

Dead Flowers, I Don't See Anyone At All

Out by my corner winter has fallen
under the gin you'll find me forever faking
all types of clashes mixed up romances
spacing around the guilt
of whatever happened
I don't see anyone at all
the rest is feeling fine
It means so much to feel this small
except for the most time
I sway where I want to fall when I got to
I pick myself up to let you know that I
need none of your loving, giving or caring
perhaps I believe they're nothing to do with me
I don't see anyone
I fall down drunk each time I try at all
Back at the corner the rain is falling again
somedays seem to last as long as ten
take me, to the station, and put me in
I don;t want to pass through here again
Maybe a gutter maybe a lover
maybe a life of cheap wine and Bukowski
bars and blisters, cocky sisters
I don't even know what they mean to me