

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

"Scattered Pearls"

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the clasp broke at the disco Mom I'm sorry
and the older men who hit on Becky
nearly broke their necks on scattered pearls
and we searched the best we could
for two entire songs we knelt & felt along
the place where we had stood

but we only found 7 of Grandmother's pearls

and as we rode the bus home I thought surely
I'd wake up tomorrow just to find
that I had dreamed up everything
there'd still be pearls on a string
I wouldn't smell like smoke and I'd still
have the cash that I had spent on drinks

oh I feel as scattered as Grandmother's pearls

Mom don't cry they're only pearls

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