

Slow Burn

Ezra Furman

Carving a name in a bar of soap
I look to the sky with a deathless hope
I hang on a hook just in back of my eyes
I drip on the floor as I shrivel in size

I am the girl in the brown paper slacks
Librarian tucked away deep in the stacks
Doomed and determined, I wait in the wings
I shout to the sky when the telephone rings

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Fire and brimstone are all that I know
Angels are shapes that we made in the snow
Giant white clouds and harps and white garments
These are a part of a separate department

I am the girl in the burning red sweater
Who goes to the doctor but doesn't feel better
Tied up and squirming, shouting the name
Working a job, smoldering and so tame

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