Wind Phoenix (Proper Name)

Cymbals Eat Guitars

Exotic vision
Permanently red-light
Squinting for hours
Natural American spirit doctorate
Make love to inanimate objects
Pasteboard decked out in Ikea fineryWithout use of a pole she swings
Her thighs clamped 'round infinity
In the eye of a maelstrom of Marlboro mail-order memorabilia
Rivers, mountains and smoking shirt jacketsI am his liver
I'm gray and decaying
My texture's a sidewalk
And Notre Dame's playing
Afternoon's wristwatch
Deposited in nightstand's drawerIf Jerry knew he'd build a marquee
And charge her silent watchers
And they'd pay in foreign-looking coins
That would turn to dust in his dresser, by morning, yeahYou're gaslighting me
I can see through the dusk beams
Walking with your fingers in splints, yeahIn her last moments I pined for times
When I could never have dreamed of being responsible
For the charred remains presently huffed by the most famous of
The celebrity teenage drug casualties
The wind the wind the wind the wind the wind the wind

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