

Shellac, Squirrel Song

This is a sad fuckin' song
We'll be lucky if I don't bust out crying

How does it feel?
Your night light, your curling iron
Lit up by the sweat of others,
For many's the day
But not from November to May

The floor is littered
With woodchips and apple cores
And hulls (holes, husks?) of acorns
There is a chattering sound

Because they were squirrels; real squirrels.
(And there were thousands)
This isn't some kind of metaphor,
Goddamn, this is real *David Woodhhead