

Fingers

Pile

You can always find a warm place that will smile backwards at you
Filled with fine folks that can't get their fingers out of their mouths
But one night, when sleep fell out of favor
I decided to shuffle around my furniture
And I couldn't stop cleaning
Till the broom was sore and all of those sponges bleeding
I left a mess all over the floor
Then left through the window just to spare the door
Of a house that burned down before I was born

Chores carried out in a vacuum
Or shoving a stone up a hill
Ascribing the absurd a meaning
Bearing no likeness to what it will
It was then that I noticed my finger bleeding
I, for one, blame the thumb

You find the room's exit
In that it's just a handful of walls
Not one thing is everything
And not everything has a meaning
But you can lie
You can lie
You can lie
You can always lie

The sense of defeat was strong and in its season of feeding
And the broom was all numb and all the sponges now meaty
So I laid out on the floor