

Getting Through to Her

311

There was an earthquake
In her dreams so she thinks her
Foundation is crumbling away
Fault lines in her words
Hoping to show her so disturbed that
Has shaped her to what she is today
Getting through to her
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Sometimes when I call
She tells me things that were not her fault
And her surface starts to break
Breakdown a hurting sound
I wanna tell her that it's okay now
But not too sure just what to say
Getting through to her
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All she wants is some breathing room
If not tomorrow surely one day soon
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If not tomorrow surely one day soon
Excuse me did she say
She wished she went away
And not return to the shame
Brought to her those days
We'll take man's dirty deeds
And suck them out like cosmic beings
Into the sun hoping
They'll be happy burning
But life is not TV
Life is not TV
Life is not TV
She's on wounded knee
The wild crazy horse that's me
Her heart parts, I'll cradle thee
I feel refreshed when I watch her sleep
Sometimes it's all I need
It's all about the company we keep
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