

# 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