

## Good Friday

WHY?

If you grew up with white boys  
Who only look at black and Puerto Rican porno  
Cause they want something that their dad don't got  
Then you know where you're at

Mortaring your earholes shut in a rush with wet coke  
In a Starbucks bathroom with the door closed  
On booze, I'm left in residue and confused  
Like the first time you used soft water  
Down on my luck, caught unaware  
Like Houdini when the last fist struck

If I'm sinking and laughing at something sunken in, I am

Sucking dick for drink tickets  
At the free bar at my cousin's bat mitzvah  
Cutting the punch line and it ain't no joke  
Devoid of all hope, circus mirrors and pot smoke  
Picking fights on dyke night  
With shirlies and lokes and snatching purses

Doing Elton on karaoke and forgetting all the verses  
Blowing kisses to disinterested bitches  
Playing lead lay in a bad way on Broadway  
Sending sexy SMS's to my exes new man cause i can  
On the road trying to break an old van  
Eating pussy for new fangs, I am, what the hell  
Using Purell till my hands bleed and swell  
Missing mail at a Motel 6, I'm unwell, if

If I'm sinking and laughing at something sunken in, I am

It feels exciting, touching your handwriting  
Getting horny by reading it and repeating poor me  
Intently staring at the picture of your feet on the sticker  
At the R. Crumb exhibit, I wonder who's sicker

Jerking off in an art museum john till my dick hurts  
The kind of shit I won't admit to my head shrinker  
Not even in a whisper to my own little sister  
I just act like a dick and talk shit when I'm with her

Aught six, I'll say the Friday before easter  
Was not good, I cried to myself in the pisser  
And with you in the front row at the Silver Jews show  
And you act like you didn't notice, my fear of the bear  
At Showbiz Pizza when I saw six was overwhelming and not dissimilar to this

If I'm sinking and something sunken in, I am

At Jacob Han's on tour I wake up  
Hung over on a hardwood floor  
From a dream about how your dress  
Hangs off of your little breasts  
I'd rather be dead than call this song  
How I lost your respect but god bless or get neglected  
And I'll see you when the sun sets east, don't forget me