

Grey Tickles, Black Pressure

John Grant

I did not think I was
The one being addressed
In hemorrhoid commercials
On the TV set
I often stand and stare
at nothing in the grocery store
Because I do not know
What to buy to eat any more

And parap Praxis
The order of the day
I never heard that word
Until tonight I have to say
And I'm suppose to believe that there's some guy
Who will take the pain away

And there are children who have cancer
And so all bets are off
Cause I can't compete with that
So all bets are off
Cause I can't compete with that

I've got grey tickles and black pressure
And I'd rather lose my arm inside of a corn thresher
Just like Uncle Paul
Just like Uncle Paul
I, I, I

They wont be happy til
They tear down everything
Which looks remotely cool

Or is older than two weeks
You must be kidding me
Except I do know better than to ask

I can't believe I missed
New York during the 70's
I could have gotten a head start
In the world of disease
I'm sure I would have contracted
Every single solitary thing

They say let go let go let go
You must learn to let go
If I hear that fucking phrase again
This baby is gonna blow

Into a million bit of bits
Of tiny pieces don't you know
Just like my favorite scene in Scanners
Apparently there was an outcry of some sort today
Which no-one heard incidentally and by the way

I have not had the strength
To leave my place in days or weeks
And I'll never understand

Whats happening in the Middle East