

# Jim Carroll, Hairshirt Fracture

It's a garbage truck hour, I'm sleeping in the shower  
I'm feeling like I'm waiting on a train  
By the sounds from my bed I think somebody's bled  
All over something someone's keeping clean

I don't need anything, just make it bright  
Then turn it low  
You don't need more than me  
You could live right there beneath the stairs  
I've done it, I've said all I can, I've reached the end  
Now you must learn to bend  
Bend to the floor, taste the core

You're not going nowhere  
Leave the money right there  
I feel the arrow sticking in my ear  
We owe so much we pawned  
Now watch the power come undone  
I'm standing on my head to watch the day just drift away  
This city always makes the same mistakes, asleep or awake

I'm sick of waking up inside white balloons

Inside of blue balloons

New york air is sweet tonight  
There's no stars but that's all right  
I'm breathing

I feel you through your fear  
Pull the arrow from my ear  
Tonight we'll take a different way home  
They say the fire burns but won't consume  
But it does consume

You're slick, you shoplift  
What's left of my brain  
You haven't changed  
This city always makes the same mistakes,  
It's just like me  
It always breaks in two  
I'm sick of me for being sick of you  
We'll take a gypsy cab to heaven or hell  
Time will tell