

## Number One (In New York)

Titus Andronicus

Salvage yard scavenging, bent over backwards  
The caverns are vast and packed to the rafters with decaying corpses  
Of course it's important - pertinent details from primary sources  
The voices are louder than ever before, sticking forks into four-  
legged horses  
Deplorable forces conspire to fire the lord and to hire a guy who wil  
l try to eat more of the portions  
A guy who's more boorish, a guy who's more selfish, with elves as his  
helpers  
Hopeless hapless masses are dopes, they suppose  
It's the same old rigamarole that we know, it's as bold as a rodeo  
Run with the bulls - all the bullshit is so, so disposable  
Open wounds, broken bones  
Choking from smoking these Marlboro hundreds  
Dysfunctional, fuck up in front of the public  
Dublin is so far away - it's disgusting the way that these laymen con  
duct their discussions  
But it's fun to disrupt if you're cussing enough then I call my own b  
luff, push my luck  
Hungry husbands are smuggling in drugs with their blood bubbling, boi  
ling  
Recoil from the touch of the boys in the club  
Noise erupts from the speakers, they scream from the bleachers  
Creatures in need of a teacher  
The reason is clear as a really bleached t-shirt  
The fever is reaching its peak - the deceivers are speaking of peace  
like it's reachable  
The evil are peeking through cracks in the steeple  
Believe it, it's real, 'tis the season  
I'm breathing in poison, chest heaving, can't even conceive of the ne  
xt best thing  
"Arrest these heathens! Forget the trial, lock 'em up, toss the key"  
Dot the T's, cross the I's, lots of apostrophes  
Coughing up boxes of bucks to stay lost in the fog of this obnoxious  
process  
My conscience is quiet, ensconced in the tarpit  
Cover the garden with carpet, forget and get onto the starship  
We're off to another dimension - the rent's too expensive here  
Spent my whole pension improving my penmanship  
When does it get any closer to ending?  
And can I just mention the stench?  
It's relentless when in the presence of elegant gentlemen  
The villains have taken their vengeance  
I regret to say they've collected the evidence  
Repent and pretend every entrance is open to tenants with references  
Declare myself president of the emptiness, say I'm Rembrandt of danci  
ng on the precipice  
Eleven years in and trying to stay relevant  
But based on what's left of the remnants of my intestines  
I would guess I've ingested the medicine  
Yes, I've been everywhere but everywhere that I've been  
I've been out of my element, even in my own skin

And I can't begin to think what I'd tell people back home  
So I tell it to the microphone  
I can't leave the life alone - yeah