

Lung Lady

nowhere man and a whiskey girl

Riding my Daisy Schwinn
Swim goggles and a beret
with feather and
baby beans
and a parade Clydesdale
and a kite

You get gone,
two-door love
A criminal in disguise
The Universe
has a silver hammer
young lady on a bike

Three, watchin' Romper Room
Buckets on my shoes
I tried to make some
springs that
would bounce me up to the sky
I tie them on but
Nothin' happens,
I stay on the ground
They only smash down

Cut to nine,
Breakfast time
I hide underneath the bar
My bowl o' Life,
soggy up above me
afraid to take a bite

April storms,
Magic Kingdom,
Mother defends the maid
who stole his change
Remembers that he spent it
and smacks her anyway

Ten, there he goes again
A grown-up temper tantrum

"Look - she's crazy!"
Little brother
danglin' over
the railing so high
But it never
really happened, right?
Well, not in his mind.

Forced to ride a
monster called Scarface
Too much for even a
man to handle
Let alone a little girl
I hold on
For not-so-dear life

I read somethin' yesterday
About how people with diseases
Usually experienced
some kind of trauma
while they were forming
Such as these things,
plus a million other tragedies,
I blame him
for my butterfly
and swollen limbs
and protein in my urine

Thankfully I know the plan
And I sleep soundly
knowing that he
Doesn't and I know he's payin'
And because of mama's prayin'
I found a new set of springs
Tie them on
and bounce to the sky.

Lyrics Submitted by Kaya Kismet

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