

Milk and Apples

Jets to Brazil

now she's milk and she's apples
you're scotch and segregation
lips like molasses
you're smiling saccharine sidewalks

crashing the car just to make a connection each week
greasing the palm of the grease monkey keep it discreet

while she types and she answers
you pay for information
wonder what are the chances
just pray there's conversation

taking your faith past her desk on a mid day drive
radio filling aborting your mission drive by

you're in the bathroom playing dead
i just know numbers now i'm feeling
what am i feeling what am i feeling and what i feeling
i can't cut though to you

caught yourself while undressing
nude in a cold reflection
hands probe assessing
slow pills to change the painting

running the ship over rocks as the sirens sing storms
taking the water to heart as you make for the shore

she's milk and apples
and i'm on nine