The Lottery

Emily Haines

I only wanted what everyone wanted
since bras started burning up ribs in the 60's.
Favors are flying, faces are falling,
all I desire is to never be waiting.
If that's a crime let's commit it.
There's a new crime, sexual suicide.
When our underwire radio tears into their international airwaves
Boredom will Die! Ears will Bleed!
All they desire is to give and to please.
There's a new crime, sexual suicide.
There's a new crime, let's commit it
while we're waiting on the next day, to begin it in the best way.
There's a new crime, sexual suicide.
There's a new crime, let's commit it.
Don't worry, Heather, about forever.
Don't worry about me.It's a lottery baby, everybody roll the dice
It's a lottery baby, everybody roll the diceWill we always be like little kids
running group to group asking who loves me?
Don't know who loves me!
It's pathetic. It's impossible.
Like girls in stilettos,
like girls in stilettos,
like girls in stilettos trying to run.

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