

# The Airborne Toxic Event, Missy

Missy got off the bus one day  
In a crowded depot, downtown LA.  
She looked around as if to say,  
"I'm home. But, I'm home.  
I'll find someone to love, and someplace to drink,  
And some time when I can just sit and think,  
And I don't mind if I catch the stink of these drones.  
Lord, of these drones.  
Just as long as I'm never alone."

She had eyes as big as porcelain plates,  
And skin as thin as paper drapes,  
And she loved the Lord the way as apostate loves songs.  
And she'd sing to him before she went to sleep,  
"I pray to you my soul to keep.  
You're a shepherd, then I'll be your sheep until dawn.  
Oh, until dawn.  
Well, I'd follow you even if it was wrong."

I met her one night at the coffee shop.  
A face so bright my heart just stopped.  
"Hello, my dear, I fear I'm not what I seem.  
I'm not what I seem.  
I should've become a better man,  
I should be more deserving than  
The beggar, thief, and courtesan I've been.  
Oh, that I've been.  
Well, I swear I lied, I curse all of my dreams.

But I swear there's still some good in me,  
And I think if you stuck around you'd see  
All the honest attempts at integrity; I was had.  
Maybe if you helped me, I'd get it right.  
Well, I'd stay awake almost every night,  
Staring at the ceiling wondering why I feel so bad.  
Why I feel so bad.  
Oh, I swear, I swear, I swear I'll never get sad.