

## With The Transit Coat On

None More Black

Hey Mr. Postman, quit bringing me lemons. There's far more than  
I can use.  
They're tumbling out of my closet. Rolling from under my bed.  
When I'm running through ladders. Just saw a black cat.  
It crossed my path. Its scratch is deep. Irritating.  
I've had a run in with the world. Because I wasn't paying atten  
tion.  
I relax better with a drug. Worry is better left alone.  
All I want to do is sleep, but the ceiling won't let me.  
One day I'll sing "Hurrah Hurrah".  
No clue what I'll do after that. You can steal all the thunder.  
I'll hand over the lightening.  
Just leave a little howling wind, but you're not taking the rai  
n.  
It's a sound that I find soothing. What do you say about that?  
It turns gray into total darkness and it brings out the rats.  
I'm at a run in with the word. Because I wasn't paying attentio  
n.  
I've shot better with a sword. A bite left better as a bark.  
All I wanna do is bleed, but the tourniquet won't let me.  
One day I'll sing "Hurrah Hurrah". No clue what I'll do after t  
hat.