Bird Feeder

Devon Sproule

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 spunI 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'tI will be confined by a genre
And that ain't a mantra
I just think it's healthy for me to wander
Throught 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'tI 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 guidlines
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 goesI am lookin' at my new front door
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