

She smelled like a thunderstorm
When I met her
Down in the Tenderloin
Sipping tea

Vicodin pills, some scotch
And a sweater
Soon I was feeling
Back on my feet

She lived in a little shack
By the water
The sound of the ships would lull
Us to sleep

A couple of sloths the world
Had forgotten
With nothing but youth
And faraway dreams

After the saints fly home
Solomon resting in his tomb
Paperbacks on a train
Sugarcane fields
All wet with rain

Hurricane lanterns glow
After the rain the boats are slow
I'd rather be left behind
Nothing's as pure
As an empty mind