

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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