

Avant Gardener

Courtney Barnett

I sleep in late
Another day
Oh what a wonder
Oh what a waste.
It's a monday
It's so mundane
What exciting things
Will happen today?
The yard is full of hard rubbish it's a mess and
I guess the neighbours must think we run a meth lab
We should ammend that
I pull the sheets back
It's 40 degrees
And i feel like i'm dying.
Life's getting hard in here
So i do some gardening
Anything to take my mind away from where it's sposed to be.
The nice lady next door talks of green beds
And all the nice things that she wants to plant in them
I wanna grow tomatoes on the front steps.
Sunflowers, bean sprouts, sweet corn and radishes.
I feel pro-active
I pull out weeds
All of a sudden
I'm having trouble breathing in.

My hands are shaky
My knees are weak
I can't seem to stand
On my own two feet
I'm breathing but i'm wheezing
Feel like i'm emphysem-in'
My throat feels like a funnel
Filled with weat bix and kerosene and
Oh no, next thing i know
They call up triple o
I'd rather die than owe the hospital
Till I get old
I get adrenalin
Straight to the heart
I feel like Uma Thurman
Post-overdosing kick start
Reminds me of the time
When i was really sick and i
Had too much psuedoefedryn and i
Couldn't sleep at night
Halfway down high street, andy looks ambivalent
He's probably wondering what i'm doing getting in an ambulance
The paramedic thinks i'm clever cos i play guitar
I think she's clever cos she stops people dying
Anaphylactic and super hypocondriactic
Should've stayed in bed today
I much prefer the mundane.
I take a hit from
An asthma puffer
I do it wrong
I was never good at smoking bongs.

I'm not that good at breathing in.