

Annuals, Bleary Eyed

Green-leaf dawn implies
something sweet in mind.
But it's still your fingers in my back pocket.
Makes me wonder why I sit here so tall,
and why I run from the walls.

Critters by the litter
come gushing out my eyes,
like fears yet worth the fright.
So, pour me a drink,
and I'll spill this dark ink.

I'll tell you it's all for you,
but it ain't it's just my way of coping
with this bleary-eyed baby girl.
Well, it's just my way of coping
with this bleary-eyed baby girl,
dying on my kitchen floor.

[But it ain't it's just my way of coping
with this bleary-eyed baby girl.
Well, it's just my way of coping
with this bleary-eyed baby girl,
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