

Anne Haigis "Move Away Jimmie Blue"

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A struck match faded like a nervous laugh
Beyond the halo of a naked bulb
and your low voice mingles with your other half
Schoolfriends in second-hand clothes
Eventually your world will shrink within four walls
Of neglected debts and stolen stereos

So move away, Jimmy Blue
Before your small, small world turns around
And swallows you

A drunk mother was the cue
For the legendary things that you do
Behind a carnival tent with mud on your face
Behind the old glue factory too

So move away, Jimmy Blue
Before your small, small world turns around
And swallows you
And swallows you

Wet feet visit the same old places
You're finding nothing new
It's a binful of tissues from made-up faces
In a townful of nothing to do
A lovematch with the moon
In a layby, while insects hum and
You got put in the darkness of a woman's womb
Jimmie Blue, Jimmie Blue

So move away, turn around
Move away
Move away Jimmy Blue
Before your small, small town
Turns around and swallows you

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