

## Bust

The Connells

Morning lands like aeroplanes wrecked inside my bed.  
Your favorite Teenage Fanclub song is knocking around my head.  
In fits and starts remembering the things I should regret  
but I don't want to sanitize my thoughts just yet.

These lessons in anatomy  
This adolescent crush  
This sod-it-all mentality  
Anyhow, anyway, everything is coming up a bust.

Afternoon's an open end boredom lines the shelves.  
I've got the time and half the time I'm not myselfes.  
Nighttime falls and Tall Boy calls  
Patience running out  
Claws and flaws and don't we all just muck about.

This funny, runny part of me is boiling in the crust  
and it's been spilling out of me.

Anyhow, anyway, everything is coming up a bust