

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Skyline Drive

She shimmers like the surface of a swimming pool
Staring out of blue horizon eyes
She's flippin' through the pages of the interview
Her fingernails are diamond white
She winces at the passing of a careless thought
Of butchered bodies in the morgue
And then she shakes her hair across her eyes
Like a closed blonde door

The crime wasn't low self-esteemed this time, they joked
As they loaded in the back door for a couple of stiffs
Up on Skyline Drive
A pastel sunset colored the sky, the city below them
He points down to the place that he lives from
Up on Skyline Drive

Marble furniture the color of toothpaste
She sits beside the pool out in the sun
Teabag floats as if an astronaut in space
And menstruates in a silver cup
Sentry system picking up a bearded man
He's muttering under his breath
Up in the helicopter cameras roll as he's shot to death