The New Denial

The Good Life

i can't do this anymore:
stay in, black out, hit the floor.
i've forgotten what i'm hiding from
but mama called and cried to me,
"baby, your anniversary was last tuesday."
that's right...okay, i guess it slipped my mind.
and that's fine with me, i guess,
though it came as a surprise.
i gotta celebrate my memory's retreat
it's finally forgetting things.
i pushed it away. i let histroy lie.
finally memory sleeps.
goodnight.it's gonna be all right okay?
i'm leaving everything behind
so goodnight, farewell-and cheers
to the new denial.
exhausted with the born again routine...
you die a little bit each time you smile.
so grit your teeth, they like you happy.

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