

# E. A St., Pts. 1 - 12

## Pastel Motel

Sheâ€™s got a lot to say  
But sheâ€™s looking now to sell  
She wastes the day away  
In her colored duct tape cell.  
The figments in her head  
Lock the door and throw the key  
â€œWho needs friends,â€• she says  
â€œWith such lovely enemies?â€•

She says,  
â€œThereâ€™s no place Iâ€™d rather be  
Living imperceptibly.  
Thereâ€™s no place Iâ€™d rather find  
Either way I wouldnâ€™t mind.â€•

Sheâ€™s got a lot to say  
But no one to say it to.  
Sheâ€™s lying to herself.  
But canâ€™t prove that itâ€™s not true.  
Sheâ€™s hatching secret plans.  
No one buys them anyway.  
She has a time machine  
But it will leave her yesterday.

Sometimes she finds it worthwhile  
To rewind and re-find her smile  
The good times, the bad times she recalls  
Prior to the fire that started it all.  
She goes back in time again

There is something lodged into her head  
She canâ€™t fish it out  
The tools are underneath her bed  
In the house burning down

It burns away,  
â€œBut everything is okay.â€•

Stranded and astray,

â€œBut everything is okay.â€•

There are no family or friends  
To hold back this girl  
Each insurmountable wave is a drop in an ocean on top ofÂ  
her world, and still sheâ€™ll say â€œEverything is okay.â€•

Somewhere on East A Street  
Standing there, five-foot-three,  
With such sad words  
So rehearsed

Her carâ€™s â€œbreaking downâ€• each day  
Calamity pays her way  
Innocent trade in  
Expression

She waves with a crooked smile  
Cavalier in grace and style.

Residents speculate  
Theyâ€™re living in a dangerous place  
Well, at night  
Maybe theyâ€™re right.

I can feel the wolfâ€™s disguise  
Being pulled over my eyes  
And down it floats  
Around my throat

â€œBut when the day fades  
Sheâ€™ll be waiting in the shade  
With a rusted, old switch-blade.

She had a look I could not ignore  
Kind eyes soft lips and so much more  
A fragile touch that could tame  
the wildest beast  
So baffled by her beauty

Appearances are misleading  
Iâ€™ll tell you that  
Donâ€™t be naive itâ€™ll set you back  
Eyes blind to what our hearts desire

She has a tongue fit for politicsÂ

I tell you, friend, it's sadistic  
She's so grey up in her head  
But her favorite color is crimson red

And that's all I seem to see today  
She had me in so many ways  
How can she go on living this life?

Something in her eyes  
Spoils the surprise  
The switch is pulled, gears spin free,  
revolving round, unstintingly

What is worse, her apathy?  
Or the way she digs into me?

Her heart is like this floor  
Cold, hard, decor. A  
Tumble down, into the black  
Below the boards,  
to never come back

"There's no place I'd rather be  
Living imperceptibly.  
There's no place I'd rather find  
And either way I wouldn't mind..."

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>