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.