

When the Curious Girl Realizes She Is Under Glass

Bright Eyes

Tomorrow when I wake up, I'm finding my brother
And making him take me back down to the water
That lake where we sailed, and we laughed with our father
I will not desert him, I will not desert him

No matter, how I may wish for a coffin so clean
Or these trees to undress all their leaves onto me
I put my face in the dirt and then finally I'll see
The sky that has been avoiding me

I started this letter, I'm going to send it to Ruba
It'll be blessed by her eyes, on the gulf coast of Florida
With her feet in the sand and one hand on her swimsuit
She'll recite the prayer of my pen

Saying, "Time take us forward, relief from this longing
They can land that plane on my heart, I don't care
Just give me November, the warmth of a whisper
In the freezing darkness of my room"

But no matter, what I would do in an attempt to replace
All these pills that I take, trying to balance my brain
See the curious girl with that look on her face
So surprised, she stares out from her display case