

## **Amanda Palmer "Slide"**

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What is past...  
What is past...  
what is past...

Monachial dreams and a puddle of light  
And a red little girl's at the top of a slide  
And an an orange old man at the bottom  
Wants to take her for a ride

As she slips and she tumbles the orange man mumbles  
Pennies fall out of the sky  
She could say that her dream's the american one  
But she'd know it was a lie

She's a third the down and her skirts are yanked up  
And her little girl cheeks start to wrinkle  
But her smile is white and her legs are spread wider  
Her hair growing long  
And her hips  
Getting larger  
Past  
Getting brighter  
Light  
Growing weaker

She is halfway down now but the man is impatient  
He tugs at his watchchain  
Today he'll be late  
But she's coming  
She's coming

She's coming

Who taught the fingers  
The fingers of the little girl  
Who taught the fingers  
Of the little girl on the swingset

As she starts to draw nearer the view becomes clearer  
The splinters are painful but she doesn't feel it  
The pennies were loaded and as they exploded  
She starts to spin out of control

Her eyes are now closing  
Her sleeves are unrolling  
Up past her head  
And her veins are all showing  
Not that she noticed  
Her senses are focuses on  
One old man who's laughing  
Who's laughing  
Who's laughing

Don't worry, I've got you  
Don't worry, I've got you  
Don't worry, I've got you  
Don't worry, I've got you

The orangeman got you

What is past...  
What is past...  
What is past...

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