

In a Chinese Alley

Cass McCombs

In a Chinese alley
In February
I found a frozen girl
Naked
Under ice

In a Chinese alley
In February
You can find all sorts of things
Like a box
Inside a box
Inside another box

Dry cleaner window
Covered in a film
Of white
Chemical salt
Black exhaust

Brigid straddled
Her space heater
On her leg
A handmade tattoo
Of a straight line

She tells me not to
Belabor too long
Why the cold
Gets me hard as a statue

She hanged by a tune
Above the organ
"A tune for we have
Nothing else"
Singing sweet
Mediterranean
While her universe
Went missing

You got to make your own music
From inside a Chinese box
We sipped on the fell laughter
Of green tea

Nobody staying
Too long
There at
The crossroads
Drone taxis
Pointed in the direction
Of a bridge
To evil

Goodnight love
Love goodnight
Goodnight love
Love goodnight