

Gramm Lou

"Relentless Fours"

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Why are your clothes scattered on the garden, when
the taxi is waiting?
Why are your eyes dark-hooded and forlorn?
Their light is diminished, a jade so rare fading jaded.

How can you call yourself an actress, when you cannot
get your act together?
How can you say you know tragedy, when you are yet
to meet her?
You 'll drive all night but won't get there.
With vim, determined just to suffer... because everyone
loves a breakdown.

Everyone loves a breakdown... Go easier on me.

Sulpher, burning amber, driving under golden twilight.
Rising, sleeping, walking, never waking, fast asleep.
Bathing low in shallow streams of consciousness and
dreaming.
You know we ever only want relentless fours and break
beats.

There's a hung over girl in bed, her head hits relentless
fours.
Her heart is an offbeat high hat, the body composes
you don't even know it.

Dance to your pulse tonight.

The body composes you don't even know it.

We only want relentless fours.

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