

Rheostatics, The Junction Foil Ball

Martin Tielli

Worked up corrugations, thumbs and knuckles, too.
He started humble, and ended justifiably huge.
Oh, fuck you, you never wanted to.
Just got it once, two, three, forever fried.
No one here gets out alive.
You were once foil fresh
Wrapped around your cigarettes.
At 67, you were born, March the 8th.
This inspiration was past due.
What was guilt has become you.

Nine times out of ten, a child rescinds.
Nine times out of ten, blah blah they say.

Eleven foot tall and a ton of time.
Don't let go of so much fun.
Put you in the junction with the big foil ball,
Across the tracks, and upon the mall.

Nine times out of ten, a child rescinds.
Nine times out of ten, or so they say.

Into the slow acoustic timing...

It's a beautiful thing, the way things are.
Canadian Club is all it takes.
Show me the drugs in your mom's room.
This was the thing when I was twelve.