

# Where Have You Gone

Mike Doughty

Oh I could give a straight up goddamn  
I could give you four or five of them  
I got a thousand in my bank account  
Break it open let the goddamns walk out

All my traumas hinge upon  
Some convoluted axiom  
Of the cube of  $x$  plus why  
Equals itself divided by now

Where have you gone?

I been to south of highland falls before  
I am a waiter in a furniture store  
I'm in demand and I'm unsure why  
I get to roll with the fliest of the fly

All my limbs are sticks and lines  
My head's a point upon my spine,  
I can't get no quadrilateral  
I can't say half empty or half full now

And slapping at the angles of the shape you're in,  
Left sleeve in velvet,  
Right sleeve in sharkskin  
All your laughs snapping like a dog bark  
Left here looking for girls that glow in the dark