

David Sylvian "Snow White In Appalachia"

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Half life

She moves in a half life

Imperfect

From her place on the stairs

Or sat in the backseat

Sometimes you're only a passenger

In the time of your life

And there's snow on the mattress

Blown in from the doorway

It would take pack mules and provisions

To get out alive

There were concerts and car crashes

There were kids she'd attended

And discreet indiscretions

For which she'd once made amends

And there's ice on the windshield

And the wipers are wasted

And the metal is flying

Between her and her friends

She'd abandoned them there

In the hills of Appalachia

She threw off the sandbags

To lighten the load

As soon as the sun rose

The keys were in the ignition

Following the tyre tracks

Of the truck sanding the road

There had to be drugs

Running through the girl's body

There had to be drugs

And they too had a name

And the adrenalin rush

Had left her exhausted

When under the blue sky

Nothing need be explained

And there is no maker
Just inexhaustible indifference
And there's comfort in that
So you feel unafraid

And the radio falls silent
But for short bursts of static
And she sleeps in a house
That once too had a name

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