

Trucks

Spacey Jane

Every morning, fighting through a coma
Each affliction carries its misnomer
Trucks roll loud into the port
They go where I could never know

My toes are freezing, cold cuts through the Persian
Rug I've stolen, Dad thinks that I've borrowed
He gives more than I can pay back
Twenty-two, I'll never pay him back

Oh, ashtray sitting on the table filled with dead moths
Floating in the rainwater with pill bags
It's winter, south of the river without a job
Oh, I don't see it getting any better

Empty bottles, if not for the burnt butts
Falling over, wind in from the coast cuts
Hard and sharp, messes up my hair
Leaves fall, peppering the air

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Floating in the rainwater with pill bags
It's winter, south of the river without a job
Oh, I don't see it getting any better
No, I don't see it getting any better

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