

# Slide

## The Dresden Dolls

A late April day and it's sunny outside  
And a red little girl's at the top of a slide  
And an orange old man at the bottom  
Wants to take her for a ride  
As she slips and she tumbles the orange man mumbles  
Pennies crash down from the sky  
And he tells her, he'll take her away where it's safe  
And of course it is a lie  
She's a third the way down and her skirts are yanked up  
And her little girl cheeks start to wrinkle  
But her smile is wide and her legs are spread wider  
Her hair growing long and her hips getting larger  
Past getting brighter  
Light growing weaker  
She is halfway down now but the man is impatient  
Shakes change in his pocket he might have to wait  
But she's coming  
She's coming  
She's coming  
Who are you blaming?  
They're just playing  
That's a good one, who left the playground  
A good decade before the bell rang?  
As she starts to draw nearer the view becomes clearer  
The splinters are painful but she doesn't feel it  
The pennies were loaded and as they exploded  
She starts to spin out of control  
Her eyes are now closing her sleeves are unrolling  
Up past her head and her veins are all showing  
Not that she noticed, she's thoroughly focused on  
One old man who's laughing  
Who's laughing  
Who's laughing  
Don't worry, I've got you  
Don't worry, I've got you  
Don't worry, I've got you  
Don't worry, I've got you  
The orange man got you  
A late April day and it's sunny outside  
And a red little girl's at the top of the slide  
And an orange old man at the bottom  
Wants to take her for a ride

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