

Peanuts and kiddie Molotov cocktails
On a starved stomach
On Sunday afternoons
I've got tobacco allergies,
And a bloody tongued cat lick ticking the lil' piggy peeping out of
A size and a half shoe ago

I watch myself in the fishtank mirror in the corner
All the fish died for Friday's fish fry
I'm watching a sunken ship
One Sunday,
Like a likable bully,
He pulls to a picnic and builds a fire
December embers trickle up,
set roots in a soil sky as January's stars