

Jim Carroll, Jealous Twin

She moves through the black door
She turns toward the desperate light
With her breath like iodine
With her filigree design
She summons the fire from her hips
Flamingo blood melts down her lips

But the light would not share her,
From behind the bending mirror, pulling her within,
Like a jealous twin. there was something in her eye
Like a flawed alibi . . . I was just about to ask
When she rips apart her mask

Refrain
But me and my girl
Chase the dragon's tail
We double lock the room
We inoculate the moon

And the light glows from below
Tonight, tonight
She hears the soft drone,
Like a pearly blade laid in silicone . . .

And the reservoir of sleep
Slides through the morning tube
Like a letter written in a dream
That is answered much too soon

And she lays across the sofa like a gold stick pin
Mascara draining down her specious grin, every notion's
Loaded motion laced in bombay gin . . . and the serpent's

Eyes are bursting as she bites into the skin

(repeat refrain)

She leaves a trail of broken things:
Knives . . . lives . . . and wedding rings
And the candle drips it's light
Across the fine silk floor

Someone screams for less
Someone screams for more . . .

But the light would not share her
From behind the bending mirror
Pulling her within
Like a jealous twin
There was something in her eye
Like a flawed alibi
I was just about to ask, I swear,
She ripped apart the mask

But me
And my girl
We chase the dragon's tail

We double lock the room
We inoculate the moon

And the light
Glow

From down below . . . tonight . . . tonight