

## What Was He Wearing

Lambchop

what was he wearing  
what was i doing  
that bittersweet feeling that i was doing something right  
and i drive and i think  
that you are the most beautiful woman i know  
of course i remember that  
you are ten thousand miles away  
this does not comfort me  
this does nothing to my soul  
i've tried drinking of late  
and smoking dope for about two weeks straight  
today i was knowing that it was over  
perhaps things have just run its course  
perhaps i'm just tired of it  
but now i see things a bit clearer  
i saw an aging hippie walkin with several jugs of sunshine water  
i saw a black and white cat get out of my car  
and i called to her and she meowed to me  
and cautiously i moved toward her  
and as she moved away this was her kitty  
this time i turned and forced my key into the lock  
dammit i forgot the cigarettes again  
and i hoped to return home from the big night on the town  
but now i have to go out into the night  
down the street through the zanie's parking lot  
and get in line at the scot  
and mumble my request and stare at strangers  
and wish that i just could have remembered, damn