

Pensacola

Soul Coughing

Oh pride is not a sin, and that's why I have gone on down to Wal-Mart with my checkbook just to get you some.

Like waves in which you drown me, shouting.

I know you must've realized by now.

And by the lawnchairs there, next to the racks of guns, your self-esteem is waiting, canned up in aluminum.