In a Motel

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

And so I left when I was just a boy.
I swore I'd simply do it all over again.
And now up the hill with snow-bit,
blue-tipped fingers, blood from falling,
but I can't go back there no more

In frozen poses, venues lined with pillows, Atlas shouldered some silly blunder or other You ask for more than this, but I don't know what more than this is.

Is it a motel, with a fashion magazine, in between towns?
I was thinking about my mother and I wished ill upon myself.

Rachel don't come around here no more. I hear she's living in Montana with her brother. I wish her the best, and I hope she can forget me.

But the ghost that comes around is a dead-ringer for her. I see her in my nightmares, discussing modern literature with her hands around my neck

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with a fashion magazine
in between towns.
I was thinking about my mother
and I wished ill upon myself.