

Art (Denial)

The singer clutches dice
As the rearview mirror shows her things too close to care
She hides herself away
The backseat passengers and critics float into the air
Everybody did her wrong
That means you and I and all the people who are never there
“I’m sorry honey,
Put out your cigarette they can’t afford so much to spare”

Paintings of mistakes,
All the self portraits
Red to prove they’re nothing like Picasso
Paintings of forgiveness
Blank and empty
What else can I seem to say

Imagination clings to nightmares
It’s hard to sleep when you’re afraid to close your eyes
“Darling I’m not welcome”
He says and shakes his hand up to his head up to this skies
Singer sees herself get anxious
There’s nothing she can do, “Don’t even try”
He says again,
Desperately this time around, breaking past tender disguise

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