

The Old Matchbook Trick

Lambchop

The last time that I came here
I came down with a fever
The next day it was gone
With the suddenness of it's arrival
When we all were much younger
Were we really different
In the really real world we knew

Last night I saw the sun rise
Over sleepy Barcelona
Riding on a bus
With the road crew from embrace
While everyone was sleeping
I noticed a reflection
And saw the egg upon my face

The last thing I remember
About waking up in kristians and
Was gagging on my toothbrush
As it brushed across my tongue
And removed a drunken sailor
Paid his bar and porno bill
Gonna have to fuckin' hose him down

The clarity is blinding
Where's the befuddled middleman
The gentle goofus
With his comedy and wit
Spaced out in the crowd
With the cramped and the cluttered
Falls from your fingers to his hand
Falls from his fingers to your hand

The old matchbook trick
Keeps the table from wobble
Slipped under the short leg
Steadies the unsteadiness
Of the lopsided conversation
Makes a solid place to rest
Arms and thought upon