

Mood Organ

clipping.

Shh, shh, shh, plasma wall lit
Deny that he ain't really up yet
Wash his mouth with the whisky
The same glass he set
On the nightstand from the night before
Only had to take one
Don't know where the bitch went, she was just, wait—
No, that was a week ago
Grab his gun with his underwear on the floor
Why is that wall still blinking? Leave him alone
He already know, it's another skin and bone doing something unspeakable
He ain't speaking, okay
Move the squeaky panel out the way and count up what he saved
Like seventy-five thou
Almost enough to grab his bottle and walk away, but not today
Shh, shh, he comin', he comin', just let him put on a shirt, Jesus Christ
The hum of neon is persistent, can't get no sleep at night
Thumbing through paperbacks just to remember the feeling, okay, okay
He'll accept the call and ask that they ignore the wire plugged in the ceiling, the plaster is peeling away

Swear the sun is burning through the cream
It's just another way to get 'em all to pay for shit nobody really needs
Fresh air will be the death
Maybe it's welcome
Pocket full of upfront, put it all on the challenger to live, they never do
But that mean it's overdue
For that ship to come in, so let it ride
Don't let him die, don't let him die, don't let him die
Oh, he dead
That son of bitch didn't keep his guard up and they tore him up limb from limb
What did he expect from a skinner?
Meaty mothafucka really never had it in him
Almost feel bad
But when they get out it's on him
To scour the avenues battling elements, skimmers are slippery if unintelligent, better go get it
First another drink
Gotta stay loose and lubed up
Two-stepping to the tunes on the juke, but
Even the bangers are melancholy
Get going, old man, 'cause you broke and your work is important

Shut up, you ain't foolin' nobody