much too young, she chooses you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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