

Trash Can Sinatras, January's Little Joke

All I can hear is the clucking of tongues
I can see them
Plucking at crumbs of conversations
A drunk uncle's breath
And they're touching my hand

As now turns into then
Dream turns into dreamt
Spend turns into spent
One turns into one too many say when

And in the blue corner
Crouches a mediocre joker
The laughs are on me
And the arch of my back cracks under the weight
of the wisecracks
Stop the clock - I want to get off

Though I knew what argue meant
And I knew what punish meant
And I knew what embarrass meant
I never found out what achieve meant

All heaven broke loose
But I knew they had something to hide
They were turning the page
But I glimpsed the very last line

Now we raised a toast to celebrate
As December's embers fade
But every fire is just a hoax
For January's little joke