

Ugly Casanova, Hotcha Girls

Smells like autumn, smells like leaves;
you don't know that you'll rust and not belong so much
and then get left alone.
Suck it up, take a ride and take a walk
and don't you know that old folks' homes smell so much like my own.
The hotcha girls at the palisades,
dime store keets, pretty birds, pretty mouths.
Mama's little truck stop rose, her dancy feet her happy laugh.
We were dropping dimes on the ponies in the cul-de-sac,
casting shadows throwing sparks.
We left our teeth marks on the barrel of the gun,
the clipper ship across your chest.
Turns out the pony only had one trick, a wink for the truck stop boys.
They learned it all from the polaroids.
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you don't know that you'll rust and not belong so much
and then get left alone.
Suck it up, take a ride and take a walk
and don't you know that old folks' homes smell so much like my own.
Time blends light, paint's all peeling, wait outside, take four rights.
The hotcha girls in the palisades
dime store keets, pretty birds, pretty mouths.
Glass eyes and the wooden teeth,
the engine's rusting in deep deep sleep, it waits.
The mail came from miles away, the postal man is always late,
and we wait and we wait.
Tight lipped with a big ol mouth,
The government workers all headed south while it rained.
Glassy eyes and wooden teeth, the engine rusted in deep deep sleep
it waits, and it waits, to awake.