

Pink Lightning

Richard Edwards

When I was in the gutter, you were already deeply disturbed
There was that night I swear I heard you say you'd poisoned your father
Between moans
So maybe he was mean and maybe he had a penchant
For back-handing your mother at the mere mention of love gone cold
Like, how was she to know?

But that don't mean it's fine
That don't mean it's fine
That don't mean it's fine
To do whatever you like

When I was in the gutter, you were no longer sober
And I admired the grace
With which you fell off the wagon
Surrounded by the dregs of horny divorcees
Roller-blading busters in their CRVs
Come on, love
Are you gonna give it up, or what?

If I feel no such love
If I feel no such love
Though I am grateful for the shelter
While it holds me in its arms
Oh, but when I feel better
When I feel better
When I feel better
Can't tell me nothin'

So watch me chase the sun and dream that it's over
And I won
But did I love you once?
Not so far from Pismo
And to watch you twirl on the beach
Under pink lightning
Giggling, "we're all just recycling"
Have you dreamt my dream before?

Gee, I don't know
But I'm tired and can no longer perform
But when I was down and out
When I was down and out
When I was down and out
You unbuttoned your blouse