

Engine

Dog Slaughter Beach

When they stole that van
From in front of my house
There was a part of me tied to the engine
Maybe I was the engine
Dragging those boys through the desert
Tumbleweeds in my hubcaps
Tambourine shoved in the driveshaft
Good chords locked in the glovebox

Pull it all downstairs
In the red light bar
On the carpeted Stage
The ceiling comes down to my ballcap
Outside the air weighs a hundred pounds
Bridesmaids pour out of the bar doors
Everything black but the concrete

You take the front seat
I'll try to drive
It's hard enough singing
When the hotel chokes on your memories
Maybe let's watch The Sopranos
Maybe let's order Chinese
The laundry machine isn't breathing

I write about Julie
In a little white chair
There's nothing for music
There's styrofoam crushed in the garbage
Someone says let's get a move on
Aw man I'm just gettin my groove on
There's sleeping bags over their shoulders

I thought you were crying
You said you through
For good, nothing funny
It always goes that way this time
San Francisco in the nighttime
Pacing outside of the grocery store
Saying I can't do this

We went in the woods
It was just me and you
The river was dry
You pulled me down under the water
Funny what makes you feel cared for
Funny how well I remember
What a relief to be grateful
The blood leaks right out of my body
Right out of my body

At the family reunion
Above ground pool
There were uncles all over
Nieces on edges of buildings
Peering down into the party
Barbecue breath on their pink tongues

Lemonade stains on their tank tops

We went away to a coat room
Lay still there under a window
Called out the names of your brothers
The truth is I live to roll over