Sea Anemone

Jets to Brazil

the curtain's a sea anemone
in the way it sways
to the slow breeze
I lie spread out on the floor
looking at these things
and most of them are yours
and it's so nice
sitting very still
without those old shoes
I could never fill
starfish with its arms out in a daze
staring at the stars
through an ocean haze
was I one you wished upon?
burned out like a lightbulb
when you turned me on
and it's so nice
sleeping here all alone
with my ashtray and
white courtesy telephone
now I'm making out the shapes
like the shower rod - can it take my weight?
I will tell you I am fine
I got some news, friend, feels like I'm dying
turtle on its back in the desert sea
and you look like a cool drink
just slightly out of reach
draw myself into the shell
waiting on a sign from god
or a nod from hell
and it's so nice
sitting very still
without those old shoes
I could never fill
now we're turning on the lights
it's the first day of my second life
take my name off of the lease
you can even keep the name it never suited me

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