

Bugs & Flowers

Jeffrey Lewis

Out in the forest
Out past the stone wall
Built by old farmers
Or older guys
I saw a railway
With tracks all rusted
Wild flowers blooming
Up through the tides

I set out walking
Just cross-tie walking
Out on the cross-ties
Where I could step

Sometimes I missed one
Sometimes there was none
Sometimes the flowers
Had eaten it
The sun was burning
The flies were churning
The trees were turning
Inside the sky
The tracks were rotten
Some trash forgotten
Sometimes a bottle with ash inside

I've been a walker
A sidewalk talker
Out on the sidewalks
Where I could stay
Someday my body
Will look real shoddy
Wherever flowers have eaten it
Voracious flowers
Voracious hours
Voracious people
Voracious slime
Words like voracious
Just sound like nonsense
After you say them about five times

These flowers blooming
They are not human
These flies and insects
Are really weird
Their backs are shiny
Their souls are tiny
And by the zillions
They've disappeared
So if there's life after
It's packed with insects
It's filled with flowers
No room for us
When they kick the bucket
They just say chuck it
They come and go like
Infinite dust

The human race's
Beautiful faces
Changing places
Reform and bust
When we kick the bucket
Let's just say chuck it
We'll come and go like
Infinite dust