

Nina Nastasia, One Old Woman

Zan Ann Elizabeth Rochelle

Let my doll go down deep in that old wishing well
And I know that they'll never find it
She'll make a big scene hoping no one will notice

And I feel that when night falls I need it
And here I waste and I hustle myself

Why a little crime can make for a life this bad
It escapes me
But I know I'm not aloud to hold on too tightly to what has gone

And down at my new home
All of my family smiles in my face
But I've lost all the seconds that lead up to this
And I know that something will happen
If I don't take charge it might all disappear

And I feel that when night falls I need it
And here I wait and I trouble myself
Buy a little time from memories left alive
If they'll let me
But I know I'm not allowed to hold on too tightly to what has gone
Oh, to what has gone...

And I stand down in a brick hole
Thinking and thinking and thinking and thinking of them
But scary Zan calls down from the opening
And tells me that I won't be thinking again...

And I feel that when night falls I breathe it in
Here I wait and I ready myself

Why a little time can erase a life's worth that just escapes me
And I know I'm not allowed to hold on too tightly to what has gone
Oh, to what has gone...