

Alice Springs

Liz Phair

See the sun rise, so loud
This whole town gets drowned out
Sky-writing with the sweep of a flashlight
I'm driving over that way
Some pot of gold, it's just a carpeting store on opening day

See the moon rise, so slow and shallow
It burns halos in my eyes
It's harder to swallow, it's harder to breathe
So many opals, nobody here knows what to believe
They've got me underground