

Stash

Phish

I'm pulling the pavement from under my nails
I brush past a garden, dependent on whales
The sloping companion I cast down the ash
Yanked on my tunic and dangled my stash

Ziping through the forest with the curdling fleas
To grow with them spindles, the mutant I seize
I capture the dread beast who falls to his knees
And cries to his cohorts, asleep in the trees

Smegma, dogmatagram, fishmarket stew
Police in a corner, gunnin' for you
Appletoast, bedheated, furblanket rat
Laugh when they shoot you, say
"Please don't do that"

Control for smilers can't be bought
The solar garlic starts to rot
Was it for this my life I sought?

Maybe so and maybe not (Maybe so and maybe not)
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