Crash Test Dummies, Afternoons & Coffeespoon

What is it that makes me just a little bit queasy? There's a breeze that makes my breathing not so easy I've had my lungs checked out with x-rays I've smelled the hospital hallways

Someday I'll have a disappearing hairline Someday I'll wear pyjamas in the daytime

Times when the day is like a play by Sartre When it seems a bookburning's in perfect order... I gave the doctor my description I've tried to stick to my prescriptions

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Afternoons will be measured out Measured out, measured with Coffeespoons and T.S. Eliot

Maybe if I could do a play-by-playback I could change the test results that I will get back I've watched the summer evenings pass by I've heard the rattle in my bronchi....

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