

Bright Eyes, When The Curious Girl Realizes She

Tomorrow when I wake up I'm finding my brother
and making him take me back down to the water.
That lake where we sailed and laughed with our father.
I will not desert him. I will not desert him.
No matter how I may wish for a coffin so clean
or these trees to undress all their leaves onto me.
I put my face in the dirt and then finally I see
the sky that has been avoiding me.
I started this letter I'm gonna send it to Ruba.
It will be blessed by her eyes on the gulf coast of Florida.
With her feet in the sand and one hand on her swimsuit,
she will recite the prayer of my pen.
Saying, ...time take us forward. Relief from this longing,
they can land that plane on my heart I don't care
just give me November, the warmth of a whisper
in the freezing darkness of my room.
But no matter what I would do in an attempt to replace.
All these pills that I take trying to balance my brain.
I've seen the curious girl with that look on her face.
So surprised she stares out from her display case.