Paul's Grotesque

Man Man

he eats an avocado
writes novels on her navel
climbs out her bedroom window
while she's asleep
she speaks of venom cobras
dark matter, supernovas
cars crashes & tsunamis
that bring the rain
he talks with great bravado
drinks baby shirley temples
fights with a palm of marbles
does it hurt does it hurt
she squeeze the honey bottle
on an overripe tomato
don't care when all the ants go
right up her skirt
nobody knows where the time goes
where the grind goes
they meet one summer party
eating banh with the cabbies
throwing empties at the police
oh how they laughed
she cut a smokey figure
she splintered in his fingers
so deep that even tweezers
couldn't pull him out
they dance in tiny halos
like moths around a candle
or atoms too unstable
but they don't care
nobody knows where the time goes
where the grind goes
nobody knows
nobody known where the time goes
where the grind grows
nobody knows
will you leave a healthy corpse
will you beat a dying horse
will you leave the headlights on

will you write a swan song
will you eulogized
will you have apologized
were you running high tonight
will you even care
nobody known where the time goes
where the grind grows
nobody knows
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