

Summer Dub

Bill Callahan

I painted, I painted
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Holding a job was not believable behavior at all
So I split
I never truly knew who I was
Who am I?
A poor

Suspicious
Like all that time spent down by the water
Had somehow given me control over the rain
Guess I got my rainy day

Like a sorcerer's cape
The rain ripped the lips off the mouth of the bay

Quiet, quiet
Rich Man's Folly
I'm painting