

Squirtgun, Morning Grit

Morning light burns me
through a crack in my window
Wipe that grit caught in my eye

I look in the mirror,
see a face staring back at me
Pop in my eyeballs for size

I'm running like a fan on high,
please help me find my low

Walking backwards
I smile and I see my teeth
They should be gleaming, but they're not

Squeeze the tube
Trying to find salvation
A handful of paste is what I got