

# Chalk Dust Torture

## Phish

come stumble my mirth beaten worker  
i'm jezmund the family berzerker  
i'm bought for the price of a flagon of rice  
the wind buffs the cabin  
you speak of your life  
or more willingly locust the lurker

confuse what you can of the ending  
and revise your despise so impending  
'cause i soak on the wrath that you didn't quite mask  
i'm getting it clearly through alternate paths  
or mixed up in with the signal your sending

but who can unlearn all the facts that i learn  
i sat in their chairs and my synapses burned  
the torture of chalk dust collects on my tongue  
thoughts follow my vision and dance in the sun  
all my vasoconstrictors come slowly undone  
cant this wait till im old  
cant i live while im young  
cant i live while im young

but no peace for jezmund tonight  
i plug the distress tube up tight  
so watch what i say as it flutters away  
to where all this emotion is kept harmless at bay  
not to educate somebodys fright

(but who can unlearn all the facts that i learned  
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the torture of chalk dust collects on my tongue  
thoughts follow my vision and dance in the sun  
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cant this wait till im old  
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cant i live while im young) x2

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Lyrics submitted by jerry.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>