

Emily Picha

"Nerve"

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Four o'clock
is stirring up a mess in the kitchen
the girl outside makes houses
out of sewer debris
and he walks up along the picket fence
with his hands in his pockets
with his eyes on the west
you've got a lot of nerve
what the hell am I gonna do with this dress
but you know it's absurd
because I've got a ticket to the end.

She's waving her underwear
out the window driving West
they alternate the driving
with hologram hotels
and seedy afternoons
they never mention the rest
but what the pioneers never told you
is that when you see the ocean
you can't drive anymore
so they parked the car
at the cliff
and they peered down at all the little lemmings
who took their lives that way

Chorus

This is no love story with some perpetual ending
this is no day with some real sad news
she says thanks for dragging me out of my kitchen
but if you'll please excuse me
i've got something better to do.

Chorus

top

