

Shitty Morning Song

Quimby

Dawn emptied the bars
And the town is licking her scars
And this murkey bar-chair mood slid away
And fell down with the moon
And the morning finds me alone
In Marianne's car
Harsh morning headlines echo across the empty square
Sleepy buses are making their first pass
I'm desperately trying to figure out where the f**k I am
Smell of fresh dog shit is wafting from the grass
I'm slowly crowlin' out
Pickin' ragged butts up off the ground
And I'm just stumblin' around
Sweet kiss of the muse on my ass
I wish I was a little pebble
For this weary day
I'd wait until the night would chase
This glarin' sun away
I see won't get too far
My God, this could be Mars
Sucked in by the crowd
People pushing, turning me around
And this morning chased me back
Into Marianne's car