

Maximo Park

"Mary O'Brien"

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Bottle blonde, until the end.
Ground down, but not out.
Found fame, faded away,
But came back, influence rubs off,
whether appropriate or not.

A less than perfect splint,
She lifts the cup to her lips,
She tries to force it back,
something in her gut starts to react.

Definitely, or it must be,
Definitely, or it must be.

Cheap crockery that was tipped,
from the top of the stairs,
what did you do that for?
Easily strayed, unafraid,
Can't turn back, starting to crack,
Her mascara is streaming, but the guests are not
leaving.

A less than perfect splint,
She lifts the cup to her lips,
She tries to force it back,
and something in her gut starts to react.

I don't really know if I want to be,
Part of this world, but I must be.
I'm none of the above.

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