

# The Last Poem's Poet

Matthew Good Band

"Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to think;  
discovered that the secret of the universe was the ice cubes melting in my drink.

Where do I get this stuff? Where do I get this stuff from?  
Where do you get this stuff? Why does it come?

Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to drink;  
Stop and breathe awhile I, I think I need to think  
I, I think I need to think hard, hard about my,  
hard about my, my, my reasons for doing what I do,  
my reasons for feeling how I feel,  
my reasons for doing what I do,  
my reasons for feeling how I feel,  
you know, how I feel about you.

Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to think;  
stop and breathe awhile, stop and breathe awhile.  
What have I learned about love, what have I learned about love, you tell me,  
what have I learned about myself.

The last poem's poet, he is not, an outspoken man.  
The last poem's poet, he is not, not an intelligent man.  
The last poem's poet will be about the mistakes he has made in his life.  
The last poem's poet will be about everything he would have done differently  
if the time would have been right.  
Righter than this, righter than that,  
you know it's righter than everything you've ever thought was possible.  
Righter than this, righter than that,  
righter than everything you ever thought possible.  
In this life is possible, in the next one,  
what is possible in this life is possible for everyone.

Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to think  
discovered that the secret of the universe was melting slowly in my drink.  
and I have come to a conclusion, I have come to a conclusion,  
finally I have come to a conclusion:  
within conclusion there is delusion within delusion there is illusion and within  
illusion  
there is confusion here, there is confusion here, there is confusion here.  
Confusion is the straightest talker you will ever know  
confusion doesn't care about what you have or who you know  
confusion is a friend of mine, has been for a long long time,  
confusion is a friend of mine you know, he has been for a long long long long  
time.

Got the balls to show it, the last poem's poet,  
he's got the reasons to show it, the last poem's poet  
lost the fear to blow it, the last poem's poet,  
he's got the courage to know it, the last poem's poet, the last...

the last time I saw your face, my mind led to a race  
the last time I saw your face, fell prey to a liar's grace  
In the end I will be fine, in the end I will be fine,  
in the end I will be fine, in the end I think I'll lose my mind  
Lit another cigarette, mmm, lit another cigarette.  
And I'm alright, I'm just a little tired I guess, just a little tired...