

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.

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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

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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€•

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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.

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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
I'll tell you that
Don'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, itâ€™s sadistic
She's so grey up in her head
But her favorite color is crimson red

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

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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.
Tumble down, into the black
Below the boards,
to never come back

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Thereâ€™s no place Iâ€™d rather be
Living imperceptibly.
Thereâ€™s no place Iâ€™d rather find
And either way I wouldnâ€™t mind...â€•

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