

An Ice Age

Neko Case

Somewhere in the ladies' room of my mind
We lay it out on the counter right next to the payphone
Your lipstick is perfect, sha-la-la
So we get straight to it, sha-la-la
You finally tell me what I've known all along
That I'm not natural, or was that you?

But I'm not disturbed by at random, I'm disturbed by tides
They come in no matter who, no matter who
A tide so high you don't notice that you're drinking sea water
Till you see your mother in the brine

Of oily slick communion waves, screaming something she can't say
From her I learned to be cruel
I learned the look that goes right past the ones who love you
As if there's no one standing there

Now I feel as lonely as you must have been then
You said it's nothing to be a pretty girl
This world eats pretty girls like peanuts, you must be singularly one thing
An unbreakable storm of words and feelings
Sha-la-la, actually, that was me
You turn to leave and leave and leave
This was your idea
I still don't know what you wanted from me, I still don't know my place here
You leave and leave and leave
Back into the fractal, mirrored world of us
I hide in the bathroom stall
Till I'm tired enough to just give up
You don't know how it feels

Until you see your mother on the frosty green
A plug-in, blow-mold Virgin Mary to an extension cord
A feeble ransom note placed out for our Lord
"Please don't forget me" Do you realize
You've been screaming at an ice age in the ladies' room?