

Giant Sands

Vic Chesnutt

Do a little rope trick
Move around the mildew
When you stopped to make a phonecall
 In the glitter of a landmark
She said something about a blood clot
 And a bad wild peach
 That nappy little news flash
Takes the cut right out of your crease
 Get it on demand
 Like Tupperware
Shipped with sarcasm
 All is fair
Jog through giant sands
 Till you're cleared
 Then to leave the land
 Unawares
 "at least it's not a leg-break"
You laugh out loud and lonesome
 In your cabin cruiser
 On your cross-county trek
Your brain feels like a fiddle
 A brittle fragile vessel
Pull off onto the shoulder
 By the waterworks
 Get it on demand
 Like Tupperware
Shipped with sarcasm
 All is fair
Jog through giant sands
 Till you're cleared
 Then to leave the land
 Unawares

Songwriters

VIC CHESNUTT

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