

Vic Chesnutt, Myrtle

a funny pilgrim on a crazy crusade
a saucy chaucer, a sorry chapter mislaid
whittled with an exacto knife
plum right through my load bearing wall
I'm horrified now that I could do such a thing
but I thought I saw the singer

I've heard those chimes so many other times
but if I gave in, it had to of been
I whupped it out, and destroyed my selfish cocoon
since I gave in, it had to of been
since I gave in, I hope it had to been

I'm not an optimist, I'm not a realist
I might be a subrealist, but I can't substantiate
it was bigger than me and I felt like a sick child
dragged by a donkey, through the myrtle