

## 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.