

Baby's ball is all blood red like flayed pigs  
And silk soft little things  
Fill a house hung from strings  
And I fly out on my silver, scissoring wings  
With the other sardines  
Over cities of things mommies need  
Light as gas, and half-assedly free  
Like I was in nineteen ninety three

Over the ruins like we're staggering apes  
What we get is what we take  
In a split open place where a man can get kinged  
In a palace of panic and flames  
Where nobody gets blamed  
By the tired and broke down and beat  
In sunken gardens where there was a street

West over water I rambled and paced  
And the blood river raced  
Like the sweat down my face  
And the stadium roared and the warriors embraced  
And the golden shore groaned beneath the weight of my  
tastes  
And I blazed  
In the last orange hours of the day  
Until the dust hazed and hid us away

So little baby, be brave  
I see your dad riding over the rise  
His whole cavalcade  
Watch them run on all sides

And the neon white branches and the carrion fly  
On a congressman's eye  
I have wrapped up for you in some old autumn leaves  
And left under a rock out on Rock- Rockaway Beach  
Beneath the trees

I have laughed my best hiss to the whistling breeze  
There's a hole in my throat  
You can note my last wheeze if you need  
And then take hold of the rope  
And down we scream