

## F-Stop Blues

Jack Johnson

Hermit crabs and cowry shells  
Crush beneath his feet as he comes towards you  
He's waving at you

Lift him up to see what you can see  
He begins his focusing  
He's aiming at you

And now he has cutaways from memories  
And close-ups of anything that  
He has seen or even dreamed  
And now he's finished focusing

He's imagining lightning  
Striking sea sickness  
Away from here

Look who's laughing now that you've wasted  
How many years and you've barely even tasted  
Anything remotely close to  
Everything you've boasted about  
Look who's crying now

Driftwood floats, after years of erosion  
Incoming tide touches roots to expose them,  
Quicksand steals my shoe,  
Clouds bring the f-stop blues

Look who's laughing now that you've wasted  
How many years and you've barely even tasted  
Anything remotely close to  
Everything you've boasted about  
Look who's crying now