

## Square Room

Vic Chesnutt

sitting in a square room  
my voice is freezing  
and the beams that are bouncing off the moon  
are hanging from my window like icicles

just a tired old alcoholic, waxing bucolic  
shivering and homesick  
staring at a wooden floor  
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last night I nearly killed myself  
chasing rum with rum  
there were crows flying all around my head  
and I sure caught and ate me some

it's funny how I alienated  
those who I was trying just so  
so hard to impress  
now half those fuckers hate me  
and I'm just a fool to all the rest

why do I insist on drinking myself to the grave  
why do I dream about cozy coffin  
I had all these plans of great things to accomplish  
but I end up purely pathetic more than often