

# Myrtle

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

A funny pilgrim on a crazy crusade  
A saucy chaucer, a sorry chapter mislaid  
Whittled with an exacto knifePlum right through my load bearing wall  
I'm horrified now that I could do such a thing  
But I thought I saw the singerI've heard those chimes so many other times  
But if I gave in, it had to of been  
I whupped it out, and destroyed my selfish cocoon  
Since I gave in, it had to of been  
Since I gave in, I hope it had to beenI'm not an optimist, I'm not a realist  
I might be a subrealist but I can't substantiate  
It was bigger than me and I felt like a sick child  
Dragged by a donkey, through the myrtle

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