

Badlees, Running Up That Hill

(naydock/badlees)

when the rain is sports arena loud
in the evening of a self-inflicted day
and you're contemplating sides that might collide
the hemlock society and life insurance salesmen
and you discover all your coupons are for things you hate
and all your pennies are canadian and you curse that paperweight

drown it all and leave it still
you're a millionaire of words
hand in hand as light as birds
we'll go running up that hill

when acquaintances drain your reservoir
of cigarettes like bad construction
and all your phone conversations slither
into a sales pitch from the world of don lapre
and the love from a close-as-sisters friendship
up and dies like it too often does

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hand in hand as light as birds
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the funeral directors' trade show crowd
strangles parking so you drive a while
past streets and neighborhoods and ghosts
of incidents that now define you
when the weight of expectation cracks
cracks your countenance in the damnedest places

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