

Sitting Up With A Sick Friend

Christian Lee Hutson

Oil on canvas, cigar-smoking mobster
A worried old dog with his nose in the crossword
Deep in the valley, awake on the couch
It hangs over my head all night, creeping me out
I have to figure out how to get rid of this stuff
And I know that you used to like it so much
Even called it a classic and that still blows my mind
I don't know why
I don't know why

I had my head on your lap on the roof of this house
Tipped-back bottle of vodka connecting the clouds
Never worried about making anyone's list
Do whatever you want 'cause God doesn't exist

You chose the west side after the divorce
Your dad rented this bungalow on a golf course
And sometimes you wish you'd just randomly die
I don't know why
It sounds alright to me
I don't know why

Used to squint at my palm and say, "Long life ahead of you"
Then spit in my hand and add, "Also a swimming pool"
Joked that you already knew you were next
In a long line of people who just never left this town

Rich people love to say they had it rough
I know I had a lot but it wasn't enough
Do you think that that makes me a bad guy?
I don't know
I don't know, am I?
I don't know