

## **Cara Beth Satalino**

# **"Throw In The Towel"**

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cheap cologne and china dolls  
here in a box up on the shelf  
i'm in my prom dress,  
waiting patiently for something else  
lately all my marching men run away with themselves,  
with themselves

edges up, over that hill  
he's throwing paper airplanes off  
i'm in a daydream, of alcohol and smoker's cough  
green grass against boy blue,  
the guardrails won't hold you  
but the wallpaper is peeling again.  
it'll rip and tear, when you pull to hard.

and your eyes like iceburgs  
and they're gray like slate  
i'm convinced of someways, that'd you'd resonate  
and we sing like tin cans.  
it's the sound that remains.  
it disappaits.

crouching down to the bottom.  
i'll heave myself against the wind.  
i am a sinking ship, and it is sinking in.  
i'll escape, and i'll take all you have, oh.  
because i am just a cancer cell.  
i am just a paper doll,  
and i'll rip and tear.  
and you play too hard.

and your eyes like iceburgs  
and they're gray like slate  
i'm convinced of someways that you'd resonate  
and we sing like tin cans,  
it's the sound that remains.  
it's the sound that remains.

summer is here.  
how wonderful it is,  
that you've been sliding off with your saltwater taffy  
skin

and not a car in all of driving  
off to somewhere far,  
and i'll give you a call when i get there..  
the next day.

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