## The Old Matchbook Trick

The last time that I came here I came down with a fever The next day it was gone With the suddenness of it's arrival When we all were much younger Were we really different In the really real world we knew

Last night I saw the sun rise Over sleepy Barcelona Riding on a bus With the road crew from embrace While everyone was sleeping I noticed a reflection And saw the egg upon my face

The last thing I remember About waking up in kristians and Was gagging on my toothbrush As it brushed across my tongue And removed a drunken sailor Paid his bar and porno bill Gonna have to fuckin' hose him down

The clarity is blinding Where's the befuddled middleman The gentle goofus With his comedy and wit Spaced out in the crowd With the cramped and the cluttered Falls from your fingers to his hand Falls from his fingers to your hand

The old matchbook trick Keeps the table from wobble Slipped under the short leg Steadies the unsteadiness Of the lopsided conversation Makes a solid place to rest Arms and thought upon Lambchop