

## Paul's Grotesque

Man Man

He eats an avocado  
Writes novels on her navel  
Climbs out her bedroom window  
While she's asleep

She speaks of venom cobras  
Dark mater, supernovas  
Car crashes and tsunamis  
That bring the rain

He talks with great bravado  
Drinks baby shirley temples  
Fights with the pommel marbles  
Does it hurt? Does it hurt?

She squeezes the honey bottle  
Right over ripe tomato  
Doesn't care when all the ants go  
Right up her skirt

Nobody Knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime goes  
Nobody knows

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

They met one summer party  
Even by me with the cabbies  
Throwing empties at the police  
Oh how they laughed

She cut a smokey figure  
She splintered in his fingers  
So deep that even tweezers  
Couldn't pull her out

They danced in tiny halos  
Like rust around a cable  
Or atoms too unstable  
But they don't care

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

We leave a healthy corpse  
We beat a dying horse

We leave the headlights on  
We write a swan song

Will you get eulogized?  
Will you ever apologize?  
Will you run and hide tonight?  
Will you even care?

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows

Nobody knows  
Where the time goes  
Where the grime grows  
Nobody knows