

Owl's Head Park

Eleanor Friedberger

I heard they got used bicycle parts down in Coney Island
There's a Russian there who makes them out on Surf Avenue
I chose my seat and my wheels, one pink and one white
He said come back in an hour, but I got nothing to do
I gave him sixty bucks, I guess they must've been stolen, maybe found
Finally they found their way back to me or you

I don't know the way from Owl's Head Park
I don't know the name of Owl's Head Park
You know it only rains in Owl's Head Park
The win feels just the same

I only took one picture that day
It's me on the bike posing next to a white Lamborghini on Manhattan Avenue
In front of that tiny, tiny restaurant
Where we had dinner and watched TV
Was hanging from the ceiling in the corner
I strained my neck to see
It's the only photo I have of that bike on that day
The boys on the F train said that frame was fresh
It was the color blue
But I didn't know my way so I couldn't get home to you
I didn't know my way so I couldn't ride home to you
I had to connect!

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But it came to me in a fever dream
You're only here for two days, so it seems
I don't know the way from Owl's Head Park, it's the same
I couldn't find my way back from the beach that day
Some say it's Bath Beach, some say it's Dyker Heights
I imagine Governor's Island is Shutter Island
I imagine Christopher Walken as a dancer named Ryan
It just don't seem right!
It just don't seem right
Why I make the most of the dream
It just don't seem... it just don't seem right

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