

Middle

Kind of Like Spitting

The middle man what a miracle
Of common calculations,
Compressed and erratic
Hung out to fade like ribbons
Through wall-to-wall maybes

So I gave it my soul,
Got wasted sick and trashed it

It's midnight in this time zone
Awake and collecting little zingers
And future comedies
I feel my voice come back
On behalf of unfinished business
The lowered man what a spectacle,
A comic installation, repressed and dramatic
Fighting to find his fable
Through wall-to-wall static

Under an anime skyline
Calling cancer from the corner store
I showed her mine; she showed me hers
So we could shrug off the small shit
And breathe in the meantime
I wanted to dance with a daughter
Of a switchblade in the Springtime

There are some people I don't want to let down
Bells to ring
And friends to fling my arms around
Yes I know what's up must come down
Please don't take the good parts away