

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