

Onion Soup

Vic Chesnutt

thin and unshaved, drunk and mysterious
sooh, I must say lifestyle
is curious with a little touch of the sniffles and filthy sock
sgnawed, crumbled fingernails never doing tomahawk chops
a flaky head dandruff is distinguished
lacquer is red vain is the
varnish what is at the root of this, she'll say, whatcha got
what participle do you possess
she'll say, which I have not

one blustery day we rode out to the meadowlands
we saw and were amazed then hauled it back into town again
Mississippi is a mess
sometimes and not only when it rains
show come you went back to that malaria island
'cause our friendship is strained
those were the days when you were so cosmopolitan
these are the days, my letters they're so maudlin
I wrote you an eloquent postcard once
about this most exquisite onion soup
but of course I never mailed though
'cause it was your turn in the loop

those were the days when you were so cosmopolitan
these are the days, my letters they're increasingly maudlin