

# Michael Penn, Slipping My Mind

Rats in my jacket  
I'm so impressed  
I am now seen unclean  
Wash me up mama  
and give me a suit of gabardine  
I had a suit,  
by the look on my face,  
maybe it's plain to see  
that that never stopped what was troubling me  
like once, it was Monday out.  
And dry?  
Man, it was a drought  
but all that is slipping my mind

Cracked like a whip  
like a brick coming down  
and hit me between the eyes  
another occasion I've yet to forget  
was I unwise?  
Should I remind you that this is the end  
of Camels,  
and masking tape,  
and this demonstration of tripping with grace  
and if I need you  
I'm intentionally wasting your time  
Hey, everything's slipping my mind

Now copper and nickel  
are heads in my hand  
I'll bet you your sparest change  
that this time tomorrow you'll be miles away  
with all trace of Monday out  
with deserts to think about  
and all of this slippin' my mind.