Early Whitney

WHY?

You're so sensitive
You can feel a single hair curl while you're sleepin'
And each fraction of a millimeter fingernail's growth
You show half a heart when you play euchre
And I face the punching bag and do what I'm told
But you stoop so low
To write a word in white pastel on a skull-shaped gauge
You say, "I'm not myself without my Challenger commemorative bu
tton
On the chest of my brown down vest."
You say, "Coffee's turned my dark days into Woody Allen [*long
sigh*] anxiety."
You say, "Hide in Denver. I remember Montreal. I swear I'll wri
te soon."

Don't encourage the wind
The candles will retire
Don't encourage the wind
The candles will retire

The cumulative weight
Of all my chain letter curses
Something about this
Is clowns with knives
An ambulance siren
Searching for an injured person
That ain't no God
It's just a hedge on fire
That ain't no God
It's just a burning bush

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