

Tilt, Poor Infant

I refuse
Refuse to weaken my will
Adhered here glue to these neglected sheets
Stranded on
Abandoned on my own two feet
Tenants of
Occupants of indifferent streets

(chorus)
Oh poor infant
You only took an instant
But now you're soaking in it
You're in for quite a ride
My poor little
Flopping on the griddle
still bloody
in the middle

Conjuring
Coaxing out my bravest face
Suffer through
Careen through rooms of tired eyes
Whining high
Like an engine fed on spite
Too much to take
Too much luck
I dump the clutch every time

Through the womb
Into this mess with me
It was no accident
I had to have some company
Through the membrane
Out you came
Reluctantly sure
I bore you selflessly
But I had to have some company
company company company