

Emily

Lady Lamb

There's a picture that I found
My first car in the falling snow
Seems like yesterday I drove down into low tide
And Isaac snapped a Polaroid of me pretending I was sinking
Pressed against the glass, pleading
I misplaced it but I'm looking

When we are young
If only we could see beyond our fears, where we are free
When we are lonely
If only we could know that in our stillness we are growing

All the portraits we collected
While we were running around in the desert
We were trying to seem fulfilled
To rewrite our New York City narratives
But Emily, we were utterly dejected
We took turns crying on the passenger side of America
Too clouded to be empowered by towering redwoods

When did we lose the ancient truths?
Is it what we're born bending our bodies towards?
How can we spend our lives searching outside of ourselves
For the inner knowledge of our oneness with the world?

Shervin, remember when my car finally quit?
We'd drag our dirty clothes after dark to Lavanderia and wander
Graham Ave
Obsessing over singers we love
I thought I was so alone but now I know I never was
You've always been the Jenny to my Watson Twins
Can't land the harmony but we'll keep singing it
No photographic artifact but here is something better than that

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