

# They Told Me I Was A Fool

Jandek

You got real fancy instincts  
But your mouth is so large  
I think I see a hundred people in it  
I guess you like it that way  
Because you're a flop  
And there ain't no more wringer washers  
To roll your fingers through  
I see your insides aren't the same since 1951  
You're dying inside a window  
I saw your face all cut with glass  
And underneath the window  
The hands you dug your grave with  
You could have built an empire  
He would have helped you now you know  
You're going to fetch the wind  
On a unicorn  
Feet all dangling down  
Wish them well at the marketplace  
I fear a fiery face  
Is staring from the future  
It's not the way  
They told me I was a fool  
Well it's your friend and mine  
And  
The sky is black in a blue night  
The winter is true or so it may seem  
Carnival tricks in the corners  
The floor is made of tracks  
That follow your footsteps