

## Casey DieneI "Embroidery"

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Since I was a girl, I've been good at embroidery  
I finished up my finishing school in Switzerland  
Then I escaped to Evian, wound my car down the alps,  
lived only on apricots  
Picked by the side of the road

In vevey I lived with two spinsters who spoke only  
french  
But mostly bickered  
They fed me strawberry wine  
I sat in my room writing you lines on doilies  
They all said the same thing  
I wish you were here

The lights on Lake Geneva are a sight for sore eyes  
They turn the water into glass  
I could step on it and be in Lausanne

Then I'd be just miles from you, maybe I'd see you in  
line at the shooting booths  
Maybe you'd buy me an ice cream cone

But if you look you'll see my initials stitched inside your  
left breast pocket  
The one you keep your handkerchief in  
The one closest to you heart

Since I was a girl I've been good at embroidery  
Since I was a girl I've been good at embroidery  
But no needlepoint will bring you  
Across this continental divide  
Across the Atlantic ocean to where I am now

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