

Three times dark, first in the mind.
Second on Java street, the dead car there.
The hood blown off with a BB gun.
Manuela said she saw the brakes fail.
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An empty body but it still bled
Oil from the axle and it left a trail.
Ran down Java street and formed a pool.
Manuela saw the moon in there.
Manuela saw the moon in there.

I hear a rumbling.
I hear transmission grind.
I bear witness.
I have the clutch now.

Three times dark, third on the rooftops;
Man jumps between and grabs the rail.
Man pulls the door but the door is locked.
Man gouge the hinge and goes down the stairs.
Man gouge the hinge and goes down the stairs.
Dull bright morning and the tools are gone.
Detectives with flashlights in the elevator shaft.
Manuela tells detectives she saw him there.
Stuck in the hinge is a sliver of a fingernail.
Stuck in the hinge is a sliver of a fingernail.

Stack of tools in the Oldsmobile.
From the Motor City to the City of Dis.
They trace his travel by his credit card.
No sleep, smokes, and he's nauseous.
No sleep, smokes, and he's nauseous.
Flicks an ash like a wild loose comma.
Ash hits the oil around the pump.
Travels to the pump and the pump explodes.
Witness said he saw the car jump.
Witness said he saw the car jump.