

## 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

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  
No, I don't see it getting any better

Oh, ashtray sitting on the table filled with dead moths  
Floating in the rainwater with pill bags  
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Oh, I don't see it getting any better