

# Fire Drills

## Dessa

I've been Wendy  
Living with the Lost Boys  
Youth spent as a deckhand on the convoy  
Moved every night to prove we were something  
Got confused if it was from or to that we were running  
I've seen Gibraltar  
I've seen the Taj Mahal  
Soweto, Hagia Sophia  
Chefchaouen paints their walls blue  
I've played to full rooms  
I've played the fool too  
Burning through the bottoms of a pair of new boots  
Cut my hair, tape my tits down  
A woman on her own must be from out of town  
Funny, you don't know the concessions that you're making until you catalog em  
And by then they're many and you're battle-hardened  
Heat makes liquid of the asphalt  
Keepsakes and parking tickets on the dashboard  
I'm here to file my report as the vixen of the wolf pack;  
Tell Patient Zero he can have his rib back  
You can count my ribs  
Wanna know what class I'm in  
Count my  
You can count my ribs  
You can't be too broke to break  
As a woman always something left to take  
So you shouldn't try to stay too late or talk to strangers  
Look too long, go too far out of range cause  
Angels can't watch everybody all the time  
Stay close, hems low, safe inside  
That formula works if you can live it  
But it works by putting half the world off limits You can count my ribs  
Wanna know what class I'm in  
Count my  
You can count my ribs, my  
We don't say, "Go out and be brave"  
Nah, we say "Be careful, stay safe"  
In any given instance, that don't hurt  
But it sinks in like stilettos in soft earth  
Like the big win is not a day without an incident  
I beg to differ with it  
I think a woman's worth

