

The Church, Bel-Air

A palm tree nodded at me last night
Said hey you look so pale
I don't know if it was the air or the breeze in my hair
I had a feeling I had failed
So down to the beach just out of reach
The moon was being trailed
A girl and a sailor and a hot dog trailer
That's their holy grail
The sand whispered heat and burned the feet
Of gulls landing on the shore
In the motel pool the waitress cools
She doesn't ask for more
She makes a wish she takes a risk
She opens up her door
Through human eyes she's a dolphin in disguise
It's the last night of the war
Somewhere far away there's another day
And someone's getting out of bed
She put on her face in the morning space
She doesn't know she's dead
Her ruby lips can't excite me anymore
And pain sprawls on the chair, it's always there
And he descends the stairs, he doesn't see
The sunburnt landlord glares, for all the people
He can never be