

Sponge

Vic Chesnutt

pleasure is melting like chocolate
my blue ribbon gumption is gone
all my gravy must have soaked into something
and the world...

the filthy steps, the cold concrete
the phony earth below my feet
the ancient odour of the street
yes the world, world, world it is a sponge
yes the world, world, world, world, world it is a sponge

and when the crisis passes
when the coast is clear
I'll be buffed down to a liquid
and the world, world, world it is a sponge
yes the world, world, world, world, world it is a sponge
yes the world, world, world, world, world it is a sponge

throughout this entire ugly outing
I've been mumbling the convex of what I should be
shouting
but I'll soon be silent you'll soon hear nothing
'cause the world, world it is a sponge
the world, world, world, world, world it is a sponge
the world, world, world, world, world it is a sponge