

## Bleary-Eyed

Annals

Green-leaf dawn implies  
something sweet in mind.  
But it's still your fingers in my back pocket.  
Makes me wonder why I sit here so tall,  
and why I run from the walls.

Critters by the litter  
come gushing out my eyes,  
like fears yet worth the fright.  
So, pour me a drink,  
and I'll spill this dark ink.

I'll tell you it's all for you,  
but it ain't it's just my way of coping  
with this bleary-eyed baby girl.  
Well, it's just my way of coping  
with this bleary-eyed baby girl,  
dying on my kitchen floor.

[But it ain't it's just my way of coping  
with this bleary-eyed baby girl.  
Well, it's just my way of coping  
with this bleary-eyed baby girl,  
dying on my kitchen floor.]