

# Aimee Mann, Little Bombs

From the 22nd floor  
Walking down the corridor  
Looking out the picture window down  
On Sycamore

While perspective lines converge  
Rows of cars and buses merge  
All the sweet green trees of Atlanta burst  
Like little bombs  
Or little pom-poms  
Shaken by a careless hand  
That drives them off  
And leaves again

Life just kind of empties out  
Less a deluge than a drought  
Less a giant mushroom cloud  
Than an unexploded shell  
Inside a cell  
Of the Lennox Hotel

On the 22nd floor  
Found a notice on my door  
While outside, the sun is shining on  
Those little bombs  
Those little pom-poms

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Less a giant mushroom cloud  
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