

Squirtgun, Neverfit

I thought you might appreciate
the fact of my dream:
a few shapes and lines,
skyscrapers flew off.
A satellite fell in the center of
and broadcast teh fault that i had become
but faraway far away
you sang next to refrigerators
ate a crabapple
and faraway faraway
i woke up in a heart
with a sign that said drowning

I worried alone:
I knew i'd never be king
of some broke rome
fell apart at the knees
and i worried today
about the number days
that i'd really get
before they'd wipe me aweay.
but in this world, in this world,
so many bright-light people end awhile lot dimmer
And in this world, in this world,
my very blackest days you could never call tragic.

I wont be anyone with a point or a bullet me drink all my fun from a sea, the bluest one.
Break my dish on teh stairs
to the stars. i dont care
for a blank associate
who wont cry- who will fit
I'll never fit, wouldnt dream of it
i wont fit never dream of it