

The Magnetic Fields, The Flowers She Sent And

I saw you standing at the airport
With your chihuahua in your hand
Crying on the moving sidewalk
On your way to Disneyland

And the flowers she sent and the flowers she said she sent
Are all equally dead
You don't care anymore, she said
And the books she read and the books that she said she read
Are all spread on the floor
You don't care about them anymore

I saw you closing your antique shop
With a boa 'round your throat
And you tremble like an ostrich
In your ostrich feather coat

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