Milk and Apples

Jets to Brazil

now she's milk and she's apples
you're scotch and segregation
lips like molasses
you're smiling saccharine sidewalkscrashing the car just to make a connection each week
greasing the palm of the grease monkey keep it discreetwhile she types and she answers
you pay for information
wonder what are the chances
just pray there's conversationtaking your faith past her desk on a mid day drive
radio filling aborting your mission drive byyou're in the bathroom playing dead
i just know numbers now i'm feeling
what am i feeling what am i feeling and what i feeling
i can't cut though to youcaught yourself while undressing
nude in a cold reflection
hands probe assessing
slow pills to change the paintingrunning the ship over rocks as the sirens sing storms
taking the water to heart as you make for the shoreshe's milk and apples
and i'm on nine

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