

# Neko Case, Margaret vs. Pauline

Everything's so easy for Pauline  
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Ancient strings set feet a light to speed to her such mild grace  
No monument of tacky gold  
They smoothed her hair with cinnamon waves  
And they placed an ingot in her breast to burn cool and collected  
Fate holds her firm in its cradle and then rolls her for a tender pause to savor  
Everything's so easy for Pauline  
Girl with the parking lot eyes  
Margaret is the fragments of a name  
Her bravery is mistaken for the thrashing in the lake  
Of the make-believe monster whose picture was faked  
Margaret is the fragments of a name  
Her love pours like a fountain  
Her love steams like rage  
Her jaw aches from wanting and she's sick from chlorine  
But she'll never be as clean  
As the cool side of satin, Pauline  
Two girls ride the blue line  
Two girls walk down the same street  
One left her sweater sittin' on the train  
The other lost three fingers at the cannery  
Everything's so easy for Pauline