

Went To LA

Frances Quinlan

Yes I still worry about it
Out of self-preservation
Did I begin with tenderness
The cannibal dragged his son into the kitchen
Outside the deaf man fled the barn
Abandoning every father's image

Sure, sure I went to LA
Together with my maid
She was awful quiet
Her hands were shaking in the donkey's mane
I went to LA
Searching for my own face
I couldn't find it
In the dry toothy maw of the lake

Heaven is a second, heaven is a second (chance)
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Heaven is a second, heaven is (chance)

Thought you summoned horses
Thought you summoned childhood
Oh the humiliation of having been perfectly understood
If I could observe beyond every open mouth
Men always end up telling you the truth
I can see it now, see it now

Every night is a lesson
Down a long hallway
Good God, this house
Get me away

Sure, sure, sure I went to LA
What other choices could I make?
I sing along the road
An idiotic smile on my face
I went to LA
It was easy in the first place
Wait, wasn't I with a friend?
What difference does it make?

The owner of the laundromat
Gave me a ride home, she said
She saw me come in alone

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Heaven is a second, heaven is a second (chance)
Heaven is a second, heaven is a second chance