

Jolie Holland

"Crush In The Ghetto"

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I'm floating with the birds
I'm talking to the weeds
Look what you've done to me
I'm still dressed up from the night before
Silken hose and an old Parisian coat
And I feel like a queen at the bus stop on the street
Look what you've done to me
It's a beautiful morning in the ghetto
Finer than the day before
The ants are crawling over my pants as if to say
They know where the honey is
There's really old roses blooming in the ghetto
Birds of paradise are taller than me
The weeds grow high, the birds flicker by
Children are walking to school
In the midst of all of this profusion
The bus pulls up to take me back home
The bus driver looks like an African prince
The babies have tears in their eyes
And I feel like a queen
On this sunny city bus
Look what you've done to me

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