

# Nina Nastasia, You, Her and Me

You, her  
You, her and me  
We, with the wheels  
Drive to the beach

With no sleep  
We're racing to beat  
The sun as it rides to the top  
Of the palm trees

Stay in the conversation  
While she's in the rear seat  
Maybe she's not listening to us  
The thoughts in her hands are distracting enough

White summer dresses  
Over our heads  
We can't see  
Are you coming or going?

She yodels at me  
Please stop the car  
I can't move my hands  
Or my feet

You take her  
Out to the street  
Bawling, she asks you  
What's happening to me?

I walk to a payphone  
Call for an ambulance  
Hate her like nobody  
Knows