

Every Song Sung To a Dog

Fred Thomas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

So that's it?
Eternity equates to forever walking towards without arriving any place?
With some beasts leashed
And the rest so hung up on the majesty of having two functioning feet
Don't con yourself with comfort
Don't talk about the future
In the fur patch shaved and sutured
In the tangle of tubes where I lose you
Everything is changed
And the rest of us remain
So could we exchange our lifespans?
Or would that be a shitty deal?
My eight potential decades--
sloppy, selfish and unreal
For your thirteen years of walking in one clear, pure line
Even with all this ridiculous talking I can never get through
And I can't get any help
I can just stand here in front of you and embarrass myself
So drag me out of the river in a backwards baptism
Take it back to the beginning
To make sure there's no revisions and we are all of one mind
While we watch this reel rewind
And I see myself there completely lightweight wasted on like a single drink
In 2003 in Baltimore
Smashing my first flip-phone on some piss-soaked alley floor corridor
Crimes of the heart
Crimes of the convenience store
A whole history of crimes felt more important at that time
I see them all from last to first as they play out in reverse
I get to find everything I ever lost
I get to uncast every curse
See every upturned motorcycle, every page from every bible

All my acid stomach mornings and my nights of deep survival
See those horses in the stables
Teenage tears and jumper cables
See me rattled and insane from all the changes strange and mangled
See that never-ending room filled up with everything consumed
A pile of everything consumed to fill a never-ending room
Hear every song sung to a dog on every walk with every dog.

Lyrics provided by
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