

Slide

Amanda Palmer

What is past...
What is past...
what is past...

Monachial dreams and a puddle of light
And a red little girl's at the top of a slide
And an an orange old man at the bottom
Wants to take her for a ride

As she slips and she tumbles the orange man mumbles
Pennies fall out of the sky
She could say that her dream's the american one
But she'd know it was a lie

She's a third the down and her skirts are yanked up
And her little girl cheeks start to wrinkle
But her smile is white and her legs are spread wider
Her hair growing long
And her hips
Getting larger
Past
Getting brighter
Light
Growing weaker

She is halfway down now but the man is impatient
He tugs at his watchchain
Today he'll be late
But she's coming
She's coming
She's coming

Who taught the fingers
The fingers of the little girl
Who taught the fingers
Of the little girl on the swingset

As she starts to draw nearer the view becomes clearer
The splinters are painful but she doesn't feel it
The pennies were loaded and as they exploded
She starts to spin out of control

Her eyes are now closing
Her sleeves are unrolling
Up past her head
And her veins are all showing
Not that she noticed
Her senses are focuses on
One old man who's laughing
Who's laughing
Who's laughing

Don't worry, I've got you
Don't worry, I've got you
Don't worry, I've got you
Don't worry, I've got you

The orangeman got you

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