

A Heat Rash In the Shape of the Show Me State; or, Letters from Me to C Los Campesinos!

She'd bruised so black they watched it fade through the full spectrum of colors.

They kept it like a pet,

A private joke;

They told no others.

And how the tissue repaired,

And how it turned to yellow,

And she found it disgusting 'cause it didn't match her clothing.

He said "that's not yellow,

It's golden".

Walk out onto your front lawn and face into the rain,

Shout into the wind this'll never be the same.

They promised they'd be best of friends from now until forever,

But both were far too needy not to fall for the other.

And how the frequent public displays of sisterly affection left her feeling safe,

Left him with an erection.

Walk out onto your front lawn and face into the rain,

Shout into the wind this'll never be the same.

Her body barely visible as bleach white as the bedsheets.

As stiff as starched,

Only perceptible as the middle was still branded with a heat rash,

In the perfect shape of the Show Me State.

Your come on lines sound disastrous;

Noise more foreboding than volcano or earthquake.

Walk out onto your front lawn and face into the rain,

Shout into the wind this'll never be the same.

Walk out onto your front lawn and face into the rain,

Shout into the wind this'll never be the same.

Letter from me to Charlotte;

"They appropriated everything we ever loved and dressed it up in quotations and fluff.

And I had a dream:

(though said with hand in pocket,

I mean it hand on heart)

You held a gun to his head,

Pressed your thumbs to her throat".

In these letters.

Letters from me to Charlotte

Walk out onto your front lawn and face into the rain,

Shout into the wind this'll never be the same.

Walk out onto your front lawn and face into the rain,

Shout into the wind this'll never be the same.

This will never be the same,

Things will never be the same again.

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