

# Not Much Rhymes With Everything's Awesome At All Times

Sun Kil Moon

Things were amazing when you lived in LA  
Things were sublime up in the East Bay  
Then you landed in England's grey London town  
Again things were great  
You say you're a writer but what can you say  
When each night ends another perfect day?  
When a week in a hostel was a fabulous stay  
You're just too high to reach

It's hard to swallow your big bright pills  
The one I want to ask, how do you really feel?  
Can you dim the lights for just a few minutes?  
Lose the phrases, the overused snippets?  
You're living among the grime and the soot  
A scene straight out of a Charles Dickens book  
Ain't got no man to give you no love  
A kiss on the cheek, a welcome home hug  
You say you're a poet but I've not read a line  
Just seen the notebook, the cover and spine  
You say you're a poet but how much rhymes  
With everything's perfect at all times?

You left for Rome and Paris, France  
Came back home in a born again trance  
You met me for lunch, so late one day  
Out of breath with so much to say  
We sat down together and I stared at your phone  
I squinted hard but could not feel your tone  
I looked on at endless two-inch frames  
Thinking "Christ, they're all the fucking same"

What's beneath your glow and your gleam?  
What's not in the picture baby?  
Are there scars somewhere on your skin  
And are there more deeper you're hiding?  
Tell me about when you were a kid  
Did someone you know drive off of a cliff?  
Did you get picked on by your big brother?  
What are you carrying? What are you smothering?

Is something crawling on you like bugs?  
Is something eating away at your guts?  
Is something slithering down in the drain?  
Is something swimming around in your veins?  
You say that you're happy here in this place  
Staring off into internet space  
Trying to hit a magic button  
Wake up only next to no one  
Next to your laptop and your slick phone  
And your book of illogic poems  
You're my friend and you know I love you  
Open up, babe, no I won't judge you  
I'm an artist, it's all that I've got  
I know when I see one and baby, you're not  
A poet knows that not much rhymes  
With everything's perfect at all times  
Say you're a poet but I've not read a line

Just seeing the notebook, the cover and spine  
You say you're a poet but not much rhymes  
With everything's perfect at all times