

Craig's Brother, Going Blind

She's on a beach in Maui her breasts are half uncovered
I try to stop myself from staring at her butt I'm drawn like Dagwood to sleep
The lawn may need mowing but still I can't prevent my thoughts
From becoming obscene so I justify, she's only a page in a magazine
She's not real, she doesn't feel.
Eyes pierce her scraps of cloth.
Her value is lost

Crown of all creation, bane of jealous angels
She's nothing more to me than food for a fantasy
And though I know it's a shame, I won't turn away
My thoughts are so casually lead astray
And I know it's not right it feels so unclean
but she's just a page in a magazine
She's not real, she doesn't feel.
Eyes pierce her scraps of cloth. Her value is lost
49er, gold prospector.
Her body is my claim
As she assumes some cheesy pose, imagination see's no close
And I don't even know her name
Her body breaks my minds leash like Gus broke his chain