

Nina Nastasia, Jim's Room

In the back of the house
In the room I used to sleep
I woke up and smelled burning wires

For a month I wasn't me
A thief would wait for me outside
And there were nights I would let him in

No one ever found out
I always wondered
Frances where you lived
Standing proudly in the tub
I never saw you in your clothes

In the back of the house
In the room right next to mine
The only place she let you smoke
There you spent most of your time
Painting pictures of smog