

Gnashville

WHY?

Sometimes I claim to know a guy but I can't tell you what his hands look like
Guess who's coming to dinner

Gnashville, never in the night

Never in the night when the knot grows tighter than fingers can untie
And all the last half damned rivers have gone dry
Does the cock crow thrice until someone is denied
Or the morning comes
You wonder if you ever get your shit together
What is that a leather sofa and a feather in an old fur hat
Fake tat lost in a box of Cracker Jacks
Practicing your plane wreck face in a first class lav

That's what the ghost of someone's dad might say

When they come calling, I won't go calm
There is no palm or divine mitt
With which to hold one's pit
Or separate the human race from its environment
No scattered ashes loosely gather asking where the fire went
We're left with half truth psalms
In an indecipherable scrawl in some vague extinct language
Ancient ink dull, almost vanished on some old brittle scroll

That's what the ghost of someone's dad might say