

My sister had a nursery rhyme  
set of figurines  
she'd often let me play with them, I'd  
set 'em up in different scenes  
fifty plastic army men, led by superman  
destroyed the ranks of mother goose  
mary and her little

Lamb slips away and catches  
sister getting real  
and I can too, as long as I don't  
make a sound

When we were real and we were in love  
with everyone and everything, I guess it  
was the beauty of  
bluebird clears his throat of phlegm  
and static singing operatic

Evening comes, and the butterflies are

Bats eat the spider that had saddled up  
beside her  
and the dish, his lovin' spoon were  
never found  
and I'm taking flight seeking relief, the  
lure of handkerchief so white  
I chase it straight into the ground