

# McKinley, Citizen Kane

(McKinley)

He froze the air with his funny stare,  
she felt the hair raise on her bare arms.

He said, "It's not lost on me the irony, the waste we are."

He took her wrists, pulled her down to sit next to him.

He said, "Let me tell you a story since it's all I can do.

There are so many like this that it's almost hard to choose.

You know the ones already about the plucky, silly girls

that make the best out of life,

look fetching in a flour-sack dress behind

a good man, a good man and this is where the story falls apart.

"You're not plucky or silly and I don't have an especially warm heart."

She put her hand over his mouth, said, "What the hell are you talking about?"

I know those girls that make the best out of life

look fetching in an hour-glass dress.

They're lonely for a boy like you to talk to.

I've been so lonely for a boy like you to talk to.

If you'd stop playing Citizen Kane

Then we can turn these cameras off and start again.

I'm not some silly girl that makes the best out of life

looks fetching in a flour-sack dress behind

a good man, a good man, a good man.

He said, "It's not lost on me, the irony."