

## **Pain**

# **"One-Legged Girl"**

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Behind the counter stood on crutches made of wood  
A one-legged girl with blue-grey eyes, warm and wise.  
I fled from that place and from that lovely face  
That the one-legged girl stole my heart and I need  
help.  
Cold November morning, buried under trees.  
I would stay here all day long except I have to eat.  
Crack the woods, crack them open both with shovels  
and yells.  
Got to find little people, got to ask for their help.  
And I tell them  
If I could run fast, as fast as the Flash  
Or be as cool as Ash in Army of Darkness.  
If I were a Gai-King or maybe a Viking,  
Stronger than the Thing then I could win the one-  
legged girl.  
Getting close to nighttime, running out of steam.  
By now I know my family's looking and they'll know  
right where I'll be.  
Spy the eyes in the twilight, small and bright, warm and  
wise.  
Little hats, little fingers, and a flask full of wine.  
And I'd tell them  
If my hand were wheels and if my feet were wheels  
Then I could roll over all of my rivals.  
If I could cast a spell or do something swell  
So that she could tell I was worth her attention.  
Arms drag me away.  
The little eyes wink out.  
Stuffed inside my pocket is a flask of wine.  
Now I can run as fast as the Flash  
Or be as cool as Ash in Army of Darkness.  
Now I'll be a Gai-King or maybe a Viking,  
Stronger than the Thing.  
Now I can win the one-legged girl!

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