

This, Plus Slow Song

Karate

Imagine yourself young,
with pockets full of water.
You haven't learned to hesitate yet.
And the sun beats down
all on your skinny neck,
as we kick around the shore.
You know the rest.

Imagine yourself dumb,
like someone's careless daughter.
You can't remember just what he said,
but it still bears down
all in your pretty head.
You'll never know for sure,
but you give him hell.