

Robert Pollard, Rumbling Joker

Rumbling joker hides a lot
Rumbling joker lies a lot to you
Leads a calibrated life
Never does it rudely, foolishly
Cool inside

May we always cry
May we drink them dry
May we wake up small and pale
Asking very good questions

Justifying an existence
In the belly of the whale

Rum professor gathers wounds
Hidden in the frozen dunes by the highway
And a sour arrangement cries
Dead before the ink dries
I'm not surprised
Bruised inside