

This Girl Is Taking Bets

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This girl is a stencil of a brushstroke in the rain
She's a ghost of the city, she's a body through the windscreen
This girl is the snowfall where the spring should have been
She's the stains on the pages of a top shelf magazine
This girl is a black eye, she's a bruise on your knee
She's the ashes of the people that you really meant to be
This girl's the resurrection, she's the comeback
She's the absinthe in whiskey she is poetry and Prozac

This girl is taking bets, this girl's a silhouette, can't you see?

This girl is the flutter of fake lashes in the mirror
She's a ragged edged fedora or a Spanish souvenir
This girl is the clean cut, she's the frozen ground
She's a knife drawn down the side street when there's no-one else around

This girl's a forged ticket to a Lloyd Webber show
She's the far end of the graveyard up where the nettles grow
This girl is the rainbow in the dewy eyed stares
She's the name tag on the toe of your long dead love affairs

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This girl is the wild smile, the icy stare
She's the crackle of the static, she's the curses, she's the prayers

This girl is the junkie in the children's matinee
She's the 4 minute warning, she is hell to pay

This girl is the plunge pool she is cocaine and Kodak
Now she's out setting sail on the ocean of the soundtrack
This girl is the shaking hand, the rattling cup
With a button and a note saying things are looking up