

## Cooter

### "The Divorce"

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She had just busted out of the whorehouse  
And was looking for a drink to celebrate the divorce  
She told 'em she was going out for smokes -- and  
never looked back  
The sky was bloodshot as she stumbled into the bar  
Sullen eyes lit up like cigarettes  
Cockroaches were gasping for breath  
She selects her poison, brings it to her lips  
A song like drunken sailors from a sunken ship  
She thinks, power comes to them that enjoy the thrill of  
fear  
A sign says: If you're looking for answers, you won't  
find them here  
Everyone is leaving, all the widows grieving  
Hear the siren laughing, and the truck brakes groaning  
While the subway's screaming, all the junkies  
dreaming  
Now the shadow's falling, is that your lover calling?  
She grinds out cigarette in a souvenir ashtray  
Reaches for the bottle but there's nothing left  
Says: Buy me a drink and I'll tell you a story  
But the bitch at the bar wouldn't sell you a smile  
She closes her eyes and thinks of a wish she once had  
A dwindling spark of memory  
She wants to wipe it clean -- scrape away the debris  
Can I get you something? - it's a man in the periphery  
The car keys in his hand  
She searches her pockets for a match or a reason  
He slams the money on the bar  
They go out to his car  
When you put your hand in your pocket  
Looking for a match or something to say  
Life seems like a rerun  
Everything coming up cliches  
Suicide comes on like a friend  
Seems like the bad times never end  
Close your eyes and think of home  
Movements are slow and tragic  
Solar flares from a dying sun  
Science without the magic  
Children shouldn't play with guns

Flashes of pain are fading fast  
Echoes from each subsonic blast  
Close your eyes and

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