

Ezra Furman, Poor Girl A Long Way From Heaven

The human mind is a pile of shit
New life takes root in it
Grows into the most complicated formations
With stunning colors and branches reaching up
Toward the heaven that they long to touch
Trying to get just a brief audience with the sun

They wanna ask the sun to shine down
And warm the pile of shit they come from
These desperate sprouts all clustered around
Like a gospel choir with their arms raised up

Poor girl a long way from heaven

April 4th, 1993:
God came down to talk with me
Threw a stone at my window to get my attention
She motioned to me to climb down my wall
I shook my head. I was afraid to fall
I was young and I didn't wanna trouble my mother

And now I am a wretched old crone
Who swears that God once came to her home
I keep a lone candle burning upon my little windowsill
So She knows I'm home

Poor girl a long way from heaven

How they'll talk about you
How they'll spill your blood
How they'll love you when you're gone for good