

# John

## Ten Foot Pole

John takes a seat so he can wind his watch  
Not working anymore but it's so good to touch  
It's the only solid evidence of what he's done and seen  
It helps him to remember his past life was not a dream  
It used to tell the time when he was young  
But time means nothing now he has a clear view of the sun  
John stopped me on the street today, he didn't have that much to say  
I said I had to get to work but he begged me to stay  
There was a look in his eyes I'd never seen before  
I couldn't walk away, I knew I wouldn't see him anymore  
He bummed a smoke, looked off into space awhile  
Then he looked into my eyes and unleashed a fleeting smile  
Dennis, it's so good to see you, you have no idea  
Just how bad it's getting on the street  
I try to hide away but they find me every day  
And I'm so fucking tired of the heat  
Yeah, I'm so fucking tired of the heat

Lyrics provided by

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