Smelling Cigarettes

The Fiery Furnaces

Very much vodka and too much tequila: those are the ways I learned to deal. Across against the light and the sleet scalds my sight, stunned I stayed put and a billboard truck runs over my foot. So things are really hopping; and my unemployment's stopping; and my kitty cat's copping; and I need to forget. So I go to the window and smell a cigarette.
Now I'm in the clutches of my crutches: I'm laid up, and I sip from my cup, and I look outside. And I see Christopher Hyde-who just got divorced, and there's a restraining order enforced-going in his ex-wife's garage.
I'm just drunk enough to open the window, yell out gruff:
"Don't you key that brand-new Camry." And he gave me the cursor, "Damn," returning to the spot he was,
"Mind your own business you!" And I wag my finger, "You're not doing what you're supposed to do."
And then he's coming toward me, and I took a swig of my tequila 'cause it made me feel a little nervous as he started across against the light: but he didn't look to his right as he didn't stay put. And a billboard truck came and ran over his foot.
And the cops responding called out to me, "Hey is this your cat?" "Yeah, but sometimes it forgets. Ah, wait a minute. I gonna come out there and smell a couple a cigarettes."
Don't you hurry-worry with me...

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