

Neko Case, Margaret Vspauline

Everything's so easy for Pauline
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Ancient strings set feet alight
To speed to her such mild grace
No monument of tacky gold
They smoothed her hair
With cinnamon waves
And they placed an ingot in her breast
To burn cool
And collected
Fate holds her firm in its cradle
And then rolls her for a tender pause to savor
Everything's so easy for Pauline

Girl with the parking lot eyes
Margaret is the fragments of a name
Her bravery is mistaken for the thrashing in the lake
Of a make believe monster whose picture was fake

Margaret is the fragments of a name
Her love pours like a fountain
Her love steams like rage
Her jaw aches from wanting
And she's sick from chlorine
But she'll never be as clean
As the cool-side-of-satin Pauline
Pauline

Two girls ride the blue line
Two girls walk down the same street
One left a sweater sitting on the train
And the other lost three fingers at the cannery

Everything's so easy for Pauline
For Pauline
For Pauline