

Saint Lorraine

Aloha

I've got the gawks and I am picking up your quirks
Not another dead bird!
You catch all but the gulls
There's enough oil here to slick back our stray hairs forever

Lorraine, they say
Your gray is grace
And your decay will wash away
Lorraine, your rain has bleary eyes
Blinking for the skyline

Shelter is easy but it's home you can't find
At least it takes time
I've got the fear and I am tugging at your sleeve
Not another dead word!
You will kill nonsense dead
There's enough sulk here to swallow the youngest tear
In clouds forever

Never seen a shooting star
Mistaken for a meteor
From the crowded Erie shore
There you were

I've got the shakes
And I am praying for your grace
Quickly, before I move away
You're a karma bomb

There's not enough movement here to fuse rivers and divisions for a minute
Lest forever

Lorraine, they call you here
You're supposed to see it
That the city makes its own stars
They catch fire

There's hope in your shadows
Dark only in the sickest ways
If we squint 'til the heavens are clear
You'll be near
I come to you bearing plenty
All of it worthless probably
Can you take the worst from me?
Can you take the fool out of me?

Lorraine, I'd say
Your gray is grace
And your nasty will vindicate