When I Write My Master's Thesis

John K. Samson

Oh the streets of Grand Theft Auto San Andreas fill with smoke
Doorbell rings
I put my controller down and pick it up
Shoot some thingsLater, the darkness hits reboot and the loneliness increases
She said she'd come back home when I write my master's thesisOh the hours I spent in the archives wearing cotton gloves
Shuffling photos from the Ninette SanatoriumHalloween parties
Emaciated ghosts hiding in those curtains' creases
I'll let you haunt the world when I write my master's thesisNo more marking first year papers
No more citing sourcesSo I left home
Cried the bumpy ride to highway twenty-three
Started west
They'll be there to say that I don't to take their stupid testGreet me with banners and balloons
And my hard drive smashed to pieces
Nothing left for me to say when I write my master's thesis
It's all gonna change when I write my master's thesis

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