

Nina Nastasia, Judy's in the Sandbox

Judy's in the sandbox
With gravel in her shoes
She's playing in the spotlight
No sugar with that pose

And everywhere that judy is
Her lamb is sure to go
He watches how she lifts her dress
And spins into a spell

Ha-a-hoo, he takes a breath and pulls her in
And shuts her out, the ways to hold her hand
Ha-a-hoo, he looks around and feels her curls
Across his frozen cheek, too close to touch

Judy's in the sandbox
Baking cakes against the sun
He walks across the playground
She scolds him with a frown

She turns her back to tease him
Then she laughs beyond control
He wipes his brow and steps inside
To play with emily rose

Ha-a-hoo, he takes a breath and pulls her in
And shuts her out, the ways to hold her hand
Ha-a-hoo, he looks around and feels her curls
Across his frozen cheek, too close to touch

He takes a breath (look around, look around, he can hardly breathe)
And pulls her in (look around, look around, he can hardly move)
And shuts her out (look around, look around, feel him closing in)
And weights to hold her hand... And weights to hold her in...

La-da-da-da-da...