

Vic Chesnutt, Parade

where did you go after the parade
I wandered, searching for about an hour
then I parked it on a bench
shifting and sulking
those pesky little mosquitoes
they nearly, nearly, nearly, nearly drained me

then a man dripping with vitalis
said I looked like Joe Namath
he asked me did I used to be famous
and I said "neighbor, I'm famously late"
and I said "neighbor, I'm famously late";

where did you go after the parade
you never even appeared to enjoy it
I came out of it with a slight experience
drinking and howling at the natives

you're a great at disappering
you left me with an ear ache
I spit into the swan lake saying
"what a hideous rewiev";
saying, "what a hideous rewiev";

weather, barometric pressaure
push me to the ground
my stomach is growling
I always heard this was such a festive town
but everybody over ten years old is frowning
everybody over ten years old is frowning

where did you go after the parade
I didn't expecting you to be bolting away
remember the time you took me
to see Harold and Maude
'cause I didn't know the meaning
of the word catharsis

we are busy weaklings
poking around for reasons
we are happy little heathens
it's just time we both admit it
it's time we both admit it