Minneapolis

Comedy Bang Bang

I've been waiting for you to come back since you left Minneapolis
Snow covers the street lamps and the windowsills
The buildings and the brittle crooked trees
Dead leaves of December thin skinned and splintered
Never gotten used to this bitter winter
I've been wasted, angry and sad since you left Minneapolis
I wish my thoughts were pure like the driven snow
Like the Heavens and the spring's virgin buds
But they strangle me with their sin fill me up with poison
Black clouds have covered up the sun again
I can always trace it back to that night in Minneapolis
Here on the seventh floor in a room I can't call mine
Deadbolt on the door, do not disturb sign
Shaking and trembling on the clean white linen
Slivers of starlight across the ceiling
A dozen yellow roses all that's left in Minneapolis
I wish I'd never seen your face or heard your voice
You're a bad pain in my gut I wanna spit you out
Open up this wound again let my blood flow red and thin
Into the glistening, into the whiteness
Into the melting snow of Minneapolis

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