

Little Bombs

Aimee Mann

From the 22nd floor
Walking down the corridor
Looking out the picture window down
On Sycamore While perspective lines converge
Rows of cars and buses merge
All the sweet green trees of Atlanta burst
Like little bombs
Or little pom-poms
Shaken by a careless hand
That dries them off
And leaves again Life just kind of empties out
Less a deluge than a drought
Less a giant mushroom cloud
Than an unexploded shell
Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel On the 22nd floor
Found a notice on my door
While outside, the sun is shining on
Those little bombs
Those little pom-poms Life just kind of empties out
Less a deluge than a drought
Less a giant mushroom cloud
Than an unexploded shell
Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel Inside a cell
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Of the Lennox Hotel

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