

## **Bitch & Animal "Six States Away"**

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It's a rainy Brooklyn morning  
You're a phone number  
And six states away  
I dialed and found you home

Your voice comes back  
Like the day comes back  
From a night of dreams

You're getting married  
And you're crazy about her  
You really miss me  
I know exactly what you mean

Oh that's so nice to hear  
You've planted  
All your roots down there  
I'm still wandering  
Like the fruit fallen from the tree  
Is she nice to you not like me  
Like the wife she was raised to be

I remember peeling  
Off your clothes  
To find your body  
A layer of my favorite cake  
I remember blowing  
Mad cash on you  
I was living like I had it  
Loving like we had it too

I miss those night together  
On your futon on the floor  
And your drives to carolina  
And pink floyd  
Our common core  
And your breath  
Between my shoulders  
And your car  
That took me miles  
Across state lines  
And space and time

I think I'll step outside now  
Catch a slice of sunlight  
Through the rain  
I'll try and feel the sunset  
Hiding in the clouds  
Here your poems  
Still warm me  
When memory drains

Did I mention that I miss you  
And I love you sometimes  
Not in that famous  
Star-crossed way  
In that love with a limit way

Isn't it nice  
I still don't know  
what you do for money  
Isn't it nice only your art  
Came up in conversation  
Isn't that nice  
On a rainy Brooklyn  
Morning I dialed and  
Found you home

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