

# Poor Girl A Long Way From Heaven

Ezra Furman

The human mind is a pile of shit  
New life takes root in it  
Grows into the most complicated formations  
With stunning colors and branches reaching up  
Toward the heaven that they long to touch  
Trying to get just a brief audience with the sun

They wanna ask the sun to shine down  
And warm the pile of shit they come from  
These desperate sprouts all clustered around  
Like a gospel choir  
With their arms raised up

Poor girl a long way from heaven  
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April 4th, 1993:  
God came down to talk with me  
Threw a stone at my window to get my attention  
She motioned to me to climb down my wall  
I shook my head. I was afraid to fall  
I was young and I didn't wanna trouble my mother

And now I am a wretched old crone  
Who swears that God once came to her home  
I keep a lone candle burning upon my little windowsill  
So she knows I'm home

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How they'll talk about you  
How they'll spill your blood  
How they'll love you when you're gone for good