

# Perry Blake, Broken Statue

She is wearing a complexion  
Like the inside of a church  
That has never seen two lovers  
Just before they lose their thirst  
She likes nature in spite of  
What nature did to her  
And she loves enough to jaywalk  
Enough to get hurt

And if she falls in the path of the midday traffic  
I will sleep by the bed of a broken statue

Radio for help now  
She's gone missing again  
Without a raincoat or a hairbrush  
Without a witness or a trail  
We like Nature in spite of  
What Nature does to us  
And we love to jaywalk  
But not enough to get hurt

And if she walks in the path of the midday traffic  
I will weep by the grave of a broken statue

If she walks in the path of the midday traffic  
I will walk in the path of the midday traffic  
And she falls in the path of the midday traffic  
I will weep by the grave of a broken statue