

# Deep Dish

## Mr. 305

Cold and drizzly night in Chicago's deep dish  
Fluorescent light of the bathroom shows my hands as they are  
See and eyelash on my cheek pick it off and make a wish  
And walk back out into the bar Wind at the windows, neon lights the patterned panes  
The waitress wields the weight of her tray around her palm  
The doorman cups his hands and lights his cigarette again  
And the rain marches on This is only a possibility in a world of possibilities  
There are obviously there are many possibilities  
Ranging from small to large, before long there will be short  
Before short there's nothing when there was nothing  
There was always the possibility of something becoming what it is Don't even bother trying to say something clever  
Clever is as clever does no matter what it says  
I'm looking for a sign that says you're for real this time  
But I don't trust what's in your head I walk up to the bar and point at the top shelf  
Then I throw my head back and laugh at myself  
I raise a toast to all our saviors each so badly behaved  
It's too bad that their world is the one that they saved Now you gotta dance with me, now is when its gotta be  
'Cause I can't wait for the dance floor to fill in  
If you wanna dance with me, I'll show you how it's gonna be  
'Cause I can't wait for the band to begin There's a spider spinning cobwebs from your elbow to the table  
While my eyes ride the crowd in a secret rodeo  
I smile with my mouth, lift my watch up to the light  
And say, "Oh, look, I have to go"

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