

Polar Nettles

Neko Case

He takes his dinner in the bed
Love sickened and infirmed
The orderly found him there
Filleted on the marble stairs
Hat still in hand,
His smoking remains blown out by a kiss from Nurse Someday Soon
Someday soon
Someday soonSome, some, some
His eyes are closed
He mouths her name
The rosary her lips and tongue
She is the centrifuge that throws the spires from the sun
The Sistine Chapel painted with a Gatling gunSomeday soon
Someday soon
Someday soonSomeday soon
Someday soon
Polar nettles set on end
Move like starlings up a cliff
Antennae of her foggy touch
The force field 'round her frosty hips
Whose shape recalls the wicked spade
That buried him but on his lips
The last rites of Nurse Someday Soon

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>