

# Jenny Owen Youngs, Lightning Rod

Heart attack  
Jack-in-the-box  
I've been here so long  
I'm starting to rot  
And you're taking my fear  
Selling it in jars

Back on the playground  
My knee socks are bloody  
I need someone to toss the confetti  
At the ticker-tape parade  
Falling for myself

Look to the fly  
She used to be pretty  
Don't say a word  
But she's drying out slowly  
You have the answers  
I have the car keys

Lightning rod  
Strapped to my shoulders  
I'm searching through windows  
For right and for thunder  
That could bring to merciful end this overdrawn way

Carpet burns up to my elbows  
It's time that you learned  
I guess I should tell you  
That the things you know about me  
Never were true

Look to the fly  
I used to be pretty  
Don't say a word  
But I'm drying out quickly  
You have the answers  
I have the car keys