

Caught In A Flood With The Captain Of The Cheerleading Squad

I Hate Myself

How's your bell-curve? Mine's right-skewed average low.
Very low. And the river - she has grown very high. Fell from the sky.

And I'm wasted on cancer and bible school not like you.
Yeah, you're wasted, full and drunk from too much rain and pain
and anger at tumors like me.

If it would make you comfortable, I'd jump out of this tree,
Or maybe we could get married and be happy.
These few words could be the last we ever speak.
Do you think, maybe, you could love me or like me maybe?

Maybe you'd look at me, you'd talk to me, we could marry, live
in this tree.
But it's unlikely. You don't like me, and I don't like me, and
it's unlikely.