

## SNOW BEACH

There's a lot of foolish people  
in this parking lot  
There's a lot of tears I haven't cried  
and a lot of laughs I got

This junkie calls me 'home girl'  
Compliment or farce?  
Two urban troubadours  
We're not far apart

I sell her two cigarettes  
We take a walk down snow beach  
Veins and romance and finger prints on plastic  
Daze of the weak

She climbs the eiffel tower  
to see the top of her eyelash  
I crawl into bed  
To see if the will pass

I dream of the composers' nieces  
they bring me to my knees  
One floats above and two fall down  
They're doing as they please

Some are pirates  
Some are China Dolls  
Some take bad medicine  
it isn't very hard

Later that same day  
I'm swimming in Blue Nile  
I couldn't tell the difference  
Is this my longest or my shortest mile?

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