

Ceschi, Shame

[Ceschi]

It's a shame, to walk the streets at night
Not knowing where you're going, just heading towards nothing
To rest your head on cement, never feeling another's flesh
To never wear a watch, to never hear or watch
It's a crime, to have a disease
To need to have to feed, desire constantly
Oh it's pain, to love something that hates you and will not change
It hurts, to puncture yourself
To smoke out of a can, to dream about sex
To shave with scissors, to wash in water fountains
To eat the eucharist, to beg for a DIIIIIME
It's fuckin sharp, to walk on gravel
With bare feet in the winter, and no more friendly liquor
To wish to be in jail, to wish that you weren't here
To look at yourself in car windows and remember that you once had a family
With a house and a dog and a garden
with fake flowers and lawn gnomes and a picket fence
In the middle of a suburb, happily married
To a beautiful wife, with a son and a daughter AND A GUN!
Yes a gun and the tomatoes, it's a shame
A shame... a shame... a shame {*echoes*}