The Divorce

Cop Shoot Cop

She had just busted out of the whorehouse
And was looking for a drink to celebrate the divorce
She told 'em she was going out for smokes -- and never looked back
The sky was bloodshot as she stumbled into the bar
Sullen eyes lit up like cigarettes
Cockroaches were gasping for breath
She selects her poison, brings it to her lips
A song like drunken sailors from a sunken ship
She thinks, power comes to them that enjoy the thrill of fear
A sign says: If you're looking for answers, you won't find them hereEveryone is leaving, all the widows grieving
Hear the siren laughing, and the truck brakes groaning
While the subway's screaming, all the junkies dreaming
Now the shadow's falling, is that your lover calling?She grinds out cigarette in a souvenir ashtray
Reaches for the bottle but ther's nothing left
Says: Buy me a drink and I'll tell you a story
But the bitch at the bar wouldn't sell you a smile
She closes her eyes and thinks of a wish she once had
A dwindling spark of memory
She wants to wipe it clean -- scrape away the debris
Can I get you something? - it's a man in the periphery
The car keys in his hand
She searches her pockets for a match or a reason
He slams the money on the bar
They go out to his carWhen you put your hand in your pocket
Looking for a match or something to say
Life seems like a rerun
Everything coming up cliches
Suicide comes on like a friend
Seems like the bad times never end
Close your eyes and think of home
Movements are slow and tragic
Solar flares from a dying sun
Science without the magic
Children shouldn't play with guns
Flashes of pain are fading fast
Echoes from each subsonic blast
close your eyes and

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