

Poet's Tell

Flotsam and Jetsam

Living on your own again
What's gonna keep you clean this time
But how you wear your skin so hard
And breath that turpentine

You're not her only hurting sin
But her favorite one it seems
You thought you'd die
When you heard goodbye
And sank your dreams

You're just confused like the rest of us
About your next meal
Left mistakes everywhere
For the whole world to feel

It comes around once more
Get drunk again before we go
I wish I'd heard his last dying words
Last dying words

My train of thought gets slow
Why I'm never even know
You need prayer more than
Anyone I ever knew
But save a prayer for later
To get a drink or two

Remember when we all said
That we could stop any time
Poets tell how gods fell
Through his last dying words
Last dying words

My train of thought gets slow
Why I'll never even know
You need prayer more than
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But save a prayer for later
To get a drink or two

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