

We're About 9, Slow Sliding Funk

So I slip into this slow sliding funk of mine
Every time I drink a glass of wine
My engine revs until the enzyme eventually finds its way
To the centers of the cells in my mind

So I sip without fear of the emptiness
That has crawled into the gaps in my heart
An unstoppable mystery, the fading of the youthful soul
That was once a part of me

It was all I had when I had it
And all I need when I have it

There's a fallen tree in my garden
I never heard it
I never heard it hit the ground