

# Grey Tickles, Black Pressure

John Grant

I did not think I was  
The one being addressed  
In hemorrhoid commercials  
On the TV set  
I often stand and stare  
at nothing in the grocery store  
Because I do not know  
What to buy to eat any more

And parapraxis  
The order of the day  
I never heard that word  
Until tonight I have to say  
And I'm suppose to believe that there's some guy  
Who will take the pain away

And there are children who have cancer  
And so all bets are off  
Cause I can't compete with that  
So all bets are off  
Cause I can't compete with that

I've got grey tickles and black pressure  
And I'd rather lose my arm inside of a corn thresher  
Just like Uncle Paul  
Just like Uncle Paul  
I, I, I

They wont be happy til  
They tear down everything  
Which looks remotely cool

Or is older than two weeks  
You must be kidding me  
Except I do know better than to ask

I can't believe I missed  
New York during the 70's  
I could have gotten a head start  
In the world of disease  
I'm sure I would have contracted  
Every single solitary thing

They say let go let go let go  
You must learn to let go  
If I hear that fucking phrase again  
This baby is gonna blow

Into a million bit of bits  
Of tiny pieces don't you know  
Just like my favorite scene in Scanners  
Apparently there was an outcry of some sort today  
Which no-one heard incidentally and by the way

I have not had the strength  
To leave my place in days or weeks  
And I'll never understand

Whats happening in the Middle East