

Vic Chesnutt, Square Room

sitting in a square room
my voice is freezing
and the beams that are bouncing off the moon
are hanging from my window like icicles

just a tired old alcoholic, waxing bucolic
shivering and homesick
staring at a wooden floor
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last night I nearly killed myself
chasing rum with rum
there were crows flying all around my head
and I sure caught and ate me some

it's funny how I alienated
those who I was trying just so
so hard to impress
now half those f**kers hate me
and I'm just a fool to all the rest

why do I insist on drinking myself to the grave
why do I dream about cozy coffin
I had all these plans of great things to accomplish
but I end up purely pathetic more than often