

You're Not Even Alive

Jandek

Draw me a wise thin as blood
And I watch it dance on a ballroom floor
Send me peaches from afternoon
I know horses that lie to be damned
Baby I'm blessed with a putty knife
Trying to find a window in the painted sand, oh
It's my duty to find you happy today
Just as I'm tearing your life away
Caught around an avalanche
Look at the snow discolored blanch
I tried to lift you underneath an elm tree
But you wanted to go back
Painting all your treasures black