

Slipping My Mind

Michael Penn

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Rats in my jacket
I'm so impressed
I am now seen unclean
Wash me up mama
and give me a suit of gabardine
I had a suit,
by the look on my face,
maybe it's plain to see
that that never stopped what was troubling me
like once, it was Monday out.
And dry?
Man, it was a drought
but all that is slipping my mind
Cracked like a whip
like a brick coming down
and hit me between the eyes
another occasion I've yet to forget
was I unwise?
Should I remind you that this is the end
of Camels,
and masking tape,
and this demonstration of tripping with grace
and if I need you
I'm intentionally wasting your time
Hey, everything's slipping my mind
Now copper and nickel
are heads in my hand
I'll bet you your sparest change
that this time tomorrow you'll be miles away
with all trace of Monday out
with deserts to think about
and all of this slippin' my mind.

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