

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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