

Worry

Little Comets

Her silhouette is bleaker than a cigarette
On a Tuesday morn when I feel humanity slip
from broken hands down to her hips
Realizing lethargy in both her eyes
And as the sun emancipates the dawn
her tanlines cackle with the power of the allegory.

For a man, he's deeper than the sundarbans
And the whistful way that he could hold her stare
Leaves heartache hanging in the swollen air

And as they fall apart in separate beds
he carves forever in the cheap wooden bedstead

Realize bitterness in both her eyes
and the way his words could strip
the walls she's climbing

(Oh at the end oh no oh?)
I worry about the way she lay
(Oh at the end oh no oh?)
too much worry, worry, worry, worry.
[repeat]

He holds her down, everything is anguish now
With the shallowness of every breath
He waits until she is bereft

Realize, nothingness in both her eyes
and the way his words have stripped
the walls she's climbing

(Oh at the end oh no oh?)
I worry about the way she lay
(Oh at the end oh no oh?)
too much worry, worry, worry, worry.