

Odds, What I Don't Want

Everything's a mess I sleep but don't undress
drinking all but the Tia Maria
I never finished any of those
books hanging open like house plants
Begging for water and a little reading
Holding that one big idea I'm needing

I know what I don't want
I really know what I don't want
I don't really really know what I want, do I?

Another black shirt won't show the dirt
I could wash but I don't even bother
Some piece of trite trash trumpets out the radio
but I don't turn it off
I need to loathe its creation
Contempt is my one contemplation

'cause I know what I don't want
I really know what I don't want
I don't really really know what I want, do I?

Red in the face from the air in this place
It's close so I open a window
Something about heights makes a man
start to reach for the bottom
Dull in the mind from oversleeping
I look for the things that are really worth keeping

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