

Snow White in Appalachia

David Sylvian

Half life
She moves in a half life
Imperfect From her place on the stairs
Or sat in the backseat
Sometimes you're only a passenger
In the time of your life And there's snow on the mattress
Blown in from the doorway
It would take pack mules and provisions
To get out alive There were concerts and car crashes
There were kids she'd attended
And discreet indiscretions
For which she'd once made amends
And there's ice on the windshield
And the wipers are wasted
And the metal is flying
Between her and her friends She'd abandoned them there
In the hills of Appalachia
She threw off the sandbags
To lighten the load As soon as the sun rose
The keys were in the ignition
Following the tyre tracks
Of the truck sanding the road There had to be drugs
Running through the girl's body
There had to be drugs
And they too had a name
And the adrenalin rush
Had left her exhausted
When under the blue sky
Nothing need be explained And there is no maker
Just inexhaustible indifference
And there's comfort in that
So you feel unafraid And the radio falls silent
But for short bursts of static
And she sleeps in a house
That once too had a name

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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