

Blinker The Star, Pixie Jane

Shadow box with perfect sound
Pick up the blue, follow through
A cinematic experience
From the gut I ask you
Who's the blackest of them all?
And is he 65 or not at all?
Pixie Jane still comes through
Works for money, gives to you
And I can tell the clothes she wears
Her laughs are punk rock insecurity
Is she a Belly or a reject by her own design or need?
Never real, always true
More than sure to see you through
And there's a game we like to play
It seems to me explains away the need
To shoot an arrow at some angel face we all refuse to see
Here there little Lucifer!
Your matchbook burns, your friends all call you
By your second name, that's it!
A new identity. Now reason: drugs