

# This Girl Is Taking Bets

Thea Gilmore

This girl is a stencil of a brushstroke in the rain  
She's a ghost of the city, she's a body through the windscreen  
This girl is the snowfall where the spring should have been  
She's the stains on the pages of a top shelf magazine  
This girl is a black eye, she's a bruise on your knee  
She's the ashes of the people that you really meant to be  
This girl's the resurrection, she's the comeback  
She's the absinthe in whiskey she is poetry and Prozac  
This girl is taking bets, this girl's a silhouette, can't you see?  
This girl is the flutter of fake lashes in the mirror  
She's a ragged edged fedora or a Spanish souvenir  
This girl is the clean cut, she's the frozen ground  
She's a knife drawn down the side street when there's no-one else around  
This girl's a forged ticket to a Lloyd Webber show  
She's the far end of the graveyard up where the nettles grow  
This girl is the rainbow in the dewy eyed stares  
She's the name tag on the toe of your long dead love affairs  
This girl is taking bets, this girl's a silhouette, can't you see?  
This girl is taking bets, this girl's a silhouette, can't you see?  
This girl is the wild smile, the icy stare  
She's the crackle of the static, she's the curses, she's the prayers  
This girl is the junkie in the children's matinee  
She's the 4 minute warning, she is hell to pay  
This girl is the plunge pool she is cocaine and Kodak  
Now she's out setting sail on the ocean of the soundtrack  
This girl is the shaking hand, the rattling cup  
With a button and a note saying things are looking up

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