

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