

## The Song of Larissa

It's 7:50 on a Saturday morning and the rain has swept the night away and all I can think of is you,

My Larissa.

*That*

payphone in front of the youth hostel in San Francisco  
and there's

that *something*  
in your voice.

And I know you.

I can tell.

Everything is changing.

Everything is changing.

Everything is changing.

Everything is changing.

<crescendo into jam, solo, big fucking break into  
calm/playful/love>

Touching your cheek in a New Mexico dawn.

Holding you so close

intertwined

perfectly.

Grabbing your eye while you drink from your cup.

And the totality of you fills deep upon my heart.

I love you.

You showed me everything. How could I be wrong? So I  
drove through the hell of middle California and met you in  
Baker, the town at the mouth of Death Valley, at 3:00 in the  
morning to look into your eyes and tell you "You are the  
One."

But, because of who are  
                                  what was happening in your life  
you just couldn't have me around.

90mph through Arizona in the pitch black January night  
with Tori on,  
                                  and you in her voice...  
I've lost you forever.  
                                  how could I be wrong?

I can't drink you out of me.  
I love you still as I will never love again.  
I will never escape what you did to me.  
I will never experience a woman's caress the  
                                  way

          you  
                                  Touch.  
And so, now, I am forgone to touch.  
                                  I can't let anybody touch me.  
                                  They'd never compare to you.  
And that's what happened,  
                                  that's your legacy.  
                                  There's nothing else you can do.

                                  You'll never be mine.