

Television, Careful

(Verlaine)

I jump outa bed and pull down the shade
I used to have such sweet dreams - now it's more like an air raid.
I see the opposition clear - I see them stare
I don't care - it doesn't matter to me - I never think about it
Slip out of myself like a shadow and somersault thru walls
I can't tell, it's really so odd
Is this spring or fall?
Your wine is just sour grapes
Pour me a glass anytime I'm not there
Careful Careful
I'm not bitter I just get so sore
I need that girl more and more
Cuz when she whispers in my ear it gets so hard
It get's so hard to get out of bed
It's more than I can do.
If someone must work today, let it be you.
All this confusion hit me like a dare but I don't care.