

Paper Cuts

Nirvana

When I'm feeling tired
She pushed food through the door
And I crawl towards the crack of light
Sometimes I can't find my way
Newspapers spread around
Soaking all that they can
A cleaning is due again
A good hosing down
The lady whom I feel maternal love for
Cannot look me in the eyes
But I see hers and they are blue
And they cock and twist and masturbate
I said so
I said so
Nirvana, nirvana, nirvana, nirvana
Black windows of paint
I scratched with my nails
I see others just like me
Why do they not try to escape?
They bring out the older ones
They point in my way
They come with a flash of light
And take my family away

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