

## 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