

Jim Carroll

"Pools Of Mercury"

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Sirens begin, the red light spins
Hungry go the thieves

Betty's in the sandbox trying to detox
She always wears long sleeves

Desdemona in a red kimona can't get off the bench
Her bolts are fused, her limbs can't move
Someone better find a wrench

Got no past, they can't last
Future's like a curse
What's best for them is always bought
At the price of something worse

Wren's heart of ashes, the glue-on lashes
Her baby's in a brillo box
She's on one knee with key after key
Trying to find the right lock
By the pulp of her fears
And the shape of her tears
You can tell tomorrow's weather
She bends her skin in the shape of her sins
To keep herself together

Got no past, they can't last
The future's like a hearse
What's best for them is always bought
At the price of something worse

Got no past, I can't last
The future's like a curse
I'm swimming in pools of mercury
Making sense of the end of the century

They want to -- outside
They want to -- outside
They want to scream outside
They want to search outside
They want to lose outside

They want to beg outside

They want to have sex outside
They want to -- outside
They want to pray outside
They want to buy outside
They want to dream outside
They want to pine outside
They want to -- outside
They want to sleep
They only want to be alone outside

Carl's been burned
Better return him back to central casting
Jen grows weaker her soul sneakers
Are useless without laces
So she rides the snake till she grows wings
And flies to better places

Got no past, they can't last
The future's like a hearse
What's best for them is always bought
At the price of something worse

Got no past, I can't last
The future's like a curse
I'm swimming in pools of mercury
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It's dawn, their faces worn
Rain like a female feathers
I'm swimming in pools of mercury
Making sense of the end of the century

Got no past, they can't last
The future's like a hearse
What's best for them is always bought
At the price of something worse

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