

No Mas

Eureka California

This is one you can take home
And paint it on your tail fin
And when your coffee tastes like bathtub gin
All your thoughts resemble West Berlin
You'll re-ride
The Orange Line
And only insects will hum
You will slowly come undone
Like a sweater
There's no Flying Dutchman to be found
All ghost ships run aground
And as you stand out to the coast
Awash in overtones
Pampered in plastic
One day it will end
All the King's Horses
And all the King's Men
Quietly quote
"Off with his head!"
Just like Alice
And this one you'll recognize
Back when they called it a classic
Now you're being sent to your room
Like a naughty boy with a tall glass of antiseptic
And you'll write
Amis in rhyme
And it always comes out the same
Nobody will remember your name
Oh I've got a name
No Mas

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