

Carl Solomon Blues

Dear and the Headlights

"Backwash districts sprung from Ra's bright hips
Reduced to silkscreen hand job new car ego trips
And it's just endless combinations of the same old shit
Sloshing back and forth across some continents" All that talking it ain't got no use when it's just mal-digestion
that's been haunting you
Along with reflux opinions from your ulcer moods
You're just a litany of horrors like the evening news but Off somewhere in a New York flat, benzedrine derailed
rants of immeasurable frenetic praise
That cauterize before they save All the truth now in how you're lying there
Shoulder bladed nightmare rug pulled from your feet
All the truth now in how you're lying there in
Angelheaded elsewhere so markedly meek Slapped like a has been by syntactic gods
whom which the help you find your glasses but not your lower jaw
And you don't want to look surprised but you're in constant AHHH!
Ain't no fig leaf big enough to hide your dicktion flaws now Teeming pools of alphabetic shame that spit out
Infinitely indolent verbs across your page
Who dig their cloddish claws instantly into some nouns legs
if once your manuscript just limped now it's become quite lame but Off somewhere in New York flat, they don't
deal with things like that, just
immeasurable frenetic praise that cauterizes as it saves All the truth now in how you're lying there
shoulder bladed nightmare rug pulled from your feet
All the truth now in how you're lying there in
angelheaded elsewhere so markedly meek All the truth now in how you're lying there
shoulder bladed nightmare rug pulled from your feet
All the truth now in how you're lying there in
angelheaded elsewhere for the past six weeks

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