

In a Row

Perfume Genius

Locked inside a moving car
Flopping in the trunk
Going through, I think, a tunnel
Counting every bump

I hear murmurs from the front
Broken up
I don't even know what's going on
Isn't that something?

Take me the long way 'round
Think of all the poems I'll get out
Choking on my spit
It's a serious thing
Finally some meat
Some lines for me
Set them up all nice and in a row

Tracing every lonely mark
On the basement wall
Calling out from every corner
Until somebody comes

This whole thing is so extra
So bizarre
I don't even know what's going on
I hear them coming
I hear them coming

Take me the long way 'round
Think of all the poems I'll get out
Turning on a spit
How sickening
Finally a show with lines for me
Set them up all nice and in a row