

# Rumbling Joker

Robert Pollard

Rumbling joker hides a lot  
Rumbling joker lies a lot to you  
Leads a calibrated life  
Never does it rudely, foolishly  
Cool inside

May we always cry  
May we drink them dry  
May we wake up small and pale  
Asking very good questions  
Justifying an existence  
In the belly of the whale

Rum professor gathers wounds  
Hidden in the frozen dunes by the highway  
And a sour arrangement cries  
Dead before the ink dries  
Im not surprised  
Bruised inside