

## Lorraine Feather "Off-the-grid Girl"

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OFF-THE-GRID GIRL

Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

He packed his bags in Bellingham,  
Took the water taxi to where I am.  
Weâ€™d lie by the brook; his yellow dog,  
Chasing butterflies while I wrote my blog.  
It warned the outside world to stay away,  
To stay away.  
He would never pass the deep, dark winter here.  
He made that clear.

Weâ€™ve got these rats as big as cats,  
Slugs as long as your arm,  
A nasty nest of rattlesnakes  
Down by the onion farm.  
We brought them in to eat the rats,  
Which, as I stated, are big as cats.  
All they did was multiply and grow.  
Itâ€™s a very scary place to be,  
Unless youâ€™re an off-the-grid girl  
Like me.

Forget about the ferry route;  
It wonâ€™t be dropping you here.  
Forget those touched-up listings  
On the walls of Windermere,  
Or Coldwell Banker, or John L. Scott.  
One barren plot is all weâ€™ve got.  
Extended stays are scarcely apropos,  
Though thereâ€™s a cabin in the shadow of the  
penitentiary,  
Just right for an off-the-grid girl  
Like me.

Itâ€™s curtains for our aquifer.  
Salt pours from every tap.  
Not much can grow but nettles,  
And theyâ€™ll sting you in a snap,  
But if youâ€™re coming anyhow,  
Get all your vaccinations now.  
Iâ€™ll tell you something

(Keep it on the down-low.):

Thereâ€™s a nasty pox for which thereâ€™s no  
immunity,  
Unless youâ€™re an off-the-grid girl  
Like me.

Iâ€™ve kept his books beside the bed.  
Iâ€™ve let him stay inside my head.  
Heâ€™d walk by the table where I sold  
The beets of purple, the plums of gold.  
I guessed a Harvard cap and gown.  
I knew he played his money down.

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