

Never Day

Thurston Moore

She flicked thru bins in trashed
Up finery
East down eyes searching for news
Every once in a while she'd look up
At me
Penniless and pretty, nothing to
Lose

Never ever never day
Curious glance thru cellar haze
The way you dream your wasted night
The never ever never light

Beat up copies of old satellites
Messages beaming dusty blues
Pale white fingers trace the card-
Board lines
And black eyes that steal the noon

Stale and vintage air has drugged
Me down
No escape from her narcotic
Scheme
You touch the letters of a static
Name
Someday I'd like to make that
Scene