

## Dripping Dime Size Drops

### Headstones

Gonna pick up my bag  
Gonna run straight home  
When the police come knocking (tell 'em)  
That I never left the front door  
This fabric has faded  
There'll be no renaissance  
Too many winos in the park man  
You know that their brains are doing somersaults  
Could've been a day from Sunday  
Could've been Tuesday last  
Could've been everything that I wanted  
You know that it was everything that I had  
I'm dripping dime size drops  
Now the glass it is empty  
It is no longer discreet  
Last point of entry did me  
Now I just can't compete  
I wish that it would stop  
You could drive a truck right through it  
52 steps until I drop  
There ain't no way to prove it  
Now the ashes have fallen  
Pave the way for the speed  
Last point of entry did me  
I still can't compete