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Emotional Masochism

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Brandy by *Looking Glass* is played softly,
On the corpse of a burned CD.
While she sits across the yellowed grass,
On a charcoal-sunny day,
And smiles crookedly at me.
Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo.
My Life, My Love, My Lady...
She whispers softly in my drum,
“The sea dear, it calls to me.”
And I allow her to sail away,
Miss Lady Brett of Hemingway,
In search for something out at sea.
My toothache-lover, bitter dove.
As she sets forth I whisper,
Cordlessly,
“I’ll be here, waiting, my love.”
She leaves me with a striking line,
“It’s time for you to up-and-go.”
--My lady is the sea--
Yes, “Isn’t it pretty to think so.”