

Chief Inspector Blancheflower

The Fiery Furnaces

I wanted to be a typewriter mender when I grew up,
But things didn't work out so. Sleep
Late in the morning, climb up Mt. Olympia and replace a Return:
But I didn't get enough good grades.
My uncle Peter had the Parthenon Business Machine Remediation outfit,
And right there, on the shop floor,
Hundreds of electric-selectrics, all messed up:
But I didn't get enough good grades.
I had a dexadrine hyperactivity selective
Attend to relevant
Information tempo taken in told to
Mechanism coping concept
Put my head down crumple my paper.
Sent to look at the future-job folder-binders,
I got distracted by the graphs.
In the resource room Mrs. Petorsky re-enforced me:
Raisins from her zip-lock bag,
And free time after my target behavior I was positive about:
Tickets, tangibles, chips and stars.
Now playing I'm In My Own Little House:
Tickets, tangibles, chips and stars.
I had a dexadrine hyperactivity selective
Attend to relevant
Information tempo taken in told to
Mechanism coping concept
Put my head down crumple my paper.
After school I was sitting in the sitting room
Looking out at the pavers in their bright orange vests
Holding up the slow-go diamond plastic piece of wood,
And I knew that I'd never be any good
And never wear a hard-hat and do things like that,
So I joined the police force:
Damp in Dumbarton dip about the 14th of May.
The publican dropped me a line thought there had been foul play:
The farmer up the hill came in with his knife
He mumbled something darkly about his young wife.
Riding up on the postcoach I thrummed on my notebook.
The wind was up, I held on my hat. I do up my coat, look:
The farmer stumbled past holding his gun
He mumbled something darkly about his young son.
About your wife, sir.
What about her?
Pray, where is she?
Nowhere you'll see.
Locked him up in the store room of Mrs. McVeigh's Inn.
Take tea up in the manor Sir Robert Grayson.
The farmer through the window came in with his sword;
He mumbled out of breath Forgive me m'lord.
And after that rustic imposition I took a deposition
I shared a Woodpecker cider with a local fratricider
Who told me all this stuff and more:
Well I rode up to Springfield on my motorcycle
And I's gonna stay with my younger brother Michael.
Mom's oxycontoins and the Amstel Light
But I noticed I was doing most of the talking that night.
So I got both remotes and turned off the DVD
And said Michael is there something that you need to say to me?

Well I don't know how to tell you.
You can tell me any
Thing that you want 'cept I started seeing Jenny:
I started seeing Jenny.
My Jenny?
And he looked down at the floor.
You know damn well she ain't your Jenny no more.
And I said Get her on the phone.
Don't you think it's a little late?
No I don't think it's a little late.
But I went out the room cause I knew I'd better wait
So I went down to her dad's bakery and she said
I'm gonna go outside take a break smoke a cigarette.
I'm still surprised at how mad you get.
Well what'd you expect?
That you wouldn't try to wreck your little brother's happiness.
And I said Listen to you!
I know what you're trying to do.
And what whould that be?
Mess with Michael's head as some kind of revenge back at me.
--So I drove up to Springfield in my wife's new car
And went and had a drink at my buddy's old bar.