

# Tumbleweed

Billy Woods

Z-z-z-z, pop go the landscape  
Belly-up throwing socks at the fan blades  
One o'clock, dummy lock eyes with a mickey mouse pancake  
Pox on his tipping side handshake  
Slobs in a city-wide campground, translate  
Tan lions examining how the lamb taste  
Needs more saffron, lead 4 eyes where his hands ain't  
Hand-painted mask on, Badassquiat  
Tap math rock on a harp string  
Mosh like a sasquatch l.a.r.p.ing  
Seen amoebas grow to vapid fashionistas  
Freeing a can of worms mistook for a panacea  
See the regulars exude a particular brand of diva  
'Til a basic interaction take a local anesthesia to stomach  
Amnesia beloved, reanimated from the chrysalis  
Splitting atoms over shitty crinkle cuts, lemme guess  
Another mac the knife with the passion of christ  
I would rather be trapped in ice  
He flexi with the tech and exit left from the director's chair  
Pocket-knife and a box of strike anywheres  
Might break off from the pack like Uncle Traveling Matt  
Mail a couple suspicious packages back  
But the mission is in front of him  
Operation tooth and nail  
Turn troops into boots and belts

Russian roulette relationships  
Step in the front door guns to your own heads  
His & her 44s matching rubber grips  
Just Me & My Bitch  
Romantic revolvers  
She threatened to leave  
Replied  
I'd buy that for a dollar  
Took a few weeks  
But I'm back to rolling 'em smaller  
It's the little things  
The bitter flings  
Rebounding with the illest springs  
Icarus aloft on pride's brittle wings  
Heavy hand  
Singapore Slings  
Good man  
I appreciate a barkeep who keep my cup on brim  
And might perhaps point me towards some trim  
Eye blinks pan flashes  
Suddenly the only person in the bar not wearing glasses  
Keeps a flask in hand but for that special someone might pass it  
The Minus Man  
Takes his meals alone close to home two glasses Cote de Rhone  
Slipped out unnoticed  
The tip was decent  
Nods good evening to policemen passing the precinct  
Must've already made quota  
Crocodile Tears P.W. Botha  
Maybe I shoulda stuck it out instead going home to a sofa  
Arrived via chauffeur

Dipped in a jack-o-lantern arm in arm with a slattern  
Shot from the hip  
Excuses in the holster  
Extended clip  
One in the head and I ain't stop squeezing till I knew it was dead