

Liz Durrett**"Erecting A Movie Star"**

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Take off your right hand
'Cause you don't use it a lot
In dreams you're so scared
But so what?
At the wrecking ball

Your eyes were open
You had them flown in at birth
Your skin is hempen
And tre's dearth
Erecting a movie star

I saw you there
You had your lover so fair in your heart
Arrived in really bloody make-up and scarf
I caught your breath
You are the flower sewn into the bar
But what we're trying hard to make is a stem
It's self sale art

Take off your right hand
'Cause you don't use it a lot
Your dreams are so scant
But so what?
You're a pecking doll

Who red lips the Coolliard's "Joshua"
Who just missed the Murder Car dopey dance
From baby to baby to motel bar playbacks

Saw you there
You had your lover, a feather, in arm
Berated kisses in the wake of the smarm
Just bobbing there
Your partner spilled up the stairs to the bar
Which is a really small estate on a farm

Well don't you care?
I saw you there
With your blue-blond hair
Your lipstick stare

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