

## Segment

Runnner

I was six years old last night playing basketball outside  
I don't know how I came to cry I dotted off a single line  
And now I'm sleeping on this plane trying to stay so entertained  
I fogged my hands against the pane like sliver ghosts I don't sustain  
I'm wasting time but it's okay  
I'm mostly fine I'm not in pain  
Probably not dying today  
I call my congressman too much and ask her please don't fuck this  
is up  
Cause I'm so scared of all this stuff and we're not doing good  
enough  
I slept for days without a question but I'm not leaving 'till the  
end of my segment  
Still wasting time learning to play  
Still on my mind won't go away  
Probably not dying today  
The odds are against it, maybe  
Learn to accept that I'm not an exception  
I'm not holding breath for a real resurrection