

# Sally II

## Hop Along

Two days gone. Somebody checked in on you.

That unsettling smell got into all the tenants' rooms.

You were found sitting up, all alone in the bathtub, your clothes dry.

But your brother doesn't wanna know and nobody told your caseworker you died. Weigh-lifting magazines, your little TV set, your cigarettes...

Some ad sent you a big fake million dollar bill. You thought it was the real thing, you were gonna buy the world. How crushing in must have been to find this is not your place, this is not your time. At least you're numb to the sun crashing down upon your fifty-something hide. Time's already working hard against the mind. There is no kindness. There's a different kind of crime. Those voices you were hearing, baby blue, was it God? Why did he only want to talk to you? Your forgotten mind is also mine.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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