

Why?, The Vowels Pt. 2

I'm not a ladies' man, I'm a land mine
Filming my own fake death
Under an '88 Cavalier I go
Bu-bu-bu-but nothing but the rear bumper's blown
But I was born for this flight
United Nine-Fifty-Five on the 5th of July
Back to SFO I, I
I join the dark side
In a thin disguise
On consumer-grade video at night

Faking suicide for applause in the food courts of malls
And cursing racing horses on church steps
Playing the wall at singles bingo, all time gringo
Did anyone hear me cry there?
Through a toilet stall divider
I swear, I care
God, am I an example of a calculated birth
To a star chart for clowns?
I'm not
Under robins' eggs in a nest
You hid a manila envelope with one last little robin's egg in it
A hollow bullet yet spent
Subject to dismissal, I wish all my pitfalls could be caught by this call

Cheeri-a, Cheerie-e, Cheeri-i, Cheeri-o, Cheeri-u