

# Tad Dreis, Bug On The 4th Of July

There's a bat against an indigo sky  
Wheeling and darting to catch a fly  
There's a light on in the apartment  
Across the street

There's no light on, out here on my porch  
There's a party next door with a bug torch  
Everybody wheeling and darting  
To catch an eye

I'd like to laugh like a flystrip

There's a star near a constellation  
Above the trees, making conversation  
Like all the gnats on the Zachs in their hats  
Out back

I smell sweetly burning wax  
So I'll stay home and sharpen my ax  
Splitting hairs is clever work  
And it makes me grin

But I'd like to laugh like a flystrip

There's a light on across the street  
Glowing seductively at me  
I start to rise, then I'm paralyzed  
By the skies

Flowers bloom across the sky  
A garden party for the fourth of July  
Everyone looks up and raises their cups  
And takes a sip

And I'm laughing at the flystrip  
And I'm laughing on the flystrip