

# 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