

# Jim Carroll, Lorraine

Seven blonde women  
They gather in the square  
They raise their hands up to the sun  
Their skin is so thin and white  
You know their fathers must surely be wealthy  
I watch the others stand around and form a crucifix  
A serpent of vapor  
Some stray birds rise  
The one on the end, the fine one on the end  
She called me over, she pulled me aside  
She said, you know, I have to make it all look different  
It seems that every time I lay down  
On it, and it's like a snake in water  
And when I look out of it,  
It's like the one from last week  
Was breathing again  
And she said she had some white light

You know, she said that she had some morphine  
But she didn't have no gimmicks  
So she just took this razor  
And she laid it on a white vein  
And then she took a black orchid  
And she just ripped apart that flower  
And then she took the white light  
Then she said, hey, later for the morphine  
She took the razor and slit open her white vein  
She slit open her white vein  
She put the flower through the slit vein  
She poured the white light through the red stem  
She put the white light through the red stem  
She just poured it through the red stem  
I was talkin' with my angel  
I was talkin' with my angel then . . .