Good Luck

Dr Tikov

A throat with a heart in it stuck in traffic
A ticket and a mind to fly, an alarm clock still drunk and high
Sanity painted her mask on all the way across town
A compact frown projected on a retina upside down
You're an avalanche of detour signs falling off a truck
Swooning like a boxer that is too dizzy to duck
Your decisions turn around and make you back and then you're stuck
And then good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck
A lock with a key in it that ain't turning
Smoke filling up behind a door, a fire with the purpose of being ignored
A body slipping into disease, quietly making that choice
While the joy drains out of a voice
You're an avalanche of detour signs falling off a truck
Swooning like a boxer that is too dizzy to duck
Your decisions turn around and make you back and then you're stuck
And then good luck, good luck, good luck, good luck

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