

None More Black, With The Transit Coat On

Hey Mr. Postman, quit bringing me lemons. There's far more than I can use.
They're tumbling out of my closet. Rolling from under my bed.
When I'm running through ladders. Just saw a black cat.
It crossed my path. Its scratch is deep. Irritating.
I've had a run in with the world. Because I wasn't paying attention.
I relax better with a drug. Worry is better left alone.
All I want to do is sleep, but the ceiling won't let me.
One day I'll sing "Hurrah Hurrah";
No clue what I'll do after that. You can steal all the thunder.
I'll hand over the lightening.
Just leave a little howling wind, but you're not taking the rain.
It's a sound that I find soothing. What do you say about that?
It turns gray into total darkness and it brings out the rats.
I'm at a run in with the word. Because I wasn't paying attention.
I've shot better with a sword. A bite left better as a bark.
All I wanna do is bleed, but the tourniquet won't let me.
One day I'll sing "Hurrah Hurrah";. No clue what I'll do after that.