

Take Good Care

Lovers

i'm leaving this city before i'm frozen, before i'm stuck here right in place. the highway may be strewn with sin, but it's proven again and again: it's the only way i'm saved. oh, chicago, you're as cold as the heart of the candidate the night of the inauguration. and like him, i don't expect you'll ever understand my situation. i know, like him, your heart don't break. 'cause he grins as he's promising the mess he's gonna make. and then he offers you a handshake, saying, "no blood on my hands today." but when he grins, you see it's his teeth that are blood-stained.

you told me once you were complicated, but i never knew with you what to believe. you said you never give your tricks away for nothing and you always keep something up your sleeve. you say, "this circus has three rings and nobody gets in for free."

now your pretty eyes, don't blink or i've got nothing to look for. your pretty hands, don't put 'em in your pockets or i've got nothing to reach for. your pretty lips, don't turn away. don't pretend you've got nothing to say.

see, mama, she was a poet, and at night she'd recite her best verse. but she said, "crumple this when i go and throw it from the window of my speeding hearse." i had it bad but you have it worse. i had it bad and you have it worse. and she said, "go out now. go out now to the streets, girl. you go out there, now. you write your own life story. and you alone decide if it's gonna be a magazine or poetry."

and your pretty eyes, don't blink or i've got nothing to look for. your pretty hands, don't hide 'em in your pockets or i've got nothing to reach for. your pretty lips, don't turn away. don't pretend you've got nothing to say. you've got a lot to say. you've got a lot to say. you've got a lot to say.

and i wish, always, that i could thank you, but i guess i just don't know how. 'cause you said the best thing i could do for you is to take good care of myself.

and you became a ghost before you wanted and my heart is the home you've haunted. and every time i hear the sirens sing, i feel footsteps inside of me. like your heart beating, like my heart beating, like your heart beating.