

Felt Just Like Vacation

Bomb the Music Industry!

Your floor felt like falling backwards in a steady slipstream. The lazy tide is bringing me to shore. Eighty degree water, I see right to the bottom. Take the pressure off for good. Don't give me anymore. Give me the worst sleep spots, corners to get stuck in, pump me full of friends and alcohol and I'll be thinking of you long after the night's through. Long after I'm peeled off of the wall and shipped to Brooklyn. And it might be 'cause I'm not alone but this vacation feels more like home than habitually checking my phone for texts I won't respond to from people I don't talk to. In truth, December destroyed me. January crushed me. By February, I was not myself. March rolled in like beatings and rolled out like a bear hug. In April I stared out the window for a f**king month. I don't want October. I don't want November. I don't want to feel those crippling blows that I can't explain to myself, my friends or you so I soften them with hours of Nintendo. And it might be 'cause I'm not alone but this vacation feels more like home than refreshing e-mails I won't respond to from people I don't talk to. Please give me Caye Caulker, my feet in the water, someone who doesn't yawn when I go on and I'll be thinking of her long after the summer. Long after the crowd is bored and talking shit and moved away and everybody's gone so the winter never kills me. Winter won't kill me.