

# Soul Coughing, Fully Retractable

Shooed out like a housefly  
This house was half my mind  
I don't dispute the doubts you've outlined  
But it's my right to waste your time

And these things  
It stands to reason  
These things won't kill me

Your feelings  
The spattering  
It bores me  
Don't tell me  
Burned in on the 8th of May  
She was spectacular  
I walk a half-moon by the bus stop  
Sliding 'cross the street to her

Three stings  
Sequentially  
Three strings  
Won't kill me  
Your speling  
Gracelessly  
Is my grief  
Please tell me

Half-masted, bass-boosted, slingbacked, fully retractable

Throw out the la-la by the busload  
Match the photo to the description  
I do indeed and shall continue  
Dispatch the shiftless man to points beyond