

Diet of Worms

Laura Stevenson

Who's watching the cars from the corner of cul-de-sacs?

Who's charging the lawns like an order to grow long?

I am

Vain in my bare window

I am

Aiming my telescope

I am

I've been riding on my high horse

And I do wait all sullen and sodden above it all

About a mile

I will post up still on this pedestal that I built

And I build my anthills and the cities glow that are build with an enviable skill

Guess we're born out of gore

But I'm blessed with impermeable pores

What a show, my noble chromosomes in ordered rows

And I suffer fools like you

And I suffer fools all my life

And I will blow my hot air

Pulling ants from my hair in my armchair (in my armchair)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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