

## Nausea

### Trophy Scars

When the prodigal son picks the skin off his teeth  
he licks the top of his lips. he says you are what you eat.  
He takes a Cadillac drive through the Tennessee fires,  
a swig of whiskey and rye, the moon reflects in his eyes.

I used to be the mayor of this city,  
and all the girls, they look so pretty  
but I used to hate myself, oh.  
I still hate myself.  
And all the members in my committee and all the angels and pray  
ers of pity  
won't save you from yourself no, when you hate yourself.

(Shut your eyes and you'll burst into) Flames in his breath whe  
never he speaks.  
He's got the top of the world at the soles of his feet.  
He's a bargaining man, he's got a lucrative hand,  
he's not part of the Bible, the Torah, or Qur'an.  
I'm a man who fucks with fire, and I'm a man who sleeps with li  
ars,  
but I don't come from Hell no. I wasn't raised in hell.  
I never felt so damn inspired than the holy day that I retired  
and I summoned Hell, oh. You're living in Hell.

God scorched the fields and dried the lakes.  
I should've left but chose to stay.  
Man kills man, but can't kill me.  
High noon; the light gets chased by dawn  
I threw my Caddy into park  
Put the top down and watch them burn.

I watched the trees burn in flame, I hear the buildings give wa  
y.  
I feel the tremors set in, I smell the sulfur burn in.  
I thought the radio died, but somehow it survived.  
I tried so hard not to cry, they played American Pie.  
Don McLean knew of the darkness, and the sadness of time.  
I remember that song as a kid, and how I was affected.  
Everyone feels estranged in this world, everyone is connected.  
I didn't know much of Buddy Holly, I always thought it was Oswa  
ld.  
I remember my mom used to sing it, to put me to sleep.