

# Shirt

Peter Mulvey

Light A Fireburn Up All You Know  
you've Had  
so Much Time Just To  
let Things Go  
now You're  
burning Letters Out  
in The Snow  
in Your Backyardyears Go Rolling  
you're Thirty Three  
it's Time  
for The Cross  
or The Bodhi Tree  
but You'd  
like To Cry When You  
skin Your Knee  
man's It's Hardand It's The Same Old Friends On New Years Eve  
the Same Snow Falls On The Same Old Leaves  
and There's The Same Old Joy And The Same Old Hurt  
same Old Corduroy Shirtold Storm Windows,  
the Broke-Tail Squirrel  
and The  
grocery Lists And The  
skateboard Girls  
and Your  
rusty Brain Cells Give You A Twirl  
oh Nokitchen Radio,  
coffee's On  
oh You'd  
like A Month Just To Lean Up On  
but This  
open Road Wants To  
get You Gone  
off You Goand It's The Same Old Jar Of Car Keys By The Door  
the Same Old Scuffed Up Floor  
the Same Old Thirst For More Until The Put You In The Dirtit's The Same Old Nights Alone  
the Same Old "baby When You Coming Home?"  
to Feel The Same Old Joy, Oh The Same Old Hurt  
same Old Corduroy Shirt  
same Old Corduroy Shirt

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