Smog, Well

I could not work
So I threw a bottle into the woods
And then I felt bad
For the doe paw
And the rabbit paw
So I went looking for the pieces
Of the bottle that I threw
Because I couldn't work

I went deep
Further than i could throw
And i came upon an old abandoned well
All boarded over
With a drip hanging from the bucket still

Well I watched that drip but it would not drop
I watched that drip but it would not drop
I knew what I had to do
Had to pull those boards off the well

When I got the boards off
I stared into the black black black
And you know I had to yell
Just to get my voice back

I guess everybody has their own thing
That they yell into a well

I gave it a coupla hoots
A hello
And a f**k all y'all

I guess everybody has their own thing
That they yell into a well

And as I stood like that
Staring into the black black black
I felt a cool wet kiss
On the back of my neck

Dang

I knew if I stood up
The drip would roll down my back
Into no man's land

So I stayed like that
Staring into the black black black

Well they say black is all colours at once
So I gave it my red rage my yellow streak
The greenest parts of me
And my blues I knew just what I had to do

I had to turn around and go back
And let that drip roll down my back
And I felt so bad about that

But wouldn't you know
When I turned to go
Another drip was forming
On the bottom of the bucket
And I felt so good about that