

Bottom Drawer

The Wolfgang Press

Stop wearing my shirts.
Stop wearing my socks.
I'm not your mother.
I can't be bothered.
You say you don't think I'm funny anymore
So you put my face in the bottom drawer.
You keep your eyes for the boy next door.
I don't call that funny anymore Just catch a mirror
Find out who's lonesome.
My suit is fine, I'm not a D.J.
You say you found it.
I say you lost it.
I say you know why I can't find it.
I know what you've been saying.
Yes I know where the kitchen sink is.
You're making eyes at the boy next door.
I don't call that funny anymore. Woman me and I hold my eyes
And I keep it sane but I don't know why.
Keep going time.
keep going questions.
My eyes have seen my own mess.
I know why the bedrooms stinking.
My house is full of strangers.
I'm not making for the boy next door.
So keep your pants in the bottom drawer. It's coming to you.
It's coming to you.
It's coming to you.
It's riding to you.
Here it comes on two brown legs.

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