

Three Days Old

I Mother Earth

The poetry of this hangover
I don't want to think, not
Too hard anyway
The scenery and fish, they're bad
Take another breath, another look and swallow
Holding the hand of hard times
And fallout
It could be worse...my star could fall

Pacified by little things
Tones of beige and green seem
To halt a scream in waiting
All red eyes, all heads thinking
No one says anything I can
Hear down here on the floor
Where I belong

Too young to find the horses
Too young fighting causes
I get overwhelmed
And I feel three days old

Another day goes and fails
The people lose control just 'cause
Things are going slow
Your corduroy coat has left you
Just when you're feeling the wind
And cold
Then comes a rain of old thoughts
That always have to wreck my high
And bring me down

You and I are not the same
You like everything
Arms wave in a spin, blown by
Things I've hated, I've faded to the point
Where I'm not all there
Curled up on the floor
Where I belong