

Mustard

The Saints

Sleeping through another Sunday
a lost weekend
approaching Monday
accosted by a debutante
offering more than I could want
Senses leaving snail trails heaving up the debris of the night
before
crush my skull with feather weight poems
I know but I`m not sure

From out of nowhere I`m stuck in traffic
Life is a gas station and I`m on empty
brush my teeth with wire wool
and worry about my inclinations
someone takes a toke of toxic
television screams off the wall
fading in the next drink
I think but I`m not too sure

And it looks like mustard
smells like mustard
feels a lot like glue
It looks like mustard
burns like mustard
comes on just like you

Standing idly on the corner
disheveled and out of order
Reveling in faded glory
I get told another story
senses leaving snail trails heaving up the debris of the night
before
crush my skull with feather weight poems
I know but I`m not sure

And it tastes like mustard
smells like mustard
feels a lot like glue
looks like mustard
burns like mustard
comes on just like you