

Blueline Medic

"Shopping With A Cartesian"

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She closes her book
And before getting up
Checks her lipstick in the reflection
And getting off
Steps aside
A feint, her gait in a shopfront pane
Ah, the pain of choice
Well, it wouldn't be for any lack of time or money
It's really ntoking for her to pay
Because by her watch darling
It's already half passed a lifestyle made
A different eye dilates
And having taken a look
Notes the part in a play of prediction
It's making her laugh
She tries to stop
She might do something silly
Ah, the pain of choice
Uncertain and not for a lack of a mind that's doubting
But to a world well, what would you say?
That finding anything only ever seems half a reason to
stay?
Oh for gods' sake
I'll buy her a watch
Darling, she's already half passed a lifetime saved
And runs late enough without having to lament about it
Oh yeah
She really shouldn't waste the same hours that you've
had.

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