

# Good Luck

## Compañero Asma

A throat with a heart in it stuck in traffic  
A ticket and a mind to fly, an alarm clock still drunk and high  
Sanity painted her mask on all the way across town  
A compact frown projected on a retina upside down  
You're an avalanche of detour signs falling off a truck  
Swooning like a boxer that is too dizzy to duck  
Your decisions turn around and make you back and then you're stuck  
And then good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck  
A lock with a key in it that ain't turning  
Smoke filling up behind a door, a fire with the purpose of being ignored  
A body slipping into disease, quietly making that choice  
While the joy drains out of a voice  
You're an avalanche of detour signs falling off a truck  
Swooning like a boxer that is too dizzy to duck  
Your decisions turn around and make you back and then you're stuck  
And then good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck

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