

## Salvation

Aimee Mann

The carbon on the fingerprint  
that's lifted from the lighter's flint,  
that caused another smoker's squint,  
who sees the point but not the light;

Salvation

And rabble-rousing diatribes  
revealing more for what it hides,  
who plays a little off the sides,  
who swears they can sin in spite  
Of salvation

The gavel of the auctioneer  
The bureau with the cracked veneer  
It's going, going, gone but you're not here.  
So I laughed until I cried,  
then I chose another side  
when you asked me to decide  
between you and staying alive.

The horoscope says let it go,  
the devil is the one you know,  
the one you love's a domino,  
A bull with glass and diamond eyes,  
And salvation

But everywhere is two way glass  
and double locks and easy pass,  
turn oxygen to laughing gas,  
give skeletons for Valentine's.  
Salvation

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