

Other Desert Cities

Parquet Courts

She looked at me like a fry pan reducing
There on the stove, I was lost in the simmer
We made her bed and some eye contact
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Sitting at McDonald's drive table
There were joint crash marks on the surface
She looked at me and said, "This house is haunted"
I looked at her and she knew what I wanted

California came away right
Up for [?] lover's birthday
It was on the wars controlled by
Boredom or personal spy planes

I could not draw the special illusions
Of the town that you were waiting
Was there something you needed to say oh
Was there something you weren't reporting

I was running at the mountain
I was laughing like a hyena
I was crying talking to no one
I was running like a fucking torpedo

She had eyes like a Taco Bell drive-thru
Open late, and there on purpose
I went inside and I said what I wanted
Went to the counter but I got no service

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