

Seatbelt Hands

Listener

She's the kind of lady that calls everybody baby
honey, sugar, sweetie, she's always making friends
and she keeps us all locked outside her thick leather skin
she always starts with a smile, it's small and butter yellow
but easier than a handshake, doesn't like her hands touched
she tans alot, gets burnt alot smoking through the cartons
but then gets put out so much, she's considered a bargain
she was born on the fourth of july with her hand on her heart
loves america, & being patronized, no one ever told her to guard her heart
she was an angel for halloween once, but never again
and for christmas ever year she's haunted by demons
they always tell her they love her.

she used to believe in innocence until she lost it
and spent a long summer, riding the trains
she has cats and collectors plates to keep her sane
watching TV in her favorite chair...both of which are rented
she's alone, and surrounds herself with loners
her life is a loan, lent out to anyone who will own her
waiting for the night to sweep her off her feet, while she mops
the bathroom floor
hoping for a winning ticket or a man to treat her right
but they're both a gamble and she's been a loser all her life
and if she had a nickel for every time she's been punched and kicked
she'd put it together with her camel cash, try to buy some happiness
they always tell her they love her, but then they take something from her.

she would always show us her dreams
they were crumpled up like leaves from holding on too tight
scattered in her shoebox coffin on the cardboard walls covered
in butterflies
she's got love in her heart for her babies, and hope in her mind for tomorrow
and blood on her hands that only she sees, holding the last bit
of time that's borrowed
but you never know where that heart has been, and we'll never know how hard it's been
I wanna cut open my chest and let her in, but that won't fix what needs to mend
and she stands there unlit cigarette in hand
filling up that empty hole with anything that'll pour
insides hanging out like a flare, warning.
there's beauty in that pain, can you see it?
she's crashing through life with seat belt hands

one accident away from a miracle
and there's an honesty there, but I can't take it all in
she hides the worst of it in the wrinkles
that's the ache you get when there's no where else to go.
and she's got no where else to go, she doesn't want to go there
.
so I promise I'll go with her.