

# Suicide Demo For Kara Walker

Destroyer

Brown paper bag, don't stop me now,  
I'm on a roll.  
Plain brown wrapper in your pocket.  
Is it still the invisible man you're consorting with,  
Woman?

Now that you got it all...wrong...  
You got it all...Backwards Girl.  
Enter through the exit and exist through the entrance  
When you can.  
Seen you consort with your invisible manhole.

Fool child, you're never gonna make it.  
New York City just wants to see you naked  
(And they will).  
Though they'd never say so.  
Wise, old, black and dead in the snow:  
My southern sister...

"Sister, Sister" was the name of the band.  
Flesh and blood, my death close at hand! Sister,  
This is not about me and it's not about you, I swear!  
No hard feelings, nothing personal, soft sculpture rides the air,  
For free...

Words words words...  
Longings longings longings...  
All in vain...  
Just ask Vanity, abandoned out in the rain  
By the world, another proud American...

And as proud Americans, we let it slide...away...  
Harmless little Negress,  
You got to say yes  
To another excess...  
Let's go for a ride today...

In possession of eyes, that's it...  
In possession of eyes, that's it...  
A southern bunkhouse, blue skies up above,  
A kindly figure of feminine grace and wit passes for love,  
These days...

All that slender-wristed white translucent business  
Passes for love, these days...  
Mushhead genius  
Passes for love, these days...

Four more years... Four more years...  
Four hundred more years of this shit  
(Fuck it)!  
I look up I see the North Star, I look up I see the North Star  
When I look up at the bar through these tears...

Four white pillars, Yankee-style...  
All of America loves to light his pipes...  
All of America live to light his pipe at night...

To which Dixie responds - "Freeeee..."

Me..."

And unlashes his sashes...

Again...

Maybe or maybe not ("fast forward" she said)...

Maybe once the seed is sown ("fast forward" she said)...

"This bird has flown south," she said.

"Don't talk about the south," she said.

It's not you, it's nothing personal,

No hard feelings, nothing's there...

Soft sculpture rides hard on the air...

Now that you got it all...wrong...

You got it all...backwards girl...

Enter through the exit and exit through the entrance...

When you can...