

Kelly Joe Phelps, Window Grin

watch it bounce like water, meat under the stone
throw up a leg and try to be your way back home
smell the coffee boil in the corner pot
everything's in it but i can't make it stop
i ain't been drinking i say to the cup
it laughs at the little man as i drink up.

six big years since your head was around
lost it all in the middle there, your're back and now it's found
looke like god might play with crooked dice
eyes in the shadow and he doesn't look nice
a mean boy thouwing with a dirty hand
as soon as he's not looking we'll sneak into the promised land.

sure the blue pills rock, mix the green ones in
no kind of trouble but a man with a smoke and no regard for kin
it's a lone lone window the faces watch through
you don't know who you're looking at, what you gonna do
he'll turnstile drop a coin change his clothes
put on a grin that nobody knows.

big hope for tomorrow like a flea on a cat
a two day life on a three day supply, the kids are all fat
a jagged spoon, a broken dish
real as uncle benzedrine, a last life wish
i won't pretend to understand
why a lovely woman wants a sinkhole man.