

Square Room

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

sitting in a square room
my voice is freezing
and the beams that are bouncing off the moon
are hanging from my window like icicles just a tired old alcoholic, waxing bucolic
shivering and homesick
staring at a wooden floor
staring at a wooden floor last night I nearly killed myself
chasing rum with rum
there were crows flying all around my head
and I sure caught and ate me some it's funny how I alienated
those who I was trying just so
so hard to impress
now half those fuckers hate me
and I'm just a fool to all the rest

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