

Vic Chesnutt, Scratch, Scratch, Scratch

scratch, scratch, scratch
goes the cat on the carpet
she stepped in the blue water bowl
twitch, twitch, twitch goes my eyelid
my tounge in a cavity hole

I lost my passport one hairy night
I think they found it in the bald-bulb light
now I wait calmly in the holiday cold
my love is lent out, tucked in a skinfold
my love is lent out, tucked in a skinfold
there goes my baby

not really in the middle of the murder
surely left of center of the swirl
I bolster my conviction as a character reference
with a sweetie-neatie drop of pearl

the crowd at the courthouse
passed around the flu
blew through steamy faces
still in shock in the parking lot
freezing, doing sunday suit paces
then we were dismissed
and I drove alone to a friend's
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