

## Cassino

# "New Jerusalem"

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She keeps a bottle hanging like religion  
Right underneath the bed  
She pours it in the sheets and vents...  
Combats the awful things we did

Snakes and Plagues and her former slaves  
Are arising from the dead...  
She grinds her heels as we bottom out...  
... the horrible years we were fed...

And as the lights double back again...  
We curse the man who invented them

I see a little bit of you in everything  
Blowing up like jerusalem in me  
How I'm in love with everything...  
The girl with the golden back

Give me love in a telescope

And beat your heart like a marching band  
Oh I could bludgeon it  
Or bottle it...  
Or beat it back to bed...

But bleeding bleeds much safer streets  
So pick up that bandaged dress...  
And put the polish down  
And leave the crooked ground...  
You look infinite at best...

And as time gives god a rest...  
We better bind our better halves...

I store a little bit of heaven everywhere  
Even with the cabinets so dirty and bare  
How I'm in love with everything  
The Girl with the golden back

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