Medication

The Gris Gris

This is the part of me that needs medication
This is the part of me that believes in heaven
Thinks outer space is all dead, wishes it was with it
Is trying to be funny, loves my parents
Thinks that ants are cavemen, thinks all humans are ants
Learns from sitcoms means nothing
And I don't know
Where I could go away and you could wish
That I had stayed or just stayed gone
And I don't know, and I don't know at all
So, out of the context and into what you meant
And you know your reasons
You don't know who you are but you know who you wanna be
I, I, I don't know
So you go to the library to get yourself a book
And you look and you look
But you didn't find anything to read
And I don't know at all
Left all my kinder parts rusting and peeling
That guy was complaining as he looked at the ceiling
My nose isn't that big it looks nothing like me
We're all doctors trading sadness for numbness
Grass looks much greener but it's green-painted cement
The mayor's machines are there cleaning the pavement
You can't make dirt clean so we'll just lemon-scent it

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