

# Walk Like Thunder

Kimya Dawson

I have this new tattoo of which the story must be told  
About the night I almost overdosed ten years ago  
I woke up in the hospital with skin clammy and cold  
And tubes in my urethra, down my throat, and up my nose  
My friends and the doctors were all shocked I wasn't dead  
That's when Katrina looked at me and this is what she said

Walk like thunder  
Walk like thunder  
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Walk like thunder

So I walked to the rebel spot, I walked all over uptown  
I walked right side up and I walked upside down  
I walked to Chetzemoka with my eyes fixed on the ground yeah  
We walked all over Chetze Beach and kept the rocks we found  
Then I walked back to my parents' house, I walked back to my old bed yeah  
I walked back and I walked fast past all the voices in my head  
I walked with the sweats and I walked with the chills  
I walked in New York City and I walked in Bedford Hills  
I walked into open mic nights and I walked into the rooms  
I walked feeling optimistic and I walked feeling doomed  
I walked with some mama's boys and I walked with some punks  
I walked dressed up like a rabbit, I walked dressed up like a skunk  
I walked with some givers and I walked with some leeches  
I walked all by myself and I walked with the Moldy Peaches  
I walked all over the world so I could sing my songs to you  
And to your most desperate emails I said, "This is what I do."

I Walk like thunder  
Walk like thunder  
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But at some point I got so comfortable  
That I didn't even realise that I'd started to crawl  
That my old friend Ammi died at 37 of a heart attack  
And I cracked cause people my age are not supposed to die like that  
No no no no people my age are not supposed to die like that  
He was the old manager of the sidewalk café  
That place was a second home to me, it's where I learned to play  
And his personality really helped create a space  
Where a bunch of honest misfits could all gather and feel safe  
He was a cynic, a supporter, he was crazy, he was queer  
He'd either yell out, "Cut the bullshit" or he'd say, "I'm glad you're here."  
"

And it was always such an honour to have Ammi on my side  
That's why it hit me like a Mack truck when I found out that he died  
Yeah, it hit me like a Mack trucks when I found that he died  
Then enter Alex, 33 years old and so sick with the cancer  
And trapped inside a body that betrayed his real gender  
We all hoped and prayed that he would go into remission  
At least long enough, just long enough to comeplete his transition  
He said, "Kimya, did you know Eleventeen's my favourite song?"  
I said, "Then get your ass on stage right now and you can sing along."  
That's the very first song I ever wrote all by myself  
It's about angels and recovery and friends and hope and health

By the time we finished singing he was pissed off, he was scared  
He said, "I lost my home, my lover, my insurance, and my hair.  
And now I'm about to lose you too, my new friend."  
I looked into those big blue eyes and said we'll meet again  
Yeah I looked into his sad blue eyes and said we'll meet again  
Then I got the phone call from Alyssa and she told me he was dying  
By the time I got to his bedside we were both already flying  
We held hands and we sang songs, tried to be strong floated around  
While I cursed the skin that he was in for all the ways it had let him down  
Yeah I cursed the skin that he was in for all the ways it had let him down  
But at the same time I was taking my own body for granted  
First I lost sight of my feet then they became unplanted  
And I never felt so stupid or so selfish or so sad yeah  
I body had been good to me and I treated it so bad yeah  
My body had been good to me and I treated it so bad  
Then he said, "Mama, I don't want my friends to watch me die."  
So I kissed his cheek, made him a shirt, and then I said goodbye  
And they cremated him in the shirt that I drew  
Of the two of us that said they're flying over you too  
Now the silver pink ponies have my homie in their crew  
So I tightened up my laces and knew what I had to do

I started walking again, I started walking again  
I miss my friends  
I started walking again, I started walking again  
I miss my friends

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[?] creeps as a habit predisposed  
To systematically clinging together in the cold  
Know the measure of a pack, it's not a question of the whole  
The individuals that bottleneck into the fold  
On a March blank Sabbath, news from the ministry of make-  
believe that reach a tarmac in Minneapolis  
Middle see, yesterday the cells inside his chest were growing baby teeth  
Today a raven radiated vacancy  
Wait, two years ago a friend of mine called me to redefine all enemy-kind  
I'm at the hospital at twenty-four and no one knew the future  
I'll take it everybody knows the future  
Antibodies hatching in a helaback with no room to maneuver  
Like disappearing pills into the masticated fuchsia  
I asked you how you feeling, you told me like a robot  
I gave you a Nintendo, you gave yourself a mohawk  
You let us will you down beneath the leaning tower of flow charts  
To be around your beats without a beeping sound of Bogart  
And speak about whatever people speak about  
When nobody's acknowledging the obvious disease about the crowbar  
In deep plane slope, comatose of baggage  
From King of Hearts to carrying for jackals

And never got to sing us all his own swan song right  
Coincidentally the rebel in me warped like thunder

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