

*Holly Painter*

## **Wouldn't It Be Nice**

I'm itching to graduate from high school  
And shack up with you immediately  
Then everything will be perfect

My grasp of what it means to be a grown-up  
Is tenuous and doesn't include  
Jobs, money, or responsibility

I have this notion that adults  
Spend all day in bed having sex  
Which is essentially my ideal

What I'm picturing is sex before bedtime  
A good ten or eleven hours of sleep  
During which we maintain close physical contact

Then we wake up next to each other  
Enjoy a quick chat about how beautiful the sky is  
And follow that up with glorious morning sex

I'm pretty happy with you now  
But imagine if we could kiss continuously forever  
Not even stopping for bathroom breaks or rehydration

This is something I fantasize about constantly  
I even try to enlist God's help occasionally  
By throwing in some mumbo-jumbo about marriage

I know that obsessing about our imaginary future  
And discussing it ad nauseum in the school cafeteria  
Is just a way of torturing ourselves in the present

But that's probably not going to stop me  
From developing unrealistic expectations  
And sharing them with you at every opportunity

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## **I Get Around**

I drive in circles  
I drive in circles  
From girl to girl  
And I have lots of sex

I'm bored of my hometown, with its two stoplights and a dairy  
I'm going someplace exotic and far-flung but still accessible by land

I belong to a clique that's been getting some press  
Now we don't have to deal with any menacing thugs

I drive in circles  
I drive in circles  
From girl to girl  
And I have lots of sex

We ride in my car because it gets the best mileage  
And seems to attract women for some reason

None of us have girlfriends cause they'd just get all pissy  
When we ditched them on date night to drive in circles

I drive in circles  
I drive in circles  
From girl to girl  
And I have lots of sex  
Circles circles  
Circles circles circles circles

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## **God Only Knows**

As long as some critical number of  
Celestial bodies remain visible in the sky  
I'll be in love with you  
And I'll remind you often  
Usually in the form of a Top 40 song

Only our Creator can say for certain  
What would become of me if I didn't have you

If you were to become disenchanted  
With our relationship and end it  
I would not commit suicide  
But I would be very tempted  
Because you are all that gives my life purpose

Only our Creator can say for certain  
What would become of me if I didn't have you

But I can speculate, if you like

I might be shooting up in the bathroom of a casino  
I might be carving driftwood into tears at the beach  
I might be attending a basketball game wearing blackface  
I might be searching Grindr and Craigslist for baby bears  
I might be reading my poetry to the birds in the park  
I might be watching food-themed Japanese pornos  
I might be driving 150mph along the Nebraskan highway  
I might be tattooing your face on my stomach myself  
I might be running for office on an anti-panda platform  
I might be contemplating the existence of parallel worlds

But really, only our Creator can say for certain  
What would become of me if I didn't have you

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## **Friends**

We perform the functions of friendship well

Both generally: having fun together, being supportive, introducing each other to new interests, maintaining the friendship over time, cheering each other up when life's hard

And specifically: advising the other when a partner is cheating, lending each other money so everybody's solvent, mediating intense family disputes regarding personal grooming

Long live our friendship