

# Blight

[Glenn Stafford](#)

We sat on the couch a playin'  
Touch the tongue and bump the table  
But I was scorned after little ado  
Tossed right out into the blue I set into a downward spiral  
Caught an illness that was literally viral  
I heard some words of wisdom the other day  
And they went in one ear and out the other one I awoke from this beatific binge  
With prismatic eyes, now lite is tinged  
With all the vapors that the vile humans brew  
Shining through the.. blight of you  
Shining through the.. blight of you  
Shining through the.. blight of you

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