

# In a Chinese Alley

Cass McCombs

In a Chinese alley  
In February  
I found a frozen girl  
Naked  
Under ice

In a Chinese alley  
In February  
You can find all sorts of things  
Like a box  
Inside a box  
Inside another box

Dry cleaner window  
Covered in a film  
Of white  
Chemical salt  
Black exhaust

Brigid straddled  
Her space heater  
On her leg  
A handmade tattoo  
Of a straight line

She tells me not to  
Belabor too long  
Why the cold  
Gets me hard as a statue

She hanged by a tune  
Above the organ  
"A tune for we have  
Nothing else"  
Singing sweet  
Mediterranean  
While her universe  
Went missing

You got to make your own music  
From inside a Chinese box  
We sipped on the fell laughter  
Of green tea

Nobody staying  
Too long  
There at  
The crossroads  
Drone taxis  
Pointed in the direction  
Of a bridge  
To evil

Goodnight love  
Love goodnight  
Goodnight love  
Love goodnight