

## Easy Driver

Cap'n Jazz

AKA my testosterone smock  
Stains so deep they can see no end  
Stains so many they can hardly be seen  
Wrinkles like gashes and dirt formed shadows  
My fingers swim for the end of a sleeve

And I can't understand  
It's just my dad's old shift  
It fit him so well  
Starched rigid  
Firmly creased  
He grew into it and it grew into him  
Now I can't hear myself through all the sounds in my head  
They all tell me exactly what I want

Just call me Tetris  
I've got the headache  
Nothing fits and nothing disappears  
Call me Tetris  
I can't close my eyes on it