

Down On Me

Juliana Hatfield

You won't meet me in the middle
Push me off the dividing line
You won't give a little
What good graces?
No explanation for your change of heart
You left the inside out
You get a little or a lot
You're either cold or you're hot
A ceiling of clouds
The tall buildings are walls
I'm walking around and I can't get out
The general fatigue of a private person trying to talk to you
You saw the movie, you don't need to read the book
A masterpiece or a piece of shit.
You're either stealing or you're taken.

You're so down on me
I think it is a fad so I don't feel so bad anymore.
You're so down on me
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You buy the pound just to burn it down
And watch the sleeping dogs die
Walk away unscathed
I'm going to take you off my thank-you list
"Will you ever get your shit together?"

Hookers and virgins, sluts and nuns
What if I am neither one?

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