

A Pot in Which to Piss

Titus Andronicus

["The audience was large and brilliant. Upon my weary heart was showered smiles, plaudits, and flowers, but beyond them, I saw thorns and troubles innumerable."]It was a pretty good GPA
We got a couple of good grades
And it sounded like a pretty good seven inchAnd winter didn't seem so cold
I had a smile for everyone I know
I was starting to get comfortable in the place that I'm inAnd it used to not mean anything
It used to not mean anything
It used to not mean anything
But it really means nothing nowNothing means anything anymore
Everything is less than zero
And I know it won't do much good, getting drunk and sad and singing
But I'm at the end of my rope and I feel like swingingIt was an unflattering photograph and people saw it all
over town
Hanging up on the wall above the urinal
Hear the man with the notepad say, "Oh, they're funny, but they drink too much"
"And don't be surprised if they don't amount to nothing at all" And we were talking about giving up
We were talking about lying down
We were talking about tying off
Wasn't it supposed to mean something now?Let them see you struggle and they're going to tear you apart
You ain't never been no virgin, kid, you were fucked from the start
They're all going to be laughing at you
They're all going to be laughing at youYou can't make it on merit, not on merit and merit alone
Dan McGee tried to tell me, "There ain't no more Rolling Stones"
They're all going to be laughing at you
They're all going to be laughing at youI've been called out, cuckolded, castrated, but I survived
I am covered in urine and excrement but I'm alive
And there's a white flag in my pocket never to be unfurled
Though with their hands 'round my ankles, they bring me down for another swirl
And they tell me, "Take it easy buddy, it's not the end of the world"["And there and then and bathed by the
rising sun, my son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave I deposited, Ending my vigil strange with that, vigil of
night and battle-field dim, Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on earth responding), Vigil for
comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how as day brighten'd, I rose from the chill ground and folded my
soldier well in his blanket, And buried him where he fell."]

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