

Me Without You, Wolf Am I! (And Shadow)

It's the smell of hot summertime trash
It's the city noise of a busy street
It's a train derailed and a two car head on freeway crash
Each time we meet

"And if it comes as some sort of a surprise", she said
"That I seem so composed,
I've kept this moment closer to my eyes", she said,
"Than the glasses resting on the edge of my nose";

Shadow am I!
Shadow am I!
The question of a person, no said reply
Wolf am I!
Wolf and Shadow cast on the sheep as I pass by
Shadow am I!
Shadow am I!
or like a
wearing-black-socks-and-white-woolen-locks
Wolf am I, and shadow

she was graceful and green as a stem,
but I walk heavy on delicate ground

Oh...there I go showing off again
Self-impressed by how well I can put myself down!
And there I go again
To the next further removed level
Of that same exact feigned humility!

And this for me goes on and on to the point of nausea

Shadow am I!
Like a suspicion that's never confirmed
But it's never denied
Wolf am I,

no, "shadow" - I think - is better
as I'm not something more like the absence of something

So SHADOW AM I!
the whole material world seems to me like a newspaper headline-
it explicitly demands your attention
and it may even contain some truth
about what's really going on here?

one day the water's gonna wash it away
and on that day, nothing clever to say.