Breathe Deep

Lambchop

The clerk smiled as she saw
The same nut pick up
A personal size grocery basket
And head down aisle twoShe smiled because periodically
This guy would return
With his basket full of glade
Lock and hold room freshener and deodorizerIt's a deodorizer that works
On the same principle as a bug bomb
Simply push down on a button
And it fills the room with a scented fogThe man would buy only about
Five or six cans at a time
He'd been coming in for about five weeks nowSometimes he would come in twice a week
He seemed like a normal guy
He was kind of balding in his mid thirties
Wearing a black leather jacketAnd he was always so damn dusty
Something soft about his features
[Incomprehensible] makeup but it was really just dust
He paid with a twenty and said thank you and leftThe man returned home
He took the glade from the worthless little plastic sack
He placed one on the rug, one on the end table
One on the window sill, one under the TV
One by the air conditionerThis might seem unusual
Except for the fact that his entire apartment
Was just filled with themEvery room on every surface
He figured he had about sixty of them in all
Each one's nozzle's poised at the readyHe sighed and opened a beer
He started to push down the lock
And hold buttons on the canistersSlowly filling the room
Working his way from the dining room into the den
Each room filling with a multi-scented fogDesert bloom, evergreen
Misty rose, fresh lemon
Regular and unscentedPotpourri, wild oak, petunia
Ocean mist, musk, hazel wood
Irish nights, sandal wood, rain forestCountry kitchen, natural prevention
Orange blossom, Indian summer
And holiday candleCalmly he sat on the couch
Spilt his beer and closed his eyes
Calmly he sat on the couch
Spilt his beer and closed his eyes

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