

# Jim Carroll, Wicked Gravity

The gravity here is just sick for revenge  
It's like my lungs are filled with chains . . .  
The sky seems so low,  
It hasn't moved this slow  
Since the virgins, since the virgins went dancing for the rain

You know the stars in the night  
They're like the holes in the cave  
Like the ceiling of a bombed-out church  
But gravity blocks my screams  
It's like an enemy's dreams  
My guardians quit  
They quit before they started their search

Refrain:  
I want a world without gravity  
It could be just what I need  
I'd watch the stars move close  
I'd watch the earth recede

I wanna drift above the borders against my will  
I wanna sleep where the angels don't pass  
But now my lips are blue  
Gravity does it to you  
It's like they're pressed against a mirrored glass

I want my will and capability to meet inside the region  
Where this gravity don't mean a thing  
It's where the angels break through . . .  
It's where they bring it to you  
It's where silence, silence can teach me to sing

Repeat refrain 2 times

I wanna lay beneath these sheets and never turn blue  
I wanna hold you, hold you tight but never touch  
I want some pure, pure white; hey, we can nod all night  
We can do it without thinking too much

I want the dilettantes and parvenues to choke on my wrists  
They think the pearls I wear are pills  
I want their gravity to shatter . . . but it really doesn't matter  
I got something in my eye that kills!

Repeat refrain

Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked gravity . . .  
Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked gravity . . .  
Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked.