

## Weekend Players

### "She's Your Baby"

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Janey came back from the stand  
Smiling  
With the writing of Kafka in hand  
And a bunny in a can  
Slipping and sliding  
You feel yourself asking her  
Why would you want me to try??  
Squeezing your wrist and she's pulling you closer  
Down where the devils are dying with laughter  
Then led to a place where there's no form of pleasure  
She blows you a kiss from her lips

She's your baby ?

Those below us can not be renounced  
Cause they're talking  
And for once I wish they'd shut up their mouths  
Lock their doors and stay in the house  
And while you're inside there  
You might want to question the fact  
That you're not quite the same  
And look to the room where she's keeping so quiet  
A million layers of crust and deposit  
Blanket the seasons and bury the reasons  
You told her that this was for good

She's your baby

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