

Joan Jett of Arc

Clem Snide

She'd fix me a dinner of sunflower seeds
And ready-whipped topping inhalers
And take me down south
With hall and oats in her mouth My first love, my Joan Jett of Arc
My black heart was heavy
But her mom's cougar was fast
As little pink houses were whistled And it was all you can eat
At the sizzler that night
My steak burnin' Joan Jett of Arc
My steak burnin' Joan Jett of Arc And the shopping malls and roller rinks
All dimmed their lights cicadas
And crickets were silent and the train tracks
Like stitches skidding bicycle tires As I slipped in my Joan Jett of Arc
And the birds that were crushed
Once had air in their bones
As oil was refined in her honor

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