

sick at the heart

sick at the heart
and I don't know what to do about it
ferris wheel got pretty lights
I got rusted quarters in my pocket
and she stands at my right hand
like cotton candy
sick at the heart

I can't look at the roses
I see them torn from the earth and bleeding
locust in the wheat field knows
from birth we are starved for bread and blessing
when the lights grow dim
we begin to learn our lesson
sick at the heart

nothing adds to one hundred
they should have used ray charles' piano for his casket
all the drunken masters
smear sienna ochre and umber on canvas
the jug is cracked
the light is jagged and refracted
sick at the heart

sick at the heart
I said it once it was so easy I say it once again now
bang the pipes at midnight
why won't the gods just let us sleep ah just keep the noise down
I write these words to cross them out
and forget 'em