

# Neko Case, Margaret Vspauline

Everything's so easy for Pauline  
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Ancient strings set feet alight  
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 a make believe monster whose picture was fake

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  
Pauline

Two girls ride the blue line  
Two girls walk down the same street  
One left a sweater sitting on the train  
And the other lost three fingers at the cannery

Everything's so easy for Pauline  
For Pauline  
For Pauline