

L.A. Beach

Radiation City

Holy holler, in the water
Salt and sand erodes your blistered feet
Holy holler, what a daughter
Leave her breathing underneath the shallow sea
Oxygen is running thin
The icicles grow back here on shore
Coming out for the day
You brought no blanket for us to lay upon
Said your home was the sea
Did you mean to say me
Do you mean to say with medicine
And everything else you put inside my pocket
I'm not better now
Nothing figured out
I'm not better now