

## Jana Mashonee

### "You're Not Even Alive"

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Draw me a wise thin as blood  
And I watch it dance on a ballroom floor  
Send me peaches from afternoon  
I know horses that lie to be damned  
Baby I'm blessed with a putty knife  
Trying to find a window in the painted sand, oh  
It's my duty to find you happy today  
Just as I'm tearing your life away  
Caught around an avalanche  
Look at the snow discolored blanch  
I tried to lift you underneath an elm tree  
But you wanted to go back  
Painting all your treasures black

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