

Bob Mould, FIRST DRAG OF THE DAY

Don't make me do it, don't make me sell the things I love
There's too much happening in this world
Don't choose the other side right away
It's been left alone for a while
If I can get to the words before that first smoke
Everything seems to come out differently
Leaving a large hole in my hip
I've never tried to quit
Here I go with the first drag of the day
Sometimes it makes me fall backwards on back into bed
Don't stop me, don't correct me
Please don't interfere with me
I'm trying to write as fast as I can
Yesterday wasn't so bad
I thought it a little worse than it was
I don't know why I tried to sabotage my day
I wanted everything my own way
I wanted it all my own way, so don't apologize
I learn to devise these ways of explaining away
Happenstance, you don't let me take a stand
And it sits inside on the great white picket fence deep inside
Someday that fence is going to fall in your yard
And I hope you didn't plant anything too precious too close to the boundary
It's starting to sound like it's time to sign off
But for once, I feel like something might have happened
Maybe I can't show this to you
Maybe I can't show you everything
Some things have to be precious and pure
Some things have to stay inside of me
Or else I've given everything away
I wanted it all this way
I learn to devise these ways of explaining away
So don't blame me, I won't blame you
It's just the first drag of the day