

Gluecifer, The Good Times Used To Kill Me

In the long hot summer nights and the cold dark winter days
In the clear hours of the early morning and in the late night drunken
haze
I keep on seeing things in the corner of my eye

Like this guy in an old baggy t-shirt, smiling like he grasped something
that is hidden to the rest of us, the way he will stand completely still
while people just walk on by

Girl on a bike probably on her way home. Girl in a car talking on her
phone. Phone girl does not see bike girl and hits her. Bike girl makes a
sickening sound as she hits the street. People scream. I am on my
way home.

Sad man standing slack jawed in line for a potato. Sifting thru his
pockets coming up old bus tickets and grocery store receipts. Droopy
eyes and baggy black jeans It's his first time in Oslo

Pretty boy on one of those cruiser bikes Keeps checking his bedhead
hairdo in the storefront windows while he chats to a beautiful girl.
Something about wine and Portugal.

Wild man blocking the way of a businessman Doing a
spasmodic dance and screams Take a dump in my head Take a dump
in my head Take a dump in my head.

We all come home to empty beds, doesnt matter if anybody s there or
not, we all come home to chock full heads doesnt matter what you do
or what you got we all come home to the silent voice that keeps on
talking, and we try to cancel it out. But it keeps on going like a drone

The good times used to kill me, now I am good at killing time