

Mike Doughty, Language Barrier

head down, in the rain
don't you think i want you to?
let's play telephone
i'm the rubber, you're the glue

drop this flattened blossom in an envelope
and send it to you

to fight this
the language
barrier

hey self-murderous
too much love has clogged the world
it's all dirt and flesh
digging through to find a pearl

pluck it and seal it in a pouch now
dispatch it to you

oh the lips they taste like freebase
and the joints of freebase too
meanwhile i'm inland with saint russell
sniffing airplane glue
i hope somebody loves me
when all of this is through