

Squirtgun, Frederick's Frost

He's sitting frozen with mud on his feet in Indiana
And his blue skin plays a January song
His mind a-wanders to the sunshine he's been missing in the white room.

She stared at his brisket eyes so long
A lonely snowman, he figures and he calculates her body
And life's brevity assures him that it won't last long.

He's got days
Days and says
Iceman fight in my head
Frederick's Frost

He thinks about her lovely nametag as he shivers by the birdbath
Bromide poison concentrated dull
He's got lots of pictures of her he could show you,
but he has concroid pitches in his skull

Turned loose from the cage.
He's a lion with an illness
And every rose he touches folds and turns to glass.