

## Trash

### Flotsam and Jetsam

The downhill slope I'm standing on is starting to hurt my feet  
My neck gets stiff from staring up at the world  
I'd show you all my self esteem  
But I lost it somewhere down the road

Why is it everywhere I stand  
Is a foot shorter than the space next to me  
I can't see the action due to the crowd  
There is never a horizon in my view

Like walking through knee high water  
My steps through life are slow and hard  
And I never seem to get all the way to shore  
The longer I stand, the deeper I sink

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I don't know if I'm down in the dumps  
But it sure smells like  
Trash to me  
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