

# 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 weekends It 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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