

# Bird Feeder

## Mac Lethal

I'm gettin' older now  
I gotta pry these vices off me that just bolt me down  
So let the pulses gauge  
I fill the pipes of my kitchen sink with scotch  
Wash the glass out, do my dishes, sweep my spot  
I was glossy-eyed smokin weed on my canopy  
But nowadays all I really need is my family  
I found solace, I found a gal that don't bite  
My heartbeats resembling the sound of calliope pipes  
Don't wanna be my dad's senile son  
But my momma's death taught me how to treat my lungs  
You see, nothing cleanses me like a three mile run  
It'll help me untangle every dream I've spun I am lookin' at my new front door  
I made a bird feeder outta beer bottles lying on the floor  
I am lookin at my new front door  
And I am not about to bite another poisonous apple core  
I am a figure, a father figure of sorts  
Responsible in no time to keep my fuse short  
Still I'm, I'm right here  
If they don't wanna love me, fuck 'em  
I haven't changed, just got sick of being what I wasn't I will be confined by a genre  
And that ain't a mantra  
I just think it's healthy for me to wander  
Through the pomegranate haze  
The ghost towns and promenades  
Where corporate penpushers choke down their marmalade  
Engineers of romance, Huxters  
Avenue performers, balloon twisting buskers  
Multi-colored pill-shoveling slimeball shady pool hustlers  
Discharge carcinogens outta their car mufflers  
My town still breeds deers and wild foxes  
My life is scattered all around the house in brown boxes  
I am an antique human, I am a man  
That's quite suspicious of God's plan, you understand I am lookin' at my new front door  
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I haven't changed, just got sick of being what I wasn't  
I understood suicide better than ever  
But it just ain't for me, it's not my cup of tea  
I accept the challenge that my demons are presenting though  
That means being patient with a six-year old  
That means I admit when I'm wrong or we don't make love  
And just because we break down doesn't mean we break up  
And yeah, we got money problems, so what  
We share a love that's so robust  
(bring the drums in)  
I'm gonna follow those archaic guidelines  
Have a family, stay healthy through my lifetime  
I'm talkin' oxygen, blood flow, baseball practice  
I yearn for a therapeutic tracklist  
My dad is 66-years old, he runs three miles every other day  
What more can I say?  
But these are the golden years, friends  
I loved my 20's but I would not do them again  
Let's begin, it goes I am lookin' at my new front door  
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