

Nina Nastasia, I Say That I Will Go

Across the freeway flow
Against the western row
On ploding shoes i go
To steal you out of tow
On the phone i swear
And so i will do so

Up the access stair
To cash my paycheck there
And down again to fare
The dirty city glare
Through the motor squall
To the south i bear

Past the chola wall
Swift and not to stall

Beyond the burning tires
Among the towering spires
I say that i will go
And so i will do so
Down the barren lanes
Heed the boarded panes

To the hard window
There to sign below
Alone there i will go
And put the money down
To take you back to town
On the phone i swear
Not to tell your dad