

Ryan Malcolm

"The Dead Girl"

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The dead girl mopes through a dead scene
With a cross-stitched lip she's picking at the seam
She's got bravado she says she's been
Featured in a few magazines
Now outside the bar Hank is straddling a police car
His fingers are purple and numb from circling a crow
bar
Well twenty-four years have made it clear that things
ain't ever what they
Appear
He says
I won't be going easily
No I won't be going lightly
And I won't be going peacefully
No I won't be going innocently
A sweet drink spiked with a speedball
A twenty-foot ladder and a ninety-foot wall
Dark shadows are gathering and swaggering down the
hall
And I know
I won't be going easily
No I won't be going lightly
And I won't be going peacefully
No I won't be going innocently
I won't be going easily
No I won't be going lightly
And I won't be going peacefully
No I won't be going cleanly

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