

Winterpills, Portrait

Portrait

the photographer's impatient
as the train pulls out of the station,
and you're heading further south
than i thought you'd ever go.

the streets are filling up with snow,
the ice floe has no place to go
so i'm opening my doors
and telling everyone i know.

i can't pose for this portrait without you.
the light is fading fast on what is true.
i can't pose for this portrait without you.
the families in the line behind us are trying to get through.
there's honey in the chemicals.

you hide so well that nothing shows,
you can't lock eyes with one who knows,
and every sheet that comes out white
reminds me of that night.

if you were here i'd look complete,
the cameras wouldn't have to cheat,
something in the photo bath
would make us all so sweet.

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the light is fading fast on what is true.
i can't pose for this portrait without you.
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there's honey in the chemicals.

your car wheel's spinning in a ditch,
your father called you one cold bitch,
he said he would've hit you
but he didn't have the strength.

my house is filling up with smoke,
i'm getting high on jack and coke,
the kitchen pipes are frozen
and your world is at arm's length.

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