

Iron Horse

"Girl Inform Me"

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girl inform me all my senses warn me
your clever eyes could easily disguise
some backwards purpose
it's enough to make me nervous.
do you harbor sighs, or spit in my eye

but your lips when we speak
are the valleys and peaks of a mountain range on fire.
so let me walk these coals till you believe
i can cut the mustard well enough
cause you know as soon as breathe we scrutinize

unknown quotients, you must be using potions
how else could you tie my head to the sky
this new convection has left me wondering why
i can't concern myself with ordinary tripe.

like what's this morning's paper got to say
and which brand of coffee to make
this is no umbrella to take into the wind
and before we begin is there nothing to kill this anxiety.

but your lips when we speak
are the valleys and peaks of a mountain range on fire.
so let me walk these coals till you believe
i can cut the mustard well enough
cause you know as soon as breathe we scrutinize
the paint away.

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