**Wildcards**

Playing second fiddle in a one-man band

You say you know what I mean

Smaller than a breadbox, tender like a bruise

Colder then railroad steel

From a passenger plane on top of the rain

Des Moines looks like any old place

Pasted together with shingles and smoke

The wild card on top of the ace

Waling downtown in the drizzling rain

A hungry dog at my heels

Clobbered by stones knocked out of my bones

Babe you don’t know how it feels

In a taxicab seat looking down at my feet

How did they ever get here?

Smack dab in the middle of the ball and the wall

Babe, you want nowhere near this

Cats and dogs falling out of the sky

Do they think it’s any better down here?

A nothin’ out front bangs his head on the wall

Dead dreams take up the rear

Climbin up Grand with a gun in my hand — this time

How could you know how I feel?

Painted by his rain, soaked into my brain

Gettin thinking about blowing off my peel

Blew off my parents, blew off my friends

Blew off my future, for real — this time

Fell off the wagon, hopped on the away train

I’m thinkin about blowin off my peel