No One

Trocadero

Where is the one
Who will mourn me when I'm gone
Who will pour water on my bed of dirt
Who will breathe fire on my neck at nightI heard someone say
There's a chance that I would meet her
I could be perse-
phone and she demeter
To pull me from the underground that I call homeHer name is no one no one...
She blinds me with her eyes 'cause she's
The one, the one
She lives somewhere not here...My lovers are as smooth
As a politician's tongue
The more I look for goodness,
The more that I find noneI heard someone say,
That she's honest and good...Her name is no one no one no one...I measure out my days
With sips of a corona
I'm pretty sure she drives
An old fucked up corolla
To pull me from the underground
That I call homeI've a funny feeling
There's no chance that I will meet her
so I'll measure out my nights
To my metronome's meterHer name is no one...

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