

I Did a Terrible Thing

The Paper Chase

I did a terrible thing
when I monkey-wrenched your circuitry.
And when they finally got to me,
I had built a monster worse than me,
and far worse than you. And I have become such an ungrateful man -
just to steal those words you whispered out,
and I snickered in between.
The check point, the boot hill, the ass in me
says some things still best left unsheathed,
or out come the knives. So, retire to your ant hill,
or cover tire tracks,
and learn to choke it back.
And when they get to you, they'll see
I did a terrible thing,
with a sober mind. Make no mistake;
I just couldn't stop the hand.
But when you're happy and you're safe,
you'll do anything to keep it that way. So, do you need the baseball bat,
or do you need something elite?
Do you need that to feel safe?
Do you need that to feel safe? (for example)
Last night I took my sharpest blade,
and I cut my tent another five inch slit
to make sure I get away. And when our weary heads
hit our sleeping bags,
the brutal honesty
can tend to spill out, and me
I like to whisk you all away -
whisk you all away
with my terrible mind. And when they finally get past
all of your once tightly seriesed,
the check, the point, the charlies. And when we finally
And when they finally get past
all of your once tightly seriesed,
the check, the point, the charlies. And when we finally
get past their doors,
we can hate these sinners
the way we hurt our fathers. I hear the boots up the hallway again.

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