

Untitled A

I catch myself smiling at trees
and knowing the treachery of a pleasant breeze
light a cigarette
a bit of poison puts my mind at ease.

Walking home through the littered street
with a can of arizona, and tired feet.

But it's 3pm on a day in july
and I've got nothing better to do with my time
so I turn north, the 7th Ward
the "bad" part of the city,

But as for me the, this place I know
from back then when we used to go
the radio house
where bands would often play.

And we drank, though none us were of age
spoke, mouth to ear, in crowded kitchens
(so much more alluring then than now)
And people smoked.
cigarettes on the porch
marijuana in the attic
No one really listened to the music
But those kids; they played on

I remember halloween
and one guy had to make a scene
and one girl couldn't keep it clean
and the floor was shaking underneath

with everyone I'd ever seen
dancing, packed in like sardines
and that girl I went for just as well
she went for him, but left with me

Or maybe that was another day
and something else lay up this way
its been some years since the foam and fray
and it was one of many places.

we went
that old gang of mine

I don't know where they are right now
a city like this or a pleasant town?

But, noticing I'm down to filter
I flick the butt into the riverbank
so exits my poetic mood

That old gang of mine.

I've lost alot of friends since then,
and done alot of good,
but I didn't want this.

I want to be sick of people.
I want to be sick of parties and girls
I want to be sick of being popular
sick of money
sick of being rich and famous
Those are the problems I'd like to have

But I aint got nothin
and there's a hole in the block of the engine of my car
and everybody's gone

And why? Did I lie?
Trying to hold my head high.

Some people claim a higher purpose.

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No
I admit everything.
What do I want?

- sex
- love
- and respect

And if at all possible,
from time to time
some peace of mind.

I catch myself smiling at summer leaves
And knowing the treachery of a pleasant breeze
Light a cigarette
to die a bit
and put myself at ease