

## Seatbelt Hands

Listener

She's the kind of lady that calls everybody baby  
honey, sugar, sweetie, she's always making friends  
and she keeps us all locked outside her thick leather skin  
she always starts with a smile, it's small and butter yellow  
but easier than a handshake, doesn't like her hands touched  
she tans alot, gets burnt alot smoking through the cartons  
but then gets put out so much, she's considered a bargain  
she was born on the fourth of july with her hand on her heart  
loves america, & being patronized, no one ever told her to guard her heart  
she was an angel for halloween once, but never again  
and for christmas ever year she's haunted by demons  
they always tell her they love her.

she used to believe in innocence until she lost it  
and spent a long summer, riding the trains  
she has cats and collectors plates to keep her sane  
watching TV in her favorite chair...both of which are rented  
she's alone, and surrounds herself with loners  
her life is a loan, lent out to anyone who will own her  
waiting for the night to sweep her off her feet, while she mops  
the bathroom floor  
hoping for a winning ticket or a man to treat her right  
but they're both a gamble and she's been a loser all her life  
and if she had a nickel for every time she's been punched and kicked  
she'd put it together with her camel cash, try to buy some happiness  
they always tell her they love her, but then they take something from her.

she would always show us her dreams  
they were crumpled up like leaves from holding on too tight  
scattered in her shoebox coffin on the cardboard walls covered  
in butterflies  
she's got love in her heart for her babies, and hope in her mind for tomorrow  
and blood on her hands that only she sees, holding the last bit  
of time that's borrowed  
but you never know where that heart has been, and we'll never know how hard it's been  
I wanna cut open my chest and let her in, but that won't fix what needs to mend  
and she stands there unlit cigarette in hand  
filling up that empty hole with anything that'll pour  
insides hanging out like a flare, warning.  
there's beauty in that pain, can you see it?  
she's crashing through life with seat belt hands

one accident away from a miracle  
and there's an honesty there, but I can't take it all in  
she hides the worst of it in the wrinkles  
that's the ache you get when there's no where else to go.  
and she's got no where else to go, she doesn't want to go there  
.  
so I promise I'll go with her.