

Counterfeit Florida Plates

The Mountain Goats

Steal some sunscreen,
From the CVS.
Use too much,
And make a great big mess.
Wait where shadows mask or hide my scent.
So many so-called friends,
Working for the government.

Dig through the trash.
Sleep on the grates.
And watch for the cars,
With the counterfeit Florida plates.

Scribble cyphers on the library bathroom wall.
Map a path from here to home.
Can't quite catch em all.
Calculate magnetic north,
And turn the other way.
Wait for the coming disaster,
I could do this all day.

Dig through the trash.
Sleep on the grates.
And watch for the cars,
With the counterfeit Florida plates.

It seems like everyone's cut me free,
And left me to the tender cares of my faceless enemy.

Feel so hungry,
Probably pass out soon.
Look for a tree to lean up against,
Whistle a tune-less tune.
This may be the night my point-men finally come.
Wait for the fog to catch up with me,
So I can at least feel numb.

Dig through the trash.
Sleep on the grates.
And watch for the cars,
With the counterfeit Florida plates.
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