

## Matthew Ryan "The Dead Girl"

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The dead girl mopes through a dead scene  
With a cross-stitched lip she's picking at the seam  
She's got bravado she says she's been  
Featured in a few magazines  
Now outside the bar Hank is straddling a police car  
His fingers are purple and numb from circling a crow  
bar  
Well twenty-four years have made it clear that things  
ain't ever what they  
Appear  
He says  
I won't be going easily  
No I won't be going lightly  
And I won't be going peacefully  
No I won't be going innocently  
A sweet drink spiked with a speedball  
A twenty-foot ladder and a ninety-foot wall  
Dark shadows are gathering and swaggering down the  
hall  
And I know  
I won't be going easily  
No I won't be going lightly  
And I won't be going peacefully  
No I won't be going innocently  
I won't be going easily  
No I won't be going lightly  
And I won't be going peacefully  
No I won't be going cleanly

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