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