

Catform

Rogue Wave

Legless, with the powder puff
you've got light, still cannot read
and the mattress is two bored-out eyes
supposed to be a lightening bolt
but as I lie in bed
it's been middle class
middle thoughts, middle as Tantric forms of intercourse
no divorce, drunk as a horse
and the waitress is the only one
who can speak and say what she means
as I lie awake
it's been Camelot
I can a lot, it's kennel and key
as she's waiting
stroking my hair
choking places
stroking my tie
princes with the dollar eyes
morning fries and light-up TV
and advances in the sweater vest
picking homes, picking out cheese
as i lie to them
second wallabee
second son
what happened to me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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