

Shivaree, Lunch

It's not black enough to see where any white is
So I'll wait another hour for you and your designer jeans
And I remember you as heartless as a freeway
And I wonder if the time will make your eyes like Angelynes
Will you shuffle to your seat
Greasy head and naked feet
And your expensive hands are swinging all your Beverly keys
The latest color on you lips and there's a satchel at your hips
And it's all full of broken Barbie dolls
And disassembled dreams
If you don't want for them to hate you cause you beautiful
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing

You went and left you license on the car seat
Had a couple drinks with him and then you changed your name and then
He handed you a tambourine and whistled
No matter what they call you by
The meaning stays the same
And now your shotgun on the floor
Your window's just a door
Riding backward 'cross state lines in high heels that they made you wear
Your steamers in the trunk
And it's all loaded up with junk
Like lead and blood and dust and hair and stuff to kill the sting
If you don't want for them to hate you cause your beautiful
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing