

Vonda Shepard, Confetti

Skinny little brats
Walking down Avenue A
Dangling their cigarettes
Their Independence Day

Tears like filigrees
Wear them on their sleeves
Nobody's main squeeze
It's thirty-five degrees

Poetry of ordinary life is what I live for
They just wanna be seen
They just wanna be heard...

My words are like Confetti
And you never pick them up
They fall to the ground
I need someone to lift me up

So diaphanous
So ephemeral
And all those bad words
They never learned in school

Groovy like my mamma was
In her black turtle neck
She was so high strung
She was so low tech

Poetry and tattooed dreams
And fourteen caret nose rings
The children of elite
Are trying to be street saying

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