

Laura

Art Van Damme Quintet

Laura
Calls me
In the middle of the night
Passes on her
Painful information
Then these careless fingers
They get caught in her vice
Til they're bleeding
On my coffee table
Living alone isn't all that
It's cracked up to be
I'm on her side
Why does she push the poison on me?

Laura
Has a very hard time
All her life has
Been one long disaster
Then she tells me
She suddenly believes she's seen
A very good sign
She'll be taking
Some aggressive action
I fight her wars
While she's slamming her doors
In my face
Failure to break
Was the only mistake
That she made
Here I am
feeling like a fucking fool
Do I react the way exactly
She intends me to?
Everytime I think I'm off the hook
She makes me lose my cool
I'm her machine
And she can punch all the keys
She can push any button I was programmed through

Laura

Calls me
 When she needs a good fix
 All her questions
 Will get sympathetic answers
 I should
 Be so
 Immunized
 To all of her tricks
 She's surviving
 On her second chances
 Sometimes I feel like this
 Godfather deal is all wrong
 How can she hold an umbilical chord
 For so long?
 I've done everything I can
 What else am I supposed to do
 I'm her machine
 And she can punch all the keys
 She can push any button I was programmed through
 Laura
 Loves me
 Even if I don't care
 That's my problem
 That's her sacred absolution
 If she had to
 She would put herself in my chair
 Even though I
 Faced electrocution
 She always says
 I'm the best friend that
 She's ever had
 How do you
 Hang up on someone
 Who needs you that bad?

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