

# Suicide Demo For Kara Walker

## Destroyer

Brown paper bag, don't stop me now, I'm on a roll  
Plain brown wrapper in your pocket  
Is it still the invisible man  
You're consorting with, woman?  
Now that you got it all wrong  
You got it all backwards, girl  
Enter through the exit and exit through the entrance  
When you can, seen you consorting with your invisible manhole  
Fool child, you're never gonna make it  
New York City just wants to see you naked and they will  
Though they'd never say so  
Wise, old, black and dead in the snow, my southern sister  
Sister Sister was the name of the band  
Flesh and blood, my death close at hand  
Sister, this is not about me and it's not about you, I swear  
No hard feelings, nothing personal, so sculpture rides the air  
For free words, words, words  
Longings, longings, longings, all in vain  
Just ask vanity, abandoned out in the rain by the world  
Another proud American  
And as proud Americans, we let it slide away  
Harmless little negress  
You've got to say yes to another excess  
Let's go for a ride today  
In possession of eyes that say  
In possession of eyes that say

A southern bunkhouse, blue skies up above  
A kind of figure of feminine grace  
And wit passes for love these days  
All that slender-wristed, white translucent business  
Passes for love these days  
Passion, genius passes for love these days  
Four more years, four more years  
Four hundred more years of this shit, fuck it  
I look up, I see the North Star, I look up, I see the North Star  
When I look up at the bar through these tears  
Four white pillars, Yankee style  
All of America loves to lights his pipes

All of America live to light his pipe at night  
To which Dixie responds, "Free me"  
And then lashes his sashes again  
"Maybe or maybe not fast forward", she said  
"Maybe once the seed is sown fast forward", she said  
"This bird has flown south", she said  
"Don't talk about the South", she said  
It's not you, it's nothing personal, no hard feelings, nothing's there  
Soft sculpture rides hard on the air  
Now that you got it all wrong  
You got it all backwards, girl  
Enter through the exit and exit through the entrance  
When you can

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