

Ass Ponys, Stupid

the day begins like another day
i hear a sermon it must be sunday
words are echoing all around
coming through the fog

on my elbows i look around
nothing here but the sound
of breathing
all the pillows are in a pile
and the blanket is off
i thought the windows
were made of glass
i thought the patterns
were on the ceiling
i thought the pictures
were parallel
i thought that i knew it all

i didn't know i was stupid
i didn't think i was stupid
i couldn't tell i was stupid
i didn't know it at all

i get a call from a good friend
and oh i'm alive again
she says she's in for the weekend
and just happened to call
i try keeping her on the line
saying whatever comes to mind
she says it sounds like you're doing fine
and leaves me climbing the wall