

# City of Motors

## Soul Coughing

Three times dark, first in the mind  
Second on Java Street, the dead car there  
The hood blown out with a BB gun  
Manuela said she saw the brakes fail  
Manuela said she saw the brakes failAn empty body but it still bled  
Oil from the axle and it left a trail  
Ran down Java Street and formed a pool  
Manuela saw the moon in there  
Manuela saw the moon in thereAnd I hear a rumbling  
I hear transmission grind  
I bear witness  
I have the clutch nowThree times dark, third on the rooftops  
Man jumps between and grabs the rail  
Man tries the door but the door is locked  
Man gouge the hinge and goes down the stairs  
Man gouge the hinge and goes down the stairsDull bright morning and the tools are gone  
Detectives with flashlights in the elevator shaft  
Manuela tells detectives she saw him there  
Stuck in the hinge is a sliver of a fingernail  
Stuck in the hinge is a sliver of a fingernailAnd I hear a rumbling  
I hear transmission grind  
I bear witness  
I have the clutch nowThree times dark, on the turnpike  
From the Motor City to the City of Dis  
They traced his travel by his credit card  
No sleep, smokes and he is nauseous  
No sleep, smokes and he is nauseousFlips an ash like a wild, loose comma  
Ash hits the oil around the pump  
Travels to the pump and the pump explodes  
Witness said he saw the car jump  
Witness said he saw the car jumpAnd I hear a rumbling  
I hear transmission grind  
I bear witness  
I have the clutch nowAnd I hear a rumbling  
I hear transmission grind  
I bear witness  
I have the clutch now, now  
Now, now, now, now, now

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