

# Weeping Tile, Poked

I poked my eye with my finger  
Lying on the bed  
Now I'm sneezing and I'm blowing  
And I can't clear my head

Is the pressure in the air from an August storm that's rumbling?  
I try not to care about it now  
Your pressure's down, anyway

All alone I know I give in to chances  
Hold out yourself  
Your mental health  
Your surreal circumstances

I try to keep it separate  
A built-in third eye effacing every line  
I got a built-in bad feeling that doesn't go away with time

Lined up in a row  
Shadowless figurines  
come up from below  
What they figure I figure I don't want to know

There are two of us  
What I am what I was  
To be seen and not to be mistakenly taken serious

Well there are two of us  
What I am what I was  
At the end of the millennium  
We'll soon be replaced by replicas

All lined up in a row  
Shadowless figurines come up from below  
What they figure for me I don't want to know

Leave the light on as you go