

Cardboard Box of Batteries

[Kelly Joe Phelps](#)

Make a dent in the shovel, run the mud through a sieve
Paste your hopes on a windmill blade, plant it up on the hill
Pencil sharpened with a putty knife, pretty girl as a pretty nun
Maybe you wake and think, this is great, I just want somewhere to run
The walls blend into ceilings and faces
disappear
Never enough time to think it out, only time to forget I'm here
The bill is on the table but I've got no coins for pay
A beer half circle around her name, what the hell did she say?
The wise are playing tether ball and the ball's eyes
look like mine
Rolling around on the end of the cord, I can't make up for down
I'm a stream lined engine with a cog chipped out of the wheel
I remember a dirty joke or two but I can't remember the feel
I remember a dirty joke or two but I can't remember the feel
Too much time alone I spend, a miser with a nickel
worn
Starving like a mother but I can't let go
I'll spit the hours 'cross the room and I'll kick 'em out the door
Hell, you can have them, just another thing I've got no use for

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>