

Marigold

WHY?

I used to be married
Now I drag around the ring on a sling
In a barrel of salt
She gave me her twenties
Gave her a painting by my mother
Of a couple of marigolds

I've barely been in my body
Since Obama, is it karma, this whole drama?
Now my home ain't my home
And there's nowhere I can be
And nobody I can trust
So I'm just riding on this bus till I'm gone

She dyed my clothes with marigold
When they got old and pitiful
The pigment is so beautiful
But the stains are still visible
This is not a parable
This is real, it's painful
Me and my demands were a handful
Mostly she lived up to her name, though

Last stop
Man, you gotta get off
I gotta take it on back to the depot
Last stop
Come on, pal, you gotta get off
That Starbucks right there's open, mi amigo

She dyed this coat with marigold
But the stain is still visible
This mess is not repairable
And the aftertaste is terrible

Last stop
Come on, man, you gotta get off
I gotta get it back to the depot
Last stop, yo, bro, time to get off
What, you ain't got no people?

I used to be married
Now I carry around the ring on a sling
In a barrel of salt

If you can just give us some ideas from your life
Uh, how terrible your life has been, I would be glad to add that to my small repertoire