

Locked inside a moving car  
Flopping in the trunk  
Going through, I think, a tunnel  
Counting every bump

I hear murmurs from the front  
Broken up  
I don't even know what's going on  
Isn't that something?

Take me the long way 'round  
Think of all the poems I'll get out  
Choking on my spit  
It's a serious thing  
Finally some meat  
Some lines for me  
Set them up all nice and in a row

Tracing every lonely mark  
On the basement wall  
Calling out from every corner  
Until somebody comes

This whole thing is so extra  
So bizarre  
I don't even know what's going on  
I hear them coming  
I hear them coming

Take me the long way 'round  
Think of all the poems I'll get out  
Turning on a spit  
How sickening  
Finally a show with lines for me  
Set them up all nice and in a row