

Niagara Dreaming

She was born in New York City with a homeless heart
She was born to die in her quarter life paradise
She wasn't the stuff of golden conversations.
With guardian vampires all around her,
She used to walk through SoHo all night long.
She got a dream, dream to free fall into the Niagara Falls.
She was born when Berlin wall was falling down.
Walls were a fantasy for her with or without wooden frames on.
She loved to sleep in the closet
With her green shoes under her head.
Naked on the balcony
She always sang for passengers,
Wondering why they can't fall in love with red leaves.
She got a number tattooed on her chest,
But no one knew she cried whenever she touched her heart.
Like a thunder leaping in her mind
She had a dream, dream to free fall into the Niagara Falls.
Then one day she decided not to breathe anymore.
She went to sleep in the closet
Holding the Niagara snap on her outnumbered chest
Cold and bold close to the wall.