

Jenny Owen Youngs "Lightning Rod"

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heart attack
junk in the box
i've been here so long
i'm starting to rot
& you're taking my fear
selling it in jugs

back on the playground,
my knee socks are bloody
i need someone to toss the confetti
at the ticker tape parade
i'm falling for myself

look to the flower
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
straps on my shoulders

i'm searching through windows
for rain & for thunder
that could bring to merciful
& this overdrawn way

carpet burns
up to my elbows
it's time that you learn
i guess i should tell you
that the things you know about me
never were true

look to the flower
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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