

Papermill, Plastic Seaweed

Standing by the waterfront, looking at the lake's surface
too many families in this world, and here too
too many kids, too many voices, hoarse and old and boring
what's the difference? I hate small trains and I hate small dogs.
But do I wish I were somewhere else? This is a question.

I run and I sink, I don't run and I sink
How do I classify this time? It's lost, I'm not living
Waiting for the day, when finally I will scream
"Damn if I know, damn if I care!"

Lighter, lighter, between the soles and the mud
barks fall to pieces. I'm heading outside
just past the door of the world, so I can listen in.
And no, it's not like I'm getting any fun from it.
My wrist, again - my wrist, again - my wrist is blue again.

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How do I classify this time? It's lost, I'm not living
Waiting for the day, when finally I will scream
"Damn if I know, damn if I care!"