In The Red

Kind of Like Spitting

There's so much that i don't understand
So i lay awake and analyze the night
I have popped every pock, picked at every scab.
The levels aren't hot enough
It sounds so cramped and tight
Faster than a bullet from the chamber
From hotel beds "I love you" said to strangers,
No matter what it meant, no matter what's implied,
I keep wasting all my time finding signals, riding rhymes,
Not one voice goes unaffectedCrumbling under all the weight of critics, judges, mentors,
Falling off the cart
Some sunlit, show-less, hapless town,
In the winter, the van is quiet...And we're crowded
The pen is broken
I'm bleeding on the napkin,
All of these thoughts are inconsequential so it's over,
It's all over,
Hoped the Greyhound would roll over
Down into the drink and the cops would block the streets for milesCrumbling under all the weight of critics, judges, mentors,
Falling off the cart some sunlit, show-less, hapless town
The spell I'm under blankets ear plugs
Swelled up breath getting quicker so,
I dog-ear pages to remember where i left off.I hope we grown up soon
Before my mind goes out of tune,
I hope we grow up soon,
Before out lights go outIn the winter the van is quiet...

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