

Rheostatics, Fat

Dave Bidini

When we were kids we ran like INTERPOL.
I killed a copper with a puck of coal.
Put a rock through a saint, made a stained-glass hole.
In the back of the class, we giggled, sniffing rush.
The best of friends, we rode the Islington bus.
Your gum was sweet but the chewing was tough.
I got drunk, I threw up on gin I mixed with orange stuff.

This dream we call familiar
Is like death in golden wraps.
Now if that's true and we both know that,
I'm sorry if I said you were...

Bye bye, Mr. No One.
Bye bye, Mr. Woebegone.

I cracked my head when I fell from the highest rung.
Two poster children wagging blue-green tongues.
Drank pop, ate Pez, laid down and played dumb.
Crashed through a snow fence, some stitches were sewn.
Your face was a window, I crawled from my home.
My life was yours, your blood was my own.
I don't know what I would have done if you never ever left me alone.

This dream we call familiar
Is like death in golden wraps.
Now if that's true and we both know that,
I'm sorry if I said you were fat.
(And I know you still don't like me for that.)

Hey! I don't even know who you are.
I don't even know why I came.
I can't remember your name.
Everyone's a robot when you're a zombie.
I don't even know who you are.
Everyone's a robot when you're a zombie.
You look like someone's been shot.
You look like someone you're not.
Everyone's a robot when you're a zombie.

(Stony.)