

Vic Chesnutt, Onion Soup

thin and unshaved, drunk and mysterious
ooh, I must say lifestyle is curious
with a little touch of the sniffles and filthy socks
gnawed, crumbled fingernails never doing tomahawk chops
a flaky head dandruff is distinguished
lacquer is red vain is the varnish
what is at the root of this,
she'll say, whatcha got
what participle do you possess
she'll say, which I have not

one blustery day
we rode out to the meadowlands
we saw and were amazed
then hauled it back into town again

Mississippi is a mess sometimes
and not only when it rains
how come you went back to that malaria island
'cause our friendship is strained

those were the days when you were so cosmopolitan
these are the days, my letters they're so maudlin
I wrote you an eloquent postcard once
about this most exquisite onion soup
but of course I never mailed though
'cause it was your turn in the loop

those were the days when you were so cosmopolitan
these are the days, my letters they're increasingly maudlin