

Arms

"Ana M"

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I was born custodian of the summer
And summer eats the hope of feckless boys
When quiet beats collided there was noise
In darkened rooms they whisper fears and joys

Out there on the dance floor there's a blue unbroken
line
Me and Martha Ana, we used to cross it all the time

I took near seven years of pictures
You look the same in every single one
There's something in the way your tongue extends
A precious few deserved compliments

Out there on the highway there's a yellow dotted line
Me and Martha Ana, we used to cross it all the time

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