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 whafting 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 crowed People pushing, turning me around And this morning chased me back Into Marianne's car