

# Teepee On a Highway Blues

## Sole

a good portion of devotion on sale  
to the stale-skinned, rummage-happy everyday troop.  
got my bells on: it keeps my ears ringing and peers watching.  
wishing i'd stop quietly judging with my mouth open and hands on the switch,  
so when they stop the earth, who's ass will your head end up in?  
it's most likely you'll never get the perfect tip or learn to take hints.

i want a new television 'cause my books are getting old,

and i'd watch the "news and advertisements" and find a new way to change my life(guaranteed of course,  
because the names we trust have,  
and will always be, the only answer).

girls like to hold hands; i had my life squeezed out once or twice,  
so let's call it even...and well-balanced, like a crock of shit  
or a hell of a life on a walking mess to the upscale,  
where they sniff dreams off fingernails  
and rate life on a scale of personal gain.

mapping out the universe: a wife and kids with no name,  
and a big house atop a hill that blocks out the sun for those who can't afford it.  
throw some crumbs to the starving idealists.

do they not bleed the same? are they not men?we got bigger desks now,  
and all my ideas are carefully hidden on crumpled paper at my feet.  
starving for attention when the demon barely blinks out of this life.

now i'm on the north shore, laughing at my dot com buddies who got laid off,  
who needs references anyway?

i've been working for god in all the wrong social circles.i could have been a programmer, but this much i still  
am:

not a man or a teacher, just a student in denial  
with more to give then they could possibly take.  
when there's nothing left to disagree with,  
i'll drop off the face of the planet

and give mtv-land back to its rightful owners...you can have it.there's a replica of comfort and a false sense of  
stability.

the difference between a blow-up doll floating in a bathtub with slit wrists  
and a lost friend only calling to borrow money.  
all these days are beneath you,  
there are floors to slip and break your neck on  
and bottles of vodka you can't see through.

parasite to parasite, what's eating me is eating you.the absolute hardest thing about being here  
is how you wish you could fast-forward the way it drags.  
now they got drugs and computers to do that for you

until they can be you, and replace you,  
and convince you that they love you.

never meant to harm anything so innocent

that you can't help but hope it gets killed crossing in traffic.i promised myself i wouldn't kill anything on this  
song,

but you leave me no choice

'cause i can't complain, and can't believe i'm still

waiting for people, waiting for people

who overextend themselves by saying, "hello,"

i underestimated greediness and how loneliness

will drive entire blocks to pigpile on television sets.

all the clap-on distractions and fade-away inspirations

are the reason i can barely hold a one-sided conversation,

or sit still without knees shaking.

i pull the hair out of my head and wait for bats to fill the room,

but all i get is a receding hairline and another shit-eating grin.it's sad to leave anyone...

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