

Wrong French

Piano Magic

And there were those films,
made in the Seventies
where dolls ran through fields,
late at night, after men/
His shirt is my dress
I lost my knees and hands
He drowned my make-up in the white sand
And I'm too tiny for a heart this big
It swells like an ocean
It's breaking the jail of ribs
And he said it won't hurt
And he said it won't hurt
And he said it won't hurt
- a lie the size of the sky
And this hotel is dusty
and he's locked the door
and the sea's gone so far out
I can't see it anymore
I was baking when he kissed me
I put flour in his hair
He rolled me like a bottle,
whispering wrong French
in my ear