

Jenny Morris

"Lightning Rod"

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Heart attack
Jack-in-the-box
I've been here so long I'm starting to rot
And you're taking my fear
Selling it in jars

Back on the playground my blue socks are bloody
I need someone to toss the confetti at the Ticker Day
Parade
Falling for myself

Look to the fly
She used to be pretty
Don't say a word but she's drying out slowly
You have the answers
I have the car keys

Lightning rod strapped to my shoulders
I'm searching through windows for right and for
converb
That could bring to merciful end this overdrone way

Carpet burns up to my elbows
It's time that you learned
I guess I should tell you
That the things you know about me never would come
true

Look to the fly
I used to be pretty
Don't say a word but I'm drying out quickly
You have the answers
I have the car keys

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