

# Terminally Chill

Neon Indian

Just asleep, she's been waiting to creep  
For a long time  
Friendly eyes, so small, they rise  
From the waist line

In dreams came callipygous things  
To my bedside  
And shrimped so she's pullin' the plugs  
To the outside

Like the days when the lovesick haze  
Chemical fried  
Lock your face, point to minimum waits  
Friends to decide

Mostly nights when your perfumes hide  
To my eye  
On all my soup we caught  
In the tide