

# Kind Of Like Spitting, Middle

The middle man what a miracle  
Of common calculations,  
Compressed and erratic  
Hung out to fade like ribbons  
Through wall-to-wall maybes

So I gave it my soul,  
Got wasted sick and trashed it

It's midnight in this time zone  
Awake and collecting little zingers  
And future comedies  
I feel my voice come back  
On behalf of unfinished business  
The lowered man what a spectacle,  
A comic installation, repressed and dramatic  
Fighting to find his fable  
Through wall-to-wall static

Under an anime skyline  
Calling cancer from the corner store  
I showed her mine; she showed me hers  
So we could shrug off the small shit  
And breathe in the meantime  
I wanted to dance with a daughter  
Of a switchblade in the Springtime

There are some people I don't want to let down  
Bells to ring  
And friends to fling my arms around  
Yes I know what's up must come down  
Please don't take the good parts away