

Rheostatics, The Royal Albert (Joey 2)

Martin Tielli

Joey died in his room last night,
They took him down in a shit splattered elevator.
Ended up in the hallway this morning.
I must have been wasted happy.

Sometimes I get so down
That I soil my big, big, big, big, suit.

Mold it grows from one cell to the next
Till it forms these rings on the ceilings.
The ones that I stare at when the sirens come by
Every evening at a quarter to seven.