

# Blinker The Star, Pixie Jane

Shadow box with perfect sound  
Pick up the blue, follow through  
A cinematic experience  
From the gut I ask you  
Who's the blackest of them all?  
And is he 65 or not at all?  
Pixie Jane still comes through  
Works for money, gives to you  
And I can tell the clothes she wears  
Her laughs are punk rock insecurity  
Is she a Belly or a reject by her own design or need?  
Never real, always true  
More than sure to see you through  
And there's a game we like to play  
It seems to me explains away the need  
To shoot an arrow at some angel face we all refuse to see  
Here there little Lucifer!  
Your matchbook burns, your friends all call you  
By your second name, that's it!  
A new identity. Now reason: drugs