

# Amanda Palmer, Eclectic Song

The air is still  
it's five o'clock  
wet streamers from red walls  
the rocks are thick  
with dampened ashes  
as the morning falls  
a plastered laugh  
shrieks echoing  
cross-faded with a tortured snore  
concluding groans of desperate sex  
from every bolted door  
one more glass of luke-warm wine  
and one more fancy cigarette  
she wraps a sheet  
around her waist  
this evening is not finished yet  
everyone on valentine's got drunk enough to kiss her  
tonight she will be satisfied with something if it kills her  
she executes through broken glass of vomit touching dance  
through slips of papers, names and numbers scrawled in drunken hands  
sliding down the sticky stairwell lucky cinderella's hair  
and somebody should notice her  
some passed out prince beneath the chair  
everyone on valentine's got drunk enough to kiss her  
tonight she will be satisfied with something if it kills her  
nothing's left except the stench  
and bottles in the bar  
she hangs the streamers  
up again  
turns on the disco ball  
and sitting there  
the day before  
with all the patience in the world  
she swears she won't  
get up until  
she feels like she's a real live college girl