

Breathe Deep

Lambchop

The clerk smiled as she saw
The same nut pick up
A personal size grocery basket
And head down aisle two

She smiled because periodically
This guy would return
With his basket full of glade
Lock and hold room freshener and deodorizer

It's a deodorizer that works
On the same principle as a bug bomb
Simply push down on a button
And it fills the room with a scented fog

The man would buy only about
Five or six cans at a time
He'd been coming in for about five weeks now

Sometimes he would come in twice a week
He seemed like a normal guy
He was kind of balding in his mid thirties
Wearing a black leather jacket

And he was always so damn dusty
Something soft about his features
[Incomprehensible] makeup but it was really just dust
He paid with a twenty and said thank you and left

The man returned home
He took the glade from the worthless little plastic sack
He placed one on the rug, one on the end table
One on the window sill, one under the TV
One by the air conditioner

This might seem unusual
Except for the fact that his entire apartment
Was just filled with them

Every room on every surface
He figured he had about sixty of them in all
Each one's nozzle's poised at the ready

He sighed and opened a beer
He started to push down the lock
And hold buttons on the canisters

Slowly filling the room
Working his way from the dining room into the den
Each room filling with a multi-scented fog

Desert bloom, evergreen
Misty rose, fresh lemon
Regular and unscented

Potpourri, wild oak, petunia
Ocean mist, musk, hazel wood

Irish nights, sandal wood, rain forest

Country kitchen, natural prevention

Orange blossom, Indian summer

And holiday candle

Calmly he sat on the couch

Spilt his beer and closed his eyes

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