

Gluefoot

Vic Chesnutt

Cross my heart and cross my eyes
Stick a needle in my thigh
Drop kick my unscrewed lid
And fiddle fiddle fiddle fiddle fiddle with what's inside

A rusty mass of machinations
Still I'm vying for the right vaccination

I make a masterful selection like Louis Pasteur
Certain I've found at least a temporary cure
If there's one thing I've learned in this chemical world
It's very very very very little is pure

My gluefoot sticks, I wrestle with it
I try to skedaddle but my gluefoot is fixed

If they'd give me a shovel in this communication age
Maybe I'd have kept my mouth shut and done something today
I want to blame democracy and it's inherent lies
I want to blame my heritage for my leisurely demise

Everybody wants to wear the cleats
Everybody wants to be Dominique
I want to be someone separate from me
I want to have a sustained feeling

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