Skyline Drive

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

She shimmers like the surface of a swimming pool Staring out of blue horizon eyes She's flippin' through the pages of the interview She winces at the passing of a careless thought Like a closed blonde door Her fingernails are diamond white Of butchered bodies in the morgue And then she shakes her hair across her eyes A pastel sunset colored the sky, the city below them The crime wasn't low self-esteemed this time, they joked As they loaded in the back door for a couple of stiffs Up on skyline drive He points down to the place that he lives from Up on skyline drive Marble furniture the color of toothpaste She sits beside the pool out in the sun And menstruates in a silver cup Teabag floats as if an astronaut in space Sentry system picking up a bearded man Up in the helicopter cameras roll as he's shot to death He's muttering under his breath

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