

## Destination

Neko Case

Hello, stranger  
You remind me of someone, a jangling lust  
Pouncing on a sliver  
Of a dusty pool of light  
Your fire's hue  
Is a maraschino cherry  
A room-temperature eye  
Back-lit by the bar  
Your tongue a chewed straw, you're all period blood and soundcheck blues  
Both armpits ripped and a lucky horseshoe pinball bruise

You're not quite in proportion  
So you've stayed in motion  
Ever since your longing outgrew you  
Stepping and re-stepping until it is a run  
Over and over, on the same platform from where you begun  
Like someday this one-horse town  
Will pull itself out of the station just to follow you around  
You're the real destination

On a boomerang counter  
You crash the keys, "Coffee, please"  
A word of advice, from here in the daylight  
Stay off the high road, it's a sneering code  
It's a lazy border boundary to "I don't wanna know"  
And we never will  
Trash like us  
We can't even spell  
But we're impossible to kill  
Just self-destruct, closing time never comes  
Closing time never comes

You love boys and guitars and girls and trucks  
The way you move fills me with envy and wonder  
You somehow live free of men's eyes?  
Even with a bell on your collar, they don't find or define you  
Slip that noose in an arc so whip-sleek and steady  
You fill me with envy and wonder already  
Somewhere between saying and screaming, you chime

"Oh, I, I'm going to live a real life  
With blood and dirt and the subway for dessert  
'Cause there's a feeling I've never met  
And if it's gonna eat me alive, or use me for its fuse  
I might as well walk it home in time for tomorrow"  
Might as well walk it home in time for tomorrow

Most of all I love you  
Because you don't pretend it doesn't hurt  
Waiting for the world to catch up  
And see you for your worth  
As more than just a neutral tarp to compliment the gleam  
Of some glossy martyr's meat?  
As a contrast high? A graphic feast?  
Your compact in the gutter  
Mingling with the slurry of cigarettes and needles  
As more than a housewife, a has-been, or just somebody's lover

A housewife, a has-been, or just somebody's lover  
A housewife, a has-been, or just somebody's lover  
Closing time never comes  
Closing time never comes

Oh, I, I wanna live a real life  
With blood and dirt and the subway for dessert and more  
So let's tattoo the morning paper to their driveways in our gore  
There's a feeling that I have never met  
And if it eats us alive  
We can still be on time  
For tomorrow