

Jim Carroll "Lorraine"

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Seven blonde women
They gather in the square
They raise their hands up to the sun
Their skin is so thin and white
You know their fathers must surely be wealthy
I watch the others stand around and form a crucifix
A serpent of vapor
Some stray birds rise
The one on the end, the fine one on the end
She called me over, she pulled me aside
She said, you know, i have to make it all look different
It seems that every time i lay down
On it, and it's like a snake in water
And when i look out of it,
It's like the one from last week
Was breathing again
And she said she had some white light
You know, she said that she had some morphine
But she didn't have no gimmicks
So she just took this razor
And she laid it on a white vein
And then she took a black orchid
And she just ripped apart that flower
And then she took the white light
Then she said, hey, later for the morphine
She took the razor and slit open her white vein
She slit open her white vein
She put the flower through the slit vein
She poured the white light through the red stem
She put the white light through the red stem
She just poured it through the red stem
I was talkin' with my angel
I was talkin' with my angel then . . .

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