

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 seperate the human race from its enviroment

No scattered ashes loosely gather asking where the fire went

We're left with half truth psalms

In an indecypherable 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