

# Hope Has Nine Lives

When Hope dies  
She's a psycho secretary  
Lighting Liquid Paper™ fires  
Hands you a shredded, stapled itinerary  
And the last ticket out of town on the back of her motorbike

When Hope dies  
She goes out with a sigh of bad breath  
Singing death  
Throws on a blazer  
Poses as a realtor puts your soul in escrow  
And sells your home in the middle of the night

When I think Hope is just a mood wearing thin  
She digs her claws in

And Hope has nine lives  
Hope has nine lives  
Never dies  
Never dies  
Never really dies

When Hope dies  
She nibbles every last crumb from the tablecloth  
Every piece of life you've hoarded  
And makes sure you know  
You were just getting off and that love was never really there

When I think Hope is just a mood wearing thin  
She digs her claws in

And Hope has nine lives  
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She thinks that she's my best friend  
(she waits until you've cried)  
And she got me here so I don't know where I'll end up  
(then pops in for a surprise)  
Soul regeneration? A fixation?  
A relation to my anger, hatred, love or my pain?  
Or the breath of my soul?

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