

Cymbals Eat Guitars "Wind Phoenix"

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Exotic vision
Permanently red-light
Squinting for hours
Natural American spirit doctorate
Make love to inanimate objects
Pasteboard decked out in Ikea finery

Without use of a pole she swings
Her thighs clamped 'round infinity
In the eye of a maelstrom of Marlboro mail-order
memorabilia
Rivers, mountains and smoking shirt jackets

I am his liver
I'm gray and decaying
My texture's a sidewalk
And Notre Dame's playing
Afternoon's wristwatch
Deposited in nightstand's drawer

If Jerry knew he'd build a marquee
And charge her silent watchers
And they'd pay in foreign-looking coins
That would turn to dust in his dresser, by morning,
yeah

You're gaslighting me
I can see through the dusk beams
Walking with your fingers in splints, yeah

In her last moments I pined for times
When I could never have dreamed of being responsible
For the charred remains presently huffed by the most
famous of
The celebrity teenage drug casualties
The wind the wind the wind the wind the wind the wind

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