

# Kimya Dawson, For Katie

they can't be talking about me  
this isn't real  
how can i stop the nothing?  
i'm just a little girl

three thousand miles between most of your friends  
and you wish they could meet they have so much in common  
and you can't believe that you are in portland  
with your good friend from new york on vacation  
the world it is shrinking, pathways intertwining  
some of it's planning a lot of it's timing  
suddenly face to face with jake and jack  
you ask them to sing you their songs back to back  
jack says "i'm alone but i'm not scared"  
then jake says "i am alone but not afraid"

i wish i could be that brave  
but the second person's always in the way  
i tried to hide you  
where no one could find you  
but you were a baby and i was a little girl  
they caught us and brought us back to their world  
that's when i decided the only place i could hide  
was in the stories and dreams in the seams of my mind  
i was so busy dreaming, running from demons  
i didn't even hear you screaming

yesterday you got an email from prague  
that said me and my friends think your band really rocks  
you can't believe it's all really real  
you don't know what to say, you don't know how to feel  
you think it's a joke just like in the sixth grade  
when nick asked you out then he laffed in your face  
you prepare for the worst when you go out on stage  
you block out the crowd, you dissociate  
the music's your blood and the words are your breath  
you sing and you sing like it's all there is left

rock-a-bye baby, beautiful thing  
don't ever, ever let them clip your wings  
when the best and the worst coexist there's a fist fight  
between what's left and the right of way  
i hope you believe me when i say  
things will get better give it one more day

it's hard to sleep when the lullabys are songs  
you don't want to miss you could listen all night long  
and you can't believe that you are in texas  
and jeff lightning lewis is sitting right next to you  
singing the song about the three quarter moon  
you squint your eyes and look inside you  
and the fractions and fragments all become whole  
the music erases the pain in your soul  
the tears in your brain that your memory saved  
evaporate and skate away