

# 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 satelllites  
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