

Hot Seat

Vic Chesnutt

Ventolin and Vivarin and primatene
secret tequila shots and a patch of morphine
in the morning and in the throes
what a great day to come out of a coma

I've been in the hot seat sweating it out
oh, sweating it out
sweating it out
sweating it out

I touch the telephone it falls away
I think they call it empathy
but not this way
I put my lips on the sound hole
my tongue is finally warming
but my brain is charcoal

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not much later, fall out of favor
pretty soon I know I'll do
precisely what I wanted not to do

maybe I slipped up and learned a lesson
to work my proclivity towards second guessing
I was too naive and enthusiastic
to keep my trap shut
and my monkey in a motherfuckin' basket

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