

# The Dead Girl

Matthew Ryan

The dead girl mopes through a dead scene  
With a cross-stitched lip she's picking at the seams  
She's got bravado she says she's been  
Featured in a few magazines

Outside the bar Hank is straddling a police car  
His fingers are purple and numb from circling crow bar  
Well, twenty-four years have made it clear  
That things ain't ever what they appear

Now, now, 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 speed ball  
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 cleanly