

Little Bombs

Aimee Mann

From the 22nd floor
Walking down the corridor
Looking out the picture window down
On Sycamore

While perspective lines converge
Rows of cars and buses merge
All the sweet green trees of Atlanta burst
Like little bombs
Or little pom-poms
Shaken by a careless hand
That drives them off
And leaves again

Life just kind of empties out
Less a deluge than a drought
Less a giant mushroom cloud
Than an unexploded shell
Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel

On the 22nd floor
Found a notice on my door
While outside, the sun is shining on
Those little bombs
Those little pom-poms

Life just kind of empties out
Less a deluge than a drought
Less a giant mushroom cloud
Than an unexploded shell
Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel

Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel

Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel