

## Chalk Dust Torture

Phish

Come stumble my mirth beaten worker  
I'm Jezmund the family berzerker  
I'm bought for the price of a flagon of rice  
The wind buffs the cabin  
You speak of your life  
Or more willingly Locust the Lurker

Confuse what you can of the ending  
And revise your despise so impending  
'Cause I soak on the wrath  
That you didn't quite mask  
I'm getting it clearly through alternate paths  
Or mixed in with the signal you're sending

But who can unlearn all the facts that I've learned  
As I sat in their chairs and my synapses burned  
And the torture of chalk dust collects on my tongue  
Thoughts follow my vision and dance in the sun  
All my vasoconstrictors they come slowly undone  
Cant this wait till I'm old?  
Can't I live while I'm young?

But no peace for Jezmund tonight  
I plug the distress tube up tight  
And watch what I say as it flutters away  
And all this emotion is kept harmless at bay  
Not to educate somebody's fright