

The New Cobweb Summer

Lambchop

The last thought that you think today
Has already happened
The link between profound and pain
Covers you like sherwin williams

The smokey joe is broken
Drops into your lap
And the big red wasp
Makes a scan through
My black pages

Last night, our boy was out there
Burning up his matches
I saw him in the afternoon
Sporting a black eye

The universal man
Holds a pistol or a bottle
Types with confidence
As we grow out of our bruises

Once, I had a friend
Who had the knack of
Tossing his mind around geography
Boy, you think you have problems?

The hunter is asleep
At least that's what I call him
In the afternoon
Of the new cobweb summer