

## Great Crap

Kimya Dawson

great crap! i stuck my nose in his mouth to smell what he was saying and his words were hooked on chocolate strawberry vanilla isophonic charles in charge cards like neopolitan dianetics loaded with implosives and ready to self deconstruct his aftermath was mustached in the iron cupboard with the rest of the michael groceries

he is in the air he is everywhere  
he is running in place in space and he is smiling  
he is a dream that came to me  
nothing can erase or replace that face

and so i asked him what i was doing in my mind  
and he told me not to waste my time  
what happens to the finder once you've found the find  
we'll play with ourselves til we go blind  
he is in my head his chair's on bread  
he is right said fred and brice beckham at the same time  
he's the recipe for the perfect friend for me  
axl rosehips and richard persimmons in a soothing pot of craigt  
gunner half nelson

and so i told him i was losing my mind  
he said we're in this together now i lose mine all the time  
the feelings steal the findings if the founders are too kind  
we'll play with ourselves til we go blind

i see you and me and we are sad as sad could ever be  
the past is a corpse and the future is a lie and we cry and we  
cry and then we die  
laffing

some people that i meet defeat the bounds of space and time  
i will be a golden girl and you will be a golden guy  
and if i threw a party and invited everyone i knew  
i will see the biggest gift will be from you

we'll reverse all of the peepholes and look the mirror in the eye  
then we'll snip and cut brian bonsall and turn him into jasmine  
guy  
and we'll look up in time to see amy grant sir mix-a-lot the sky  
and we'll play with ourselves til we go blind

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