

# Flotsam And Jetsam, Poet's Tell

Living on your own again  
What's gonna keep you clean this time  
But how you wear your skin so hard  
And breath that turpentine

You're not her only hurting sin  
But her favorite one it seems  
You thought you'd die  
When you heard goodbye  
And sank your dreams

You're just confused like the rest of us  
About your next meal  
Left mistakes everywhere  
For the whole world to feel

It comes around once more  
Get drunk again before we go  
I wish I'd heard his last dying words  
Last dying words

My train of thought gets slow  
Why I'm never even know  
You need prayer more than  
Anyone I ever knew  
But save a prayer for later  
To get a drink or two

Remember when we all said  
That we could stop any time  
Poets tell how gods fell  
Through his last dying words  
Last dying words

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Why I'll never even know  
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