Laura

The Blue Dahlia

Laura
Calls me
In the middle of the night
Passes on her
Painful information
Then these careless fingers
They get caught in her vice
Til they're bleeding
On my coffee table
Living alone isn't all that
It's cracked up to be
I'm on her side
Why does she push the poison on me?
Laura
Has a very hard time
All her life has
Been one long disaster
Then she tells me
She suddenly believes she's seen
A very good sign
She'll be taking
Some aggressive action
I fight her wars
While she's slamming her doors
In my face
Failure to break
Was the only mistake
That she made
Here I am
feeling like a fucking fool
Do I react the way exactly
She intends me to?
Everytime I think I'm off the hook
She makes me lose my cool
I'm her machine
And she can punch all the keys
She can push any button I was programmed through

Laura

Calls me
When she needs a good fix
All her questions
Will get sympathetic answers
I should
Be so
Immunized
To all of her tricks
She's surviving
On her second chances
Sometimes I feel like this
Godfather deal is all wrong
How can she hold an umbilical chord
For so long?
I've done everything I can
What else am I supposed to do
I'm her machine
And she can punch all the keys
She can push any button I was programmed through
Laura
Loves me
Even if I don't care
That's my problem
That's her sacred absolution
If she had to
She would put herself in my chair
Even though I
Faced electrocution
She always says
I'm the best friend that
She's ever had
How do you
Hang up on someone
Who needs you that bad?

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