

Xiu Xiu

"The Jim Yoshii Pile-Up - Seattle, WA"

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It's always tight at the end of the month.
Until that check comes, there's nothing for lunch.
I'm sick of all my stuff being halfway broke.
Too tired to pretend that I'm not sick of my friends.
Some days I'm sorry that I ever moved here.
Some days I think about moving back in with my folks.
Some days I think about moving up north,
Where rent is cheaper and I can have a house and
porch to
Watch the rain, walk out in the rain, stand under the
rain, and let Seattle wash me.

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