

Possum Dixon "Invisible"

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Airports lines
I wish it was summertime
But it's Sunday night
And flight five-five-seven's arrived

She tells me
She's filled buildings with history
On 22nd Street
She's not invisible

My head aches
Echo park turns to silver lake
Where Millie's diner
Is closed today

I like the taste of chocolate cake
I close my eyes and I masturbate
I close the door because I'm afraid
He'll see me, I'm bored

She thinks of big blue whales
While she's biting her fingernails
She writes plays
I read paperbacks

They've just begun
3D picnics, electric sun
I don't care
Where you're coming from

He's up there on the 8th floor
And he's falling from the speakers
And his head's smashed
To the grounds

And every time you leave me
Call to love you
But I gotta go
Just watch me drown

And if someday's dry
We're going to Ransburg

It's hotter
Than hell there

We're invisible
And we're bullet-proof
We're invisible
And we're bullet-proof

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