

Bookworm

Margot & the Nuclear So and So's

I'm in a book,
for you to read and then throw out.
I wasn't born,
I was just dropped into your arms.
Well mom I've been bad,
and I want to come home.

And you couldn't breathe,
with all those doctors at your side.
But you're talking to me,
saying I wish that I had died.
'Cause I'm being prodded,
crushed in your hands,
and I want to come home on the F train.

And you were just a paper boat,
floating through the gutter.
Lost at sea,
you drift to me,
and into someone's nightmares.
A home is a highway,
your pillows a rock,
I'm in a rusted car,
bound to get lost