

January Twenty Something

WHY?

If you called, and I didn't answer
There's a chance I'll get back to you
But if you're bald, fat, and go where my pants were
Then you know I'm breeding for two

January twenty something, let 'em line up and slide away
Someone dialed up my line today

This song was a fever-dream
First new year's greeting on my answering machine
A suicide note from my late-teens
Put to this melody

And now my bike tire's flat
I must have ran over some glass, in the dark
Or it mighta got slashed
Cause I was messing around with someone's, ex-girlfriend, again
January twenty something
Let 'em line up and slide away