

# 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  
then we were dismissed  
and I drove alone to a friend's