

Imperfections

Olivia Chaney

Crying on a plane to New York, New York
No permit to work nor play
Green card, did you get a green card?
It's only a short stay
Traveling alone fans flames
Smokeless, smouldering
I depart without declaration Almost feeling I could become someone
Except for the hem of my skirt's undone
Achilles heel, clumsy hole
Somebody stop me baring my soul Guilt-ridden, provoking
One part my mother with the favour-prompting
Stranger prodding to see how things feel
Just out of sight
I'm perfecting imperfection
That's what I tell myself
I tell myself
There is nobody else Steward's a sleaze, lives in Queens
Aims to please, to meet his kind of girl
See the world, travel by token air-fares Now I lie on a gay friend's sofa,
Shakespeare's cuckold throws a blanket over
My many Manhattans, tourist whims
Meat-packing district, my Chelsea mourning He takes us out for hard-boiled eggs,
Salt-beef bagel, oh he's got good legs
But the whiskey comes up, the rain pours down
No real cure in this grid-locked town
I'm perfecting imperfection
That's what I tell myself
I tell myself
There is no-body else Perfecting imperfection
That's what I'll tell them when
The flights are flown, the men are all kissed
When there's nowhere left to yearn Still I feel a shell breaking
Not sure whose, sure I'm not faking
When was my Lord so ungently tempered
Stopped his ears with my lack of repentance
My lack of repentance
Lack of repentance

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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