

You Know, She Kissed Me on the Corner of Maple and First

Now I only like a beer here or there
once I'm on the floor
it's over
and she knows it

They all know it

I mean
I'm into fooling around and touching
you all up and all down
especially when they're watching

But when I'm around you
I can't count on no one
to watch these hands
caress your bra straps

This is a murder by death
this reunion
this whole drunken fucked up experience

It all reminds me of those stupid
clichéd summer nights we had when
we were teenagers in love
wearing greasy converses and cut offs

I knew you were trouble when you said
you never wanted to leave this god forsaken land
you never wanted to change
you still want to go back

This is what I am baby
I'm twenty and not even alone
hell, I'm nineteen who I am fooling
I don't even have a job

I guess it is like old times then
only we don't have any class
and it ain't summer anymore
not underneath these dim stars

I can tell that its Spring because
I don't know what I want
when I know I can't want you
not like this

I'm miles away and you're still
sitting at that wooden park bench
crying to your mama that you
never want to leave home

This road has no rest stops
no easy exits
and u turns are illegal

You're just breaking the law
and I'm trying to stay alive

You say you want to catch up
on old times

I say I just want to fuck one
last time
just in time to leave this place
once and for all

Your brown curls
enchant me no more
You've never had me and you
never will

So I'll give in once more
and let us catch up
because that is all
we'll ever do

Lavender

I am a flower

Light as, what are they called
Feathers?

Wind

I sway

The storm

washes

me

away

All of God's work

quickly

undone by all of the rain

I'm not a feather

I can't fly away

KODAK
JUL 80

Hot as hell
no fan of snow
sure could use some
ice

Wet back
this fucking bike
can't fix itself

I can't afford leather
or the proper tools

But I've got this bike
this luck
and these hands

No deals with the devil
Baby, I come by it honestly

Only one pretty lady I'm
asking about

You can't fix this bike
but you sure could fix me

Dishes Don't Wash Themselves

Now

I'm about as pissed off as Nixon

in 1960

like

I'm sweating my tits off

and I'm shaking

I can't even take how ugly of a scenario this is

how deranged my kitchen looks

My life looks like one of those growths you

see on potatoes after a while

You can cut them off and still make breakfast

but potatoes aren't life

I should probably consider cleaning up this mess

or I could just make some breakfast

I do have some potatoes

that sounds pretty good

Anyway, back to Nixon