

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