

Vena Cava

Lady Lamb

The vena cava, the most superior
The queen
Bringing blood into the chamber
Always into the chamber
And in you it moves the same
Even if you cannot feel how it moves
It does move there in you

I'm awake but I cannot be found
Daydreaming so far, down

And in your arms, I sleep so deeply
But I can feel how you will leave me
Even as you are still sitting here
Even as your mug of coffee steams
I can feel how the seams of your ribs
Will separate from the seams of my ribs
I know already how much TV
Will fail to comfort me in your absence

It's as though the knife, it never was
And everything will do just what it does
Like a bullet in the barrel of a gun
I'm hiding here inside with someone, someone

In your eyestreaks of canary yellow
In that twin bed I lay straight and narrow
In your room on Long Island
I try to keep myself from sighing
While the lilt of your language, it made me think
That I was sinking with the wreckage of that old ship
Even though our love has long been dead
It's ghost will follow to the foot of my deathbed

I ain't no brother, I ain't no son
There ain't no aubergine in my blood
I ain't no warrior or king
But how I am one when I sing
When I sing, sing, sing

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