

## 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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There on the stove I was lost in the simmer  
We made her bed, and some eye contact  
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