

Pretty, Pt. 1

Phosphorescent

Nose on the glass hours pass in the back
Of the only store still open in the city
White flecks of light from the fish flashing by
And you answer with your mouth hung open 'pretty'
There's no reason to be scared
I know that you're always a little scared
And here you count again tonight
Counting all the guts you've left inside
It couldn't change a thing
But I like remembering
That holy scene in lonely New Orleans
You so pretty next to me