Dear And The Headlights, Bad News

On some mentioning of thoughts of mid twenties tangent plots

Those sad feathery talks that float in on all that

Tattered teenage applause clapped out further with no pause

On collegiate palms of course their hands so soft

Ancient postures of awe for low level modern shocks

Now happening a lot like any synaptic

Cavalry's typical barrage on your tired soul

You can not shrug it off, just start your inconsequential white withdrawal

It's bad new for you, haven't felt this way in a long time

Haven't felt this way in a long time

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Cautious sticks stuck in fictitious craws capsized on your chatty shores

Half deaf, half seem worse yet you still keep talking

In between coughing fits and soon to be heimliched bits

Of Ideas which you could not yet digest

Put that rag to your face, lay down that's a better pace

Go back to cliches like "I should kill myself" or "I should lose some weight"

I'm sure either way you'd feel just the very same

Quiet now someone's coming

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