

Gnat Years

Absofacto

A year in a day
I wake to the spring, watch summer fade to gray
And sleep to the fall

Two bumps on my spine
I thought that I might grow wings and learn to fly
But they didn't sprout
I wouldn't know where to go if they did come out
So maybe it's just as well, oh well

There's beauty I found
Just watching the light streak as you rush around
Three hundred and sixty five times faster than
I can perceive
It bends and it breaks into pieces, and through the cracks
I can decode meaningless sounds
I'm holding myself to lower standards
Nothing to expect now, I hope, I hope

I'm living my life in gnat years
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I made a boo coo buck getting loose with the juicer
As my orchid wife sits wilting softly on the sill
My tiny brain's wick's thirst quenched by the wax
And my true love's flicker's getting brighter ever day
I want to scratch out the message on your reading glass lens
But my time's almost up and I don't quite remember what it is

A year in a day, a year in a day