

Off The Rack

Triggerfinger

Through grand magazines who were quick to promote
Her well-stocked euphoria
Through seasonal catalogs
Featuring the latest zigzag, saw tooth, sun-ray
And rectilinear patterns
I picture her against a similiary geometric backroung
Through the smoke and mirrors
She peeled from the pack
I threw it to the wind
Not to lose the clues
I'm reaching out, I'm calling

Calling out, calling out, calling
Through hide and seek
Calling out
Calling out, calling out, calling
Calling out, calling out, calling
To the hum and heat
Calling out
Calling out, calling out, calling

Her modern style was sleek, subtile and sensual
Its simplicity alone was a radical
Departure from the overwrought complexity of sin
Not to mistread, not to bruise
Moving up slowly

Calling out, calling out, calling
A living sense of play
Calling out
Calling out, calling out, calling
Calling out, calling out, calling
I won't back away
Calling out
Calling out, calling out, calling