

Mustard Plug, Copasetic

Electric pulse sent to my hand
Pen to paper, paper sent to man
2000 65 degrees
Written in our house amongst the trees

We've lived here since summer '94
Broken windows, hearts, maybe more
I've licked the stamp and mailed it out
Break the silence, can you hear me shout?

I hope they get it, oh I hope they get it

They're fine now. I'm copasetic.
We've set up goals. I hope I met it.
Absolution didn't seem so far away...

Finalize my favorite draft
Isolation is making me laugh
In these four walls I write it down
Absolute control of it now

I waited three days to hear from you
Wishing the words could stick like glue
Inside your brain you see mistakes
A forwarding address for my heartbreak