Dishes In the Sink

Sisyphus

Dishes in the sink, roaches in the walls
Ain't around my son, so I bought the boy a ball
That'll do, that'll do, that'll do
Set shit off like Jimmy Lennon too
Set shit off like "Hey, I'm leaving you."
We don't have no portions to divvie up in two
Amoeba like, tiger pelt to a wooden knife
An addendum to the lonely rhythm of private life
Dinner for one, dinner in the winterdom
Used to smoke Phillies by Beck's and have fun
Wild boy city had me feeling like a crumb
Feeling depressed like spilling juice on your prom dress
I was happy once when I went to a real brunch
It was special, like "People, don't speak."
Mommy did dope only during the first 30 weeks
Happy family, happy baskets of candy
Family trips to SeaWorld, stolen mother's sea pearls
I ain't seen them, ain't been doing nothing but reading
Walking tall, staying focused, and dreaming
Cleaning up weekendsIt was my choice
And the life that I create
I'm nothing to you
I'm nothing to you
And I may look just like a baby
And I may feel just like a dog
I may not look just like I'm fading
I may not look just like I'm fading
And I am hardly hanging on
Dishes in the sink, roaches in the hall
Ain't around my son, so I bought the boy a ball
Cleaning up, weekends
Sleeping off, reasons
Take pictures, send postcards, scrolls
Little smiley faces after massage ropes
Saw my boy, said hello, gave him a new toy
Ask him what his favorite color, mommy gave him a brother
That's beautiful
Family trips to Tampa, tanktops, jean shorts, blue bandana
Black shoes, white socks, no Humana

Draw a portrait, this is real life, stand up
Laugh, this is hilarious, next month I'll meet a life-changing Aquarius
Thank god, I thought about her dad, used to drink wine and feel like king
I'm open, the most open in the ocean
Tiny jellyfish enjoying solitude, floating
I like it, I like it like I like your high kick
I didn't see it coming, the crib needs new plumbing
I'll do it, chip at it, you know I work nights
Six months later, we could pass some bloody street fights
Life's ill, fatigued and broken into a total turnaround
Fast as the speed of sound, or as fast as when the fair moved out of town
Yay, what a great ass day
Overcast, chilly, mist, and really gray
Bought a "A", shoulda bought a "I"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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