

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