

Where Do I Begin?

Owen

Where do I begin?
A plague upon this city
A pox upon my friends
I spend whole days in the dark
And whole nights begging this guitar to sing

I wouldn't know
What kind of trouble I've been missing
If I were alive at any other time

Where, oh where does this story end?
If it's all the same to you
I'll just skip ahead -

I'm fat and I'm drunk and you love me
The kids are a little weird but they're happy
And I never made good on the money I said I'd make
And the floorboards still squeak as if in pain
Those rusty pipes do nothing but complain

Awake again
Disinterested
A pox upon these listless limbs
Are we having fun yet?