

The Dead Girl

Matthew Ryan

The dead girl mopes through a dead scene
With a cross-stitched lip she's picking at the seams
She's got bravado she says she's been
Featured in a few magazines

Outside the bar Hank is straddling a police car
His fingers are purple and numb from circling crow bar
Well, twenty-four years have made it clear
That things ain't ever what they appear

Now, now, he says, "I won't be going easily
No, I won't be going lightly
And I won't be going peacefully
No, I won't be going innocently"

A sweet drink spiked with a speed ball
A twenty foot ladder and a ninety foot wall
Dark shadows are gathering
And swaggering down the hall

And I know, I won't be going easily
No, I won't be going lightly
And I won't be going peacefully
No, I won't be going cleanly