

Rusty the Skatemaker

Rasputina

She was born in an oil-drum South side of Chicago
When East St. Louis was not far away
She'd lace knives to her boots and go down to the riverbed
Skate around and around till the night became day

The cannery fellows would follow her everywhere
From the grocery store to the B.Q.E.
With their hearts all aglow from her icy back at you stare
Then her teeth became tight when her eyes couldn't see

And she told herself that this was enough
For a girl who was born in an oil drum
She had her skates didn't need lots of stuff
She didn't need it but she still wanted some

She had one thing that she liked and she kept around
She would take it with her to the riverbed
As she skated around she always thought of a pretty sound that
she heard as a girl in her mother's bed
The sound of some breathing another breath in and out when some
lungs expand and contract like they do
And she looked at herself in the ice of the riverbed and she saw
a girl one which she could see through

And she told herself that this was enough
For a girl who was born in an oil drum
She had her skates didn't need lots of stuff
She didn't need it but she still wanted some
she still wanted some she still needed some
she still wanted some she still needed some
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