

Insanity Comes Quietly To The Structured Mind

Janis Ian

She sits on a window sill. Looking down, it's quite a thrill,
Imagery, imagining what is it like to be dead.
She walks out upon the ledge, searching for the living end
She wonders, wondering just what has changed in her head
Looking outward through my pain
Looking through my window pane
See her face turn into rain

She prepares her face at last. Taking off the piece of glass
Wrapped 'round her eyes
She doesn't cry. She's very young
And very bright to die

Then so quickly she stands up. Takes her shoes off in a lump,
She lays them down. Lately she has drowned
Checks to see her room is neat, making sure her clothes are clean,
Dying - death in dirty clothing puts you down
Looking outward through my pain
Looking through my window pane
See her face turn into rain

Then so quickly she stand up, crouches low, prepares to jump
Quite properly, pretends she's in gym shooting a basketball
Floating downward through the air, remembering the state of her hair
She falls, and nobody hears it at all
Looking outward through my pain
Looking through my window pane
See her face turn into rain

Yes, dawn coming through the rain, it has washed her mind away
I went ahead and made my bed, nothing really need by said
But she is dead
You can have it cause I don't want it
If you want it you can have it
I can't take it, I'm falling, I'm calling
Please, please help me, please help me.