

## Fruit Pit

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Whose is this?  
Not mine  
I'd like to use it from time to time  
If I lay down I'm fine

Read there and smoke  
A day's worth of work  
Gone through steady and slow  
Invisible

If you go anywhere  
Will you take me?  
And if you lost me there  
Would you know where to find me?

Tired and true  
Shrinking so small  
You could fit me into  
Something that belongs to you

Your red fanny pack  
Your red fanny pack  
Fruit pit  
Covered in spit  
No one to see  
Or interpret my body

And if you go to the show  
Will you wake me?  
Tell me and nobody else  
Let's not tell anybody