## **Braille**

## **Regina Spektor**

She was lying on the floor and counting stretch marks She hadn't been a virgin and he hadn't been a god So she named the baby Elvis To make up for the royalty he lacked

And from then on it was turpentine and patches From then on it was cold Campbell's from the can And they were just two jerks playing with matches 'Cause that's all they knew how to play

And it was raining cats and dogs outside of her window And she knew they were destined to become sacred road kill on t he way And she was listening to the sound of heavens shaking Thinking about puddles and, puddles and mistakes

'Cause it's been turpentine and patches It's been cold, cold Campbell's from the can They were just two jerks playing with matches 'Cause that's all they knew how to play When they knew how to play

Elvis never could carry a tune She thought about this irony as she stared back at the moon She was tracing the years with her fingers on her skin Saying why don't I begin again

With turpentine and patches With cold, cold Campbell's from the can After all I'm still a jerk playing with matches It's just that he's not around to play along, yeah

I'm still an asshole playing with candles Blowing out wishes, blowing out dreams Just sitting here and trying to decipher what What's written in Braille upon my skin, oh yeah On this skin

She was lying on the floor and counting stretch She was lying on the floor and counting stretch She was lying on the floor, lying, lying, lying and counting st retch