

Rose-Colored Times

Lisa Loeb

those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.
those were rose-
colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.

shabby tried to comb her hair with the gift from her grandma, her blood.
tangled she got halfway.
sticky and powdered with dirt from the ground where her mamma had left her.
had left her.
left her.

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rusty the screen door, she opened it.
raised from the ground.
mamma left me her ring, mamma left me no family,
just barstools, and boyfriends, and whiskey at nighttime, and bedtime,
bedtime.

i'll go with the man who looks like my father,
the neighbors all tell me to go with him.
he better take caution, he better take care of me,
'cause if he don't, he better beware of me.

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