

Seen My Man

Trixie Mattel

Seeming when I'm older that it's younger how I feel
Learning that you only get the raw end of the deal
First one to the finish line, but the last one left to know
Second place adorns you no matter where you go

Well I've been out to Austin, back to Boston
Where I've been
Following the highways in my hand
When I go back to Winsconsin
And when I come home again
Has anybody out there seen my man?

Coming home reminds you that you ain't got long to go
'Til you can't make it to the mailbox, not in all this snow
I hope you've got the time to keep that air between your lungs
I hope you've got the hand to pull the plug when that day comes

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Hippodromes and hedons sipping Seagram's from my mug
Pills at all the parties that we sweep beneath the rug
Figuring that loving's just the kind of dice you throw
Can a cactus and a lily find a common pot to grow?

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