

Karate, This, Plus Slow Song

imagine yourself young
with pockets full of water
you haven't learned to hesitate yet
and the sun beats down
all on your skinny neck
as we kick around the shore
you know the rest

imagine yourself dumb
like someone's careless daughter
you can't remember just what he said
but it still bears down
all in your pretty head
you'll never know for sure
but you give him hell