

Emily Picha

"Rain Dance"

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Memory was scattered
on a lot of overgrown grass
with her hands glittering in the sun
and the neighborhood kids
were all out on their knees
searching for the last treasures
of the easter egg hunt

but you had a story against
all those delicate knees
you had a gash in your finger
from the night before
and the water is gathered into a tepid pool
and your hands were only reaching out for more

Chorus
there was a rain dance last night
except we were all drunk
and when you opened your eyes you couldn't see
the fever started deep in our throats
and when you came to
you reached out for me

bare feet against a palisade
of wet stinging glass
where the hell do i step next
you've got your questions
but i don't have my answers
ready yet
and i'm going South
You're going to come with me
i know that it's crazy
i know that you're unsure
but i've got nothing to hide this time
the grass is cradling your conscience
the next one's gonna be mine

in the morning we awoke backs up against cold glass
locked out of the house
and seething
memory's in the kitchen righting

the last of her wrongs
and what she wanted to tell you
is that she liked you all along

chorus

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