

Hanging Around

Rains keep coming, I keep running outside, it seems fun and I ain't dumb enough to try right, can't stop calling catch me cause I'm falling, friendly but I'm finding everything appalling

Lie into the night, it's alright, lie into the night, I know it's not right

The questions keep coming, crisis of conscience cross eyed, cornering the market, covering the spark that won't fly, all the warm bread and all my best friends, all your wants wasted on all the loose ends

We all get hungry hanging round a right now, the taste ain't bitter but I can do better than the next noun, find a distraction, attracted without traction, distance in the difference, fuckin' up my fractions

I Just Googled Myself

I just Googled myself and discovered there is an amazing number of movies that have been made about me: comedies, romantic comedies, thrillers, dramas, documentaries and I have no clue just how many statuettes I must have helped these people win but the number's gonna be astonishing

I just stumbled upon a top 50 list about myself; it was a remarkable compendium of literature about me: and not even pulp, but actual literature, like classics, literary fiction, novellas, and entire collections of poetry and short stories

I just Wikipediaed myself and learned there are so, so many songs directly or indirectly about me in every genre, across all of the eras, including by not only Bob Dylan himself but even by Bob Dylan's own son

I may not be the most loquacious or well spoken of all the metropolitan statistical areas but speaking on behalf of myself, I'd like to clear the air about

some things, like for example, when you insinuate I am "a character in and of itself," I believe that to a certain extent denies me my proper agency

California Cancer

Fully prepared to walk this back, you come armed with sets of facts, hot takes so unassailably correct air melts at points they intersect

I do see what you mean, you rule the world from inside your own meme, speech bubbles crowd around you, escape the earth under a word balloon

All of which is to say, I am hearing what you say Crystal clear and plain as day, so much so I get a big headache

And by "headache" I mean surely a tumor, a malignancy leaving very little room for limited reserves of precious mental space, resist, lest the rest gets displaced

If it were cancer it'd be California cancer, the kind of cancer for which the State of California demands there be an answer

Sheets are white and beets are red, bypass the punchbowl and shit the bed, abandon all idiom ye who enter here, shrink down to nothing and disappear

Dancing To Be Polite

You want to see my moves? You mean my one big move? Read: like my only move, dancing to be polite

Rock those extremities, that much is clear to me But feet were made for fear, hands are for holding beer

This could be middle school, Panhandle spring break pool, like 1999, even your wedding night

I see you staying strong the length of a Prince song, some partners grind their watch, others check their crotch

Terrible Art

I made terrible art after 9/11, to never forget all those virgins in heaven, back then they'd cry if you just followed the letter, I'm not ashamed to say my art never got any better

I made terrible art back in 2004, a one-act play called "The Sorrows of Young Al Gore" "Here Bush Lies," it was a rock opera score and something about John Kerry's windsurfing board

I made terrible art about financial crisis, corporate greed and falling house prices, and then the party was on as if the Miley were Cyrus, if only we saw the creeping onset of ISIS

I made terrible art after the '16 election about unbreakable ceilings and all that orange aggression, I could care less than to re-learn my lesson and it's clear as glass upon further reflection: I make terrible art!

Dare To Dream Big

Son, young son, dear boy the time has come to reveal unavoidable truths like so much unwanted hair; odds are cold and hard; neutral, amoral and complicit in cosmic fraud, none or never the less: they'll dare you to dream big

Now a word about claw games: no one in the history of the world ever conquered the claw game, thus, all the dusty shit languishing in the bins

And now, if I may, move on to the lottery and the inherent immorality of state-sponsored gambling, about which, it is simple: you can't lose if you refuse to play

Odds are cold and hard; neutral, amoral and complicit in cosmic fraud but who are any of us to tell you not to dream big?

What We're Looking For

We only look for what we're looking for like "life in these times" is just an online store and the feeling it gives to find that great big "X" is enough, no need to dig for what we expect

To find once we plant and let the flag unfurl, that's why he only sung about Jessie's girl, didn't bother to ignore his friend and get her name, to have and see and want is all the same

We look up and only see the fall of man, look down to think "Well, he's done the best he can" and when we strain, we can barely make out what's it for but we squint 'cause the air's so thick with all this metaphor

Like sad sacks looking guilty fishing payphones for change, hayseeds hazing hayseeds in this transient age, some friends are midnight and some are eight, the fact we think we're gods, and god is good, and god is great!

So ask me, What if you were right? and I'll say, "Darling, let's see wonderful tonight"

See, we end up seeing only what we want to find and end up missing everything we've left behind in the wake of good-and-bad and what's in between leaving us open to fuck up everything royally

And when we see billboards for buildings in areas right enough to convince the right people to marry ya, remember, let's aim high but punch below our weight because Life is Good, and we are great

Everybody Loves Mr. Kiddo

You certainly cannot skate in any sort of animal herd but you can at least politely skirt that steady

stream of commuters, these lovely, competent folks, their lanyards dangling work IDs, pressed into duty serving this economy

You certainly cannot skate on any sort of wheel, what would the Christmas card list think if we somehow got you killed? That's not to kill the joy, stay-at-home or say don't bother, don't blame the boy, he spent a lot of time with a neurotic father

Everybody loves Mr. Kiddo, he's Mr. Kiddo

Shopkeepers gush and the world's made glad, to thine own self stay bad, he's ostentatious dad

Elderly neighbors trust he knows just what to do, to thine bad self stay true, big bumptious kangaroo

Weird Uncle

Hunting the worst bars on the best streets where anyone's fair game, clickbait, or fresh meat, all wandering eyes, a lingering stare, decades from a beer gut, bad taste, and gray hair

Moved out West, to a city so liveable, insufferably liberal (made me so miserable), ignore the elites, make art for the throngs! Remember pipe dreams explode like pipe bombs

Then you wake up one day if you're lucky one day

Get a real job and eat lunch at your desk, some souped-up salad, sometimes overly dressed, dressed agency casual, mostly in black, wasting time trading gifts with recent college grads

Years later, overlook partners perfectly fine, overrate yourself and underestimate time, unmade double bed, no holiday cards or kids, god, parents never understand and they never did

Stay on this course and Darwin's mandate is dead, embrace the Punnett square; go on a date, man, get outta your head, you understand you still drink

midweek, wear Vans, and play in band? Believe me: if you were a parent, I promise, then you'd understand: thank god I woke up one day someone's weird uncle

Outta Sight

I'm not confused by you, I just don't know what to do, I don't have the right, don't see, I'm out of sight

I'm not amused by you, feeling used, lighting my fuse, now I'm up all night, up and too tired to fight, well alright

Won't take me out at night, won't see me, I'm out of sight, well alright

Out of sight, out of mind, we might make it if it takes some trying, the truth turns a man into gold, good riddance, good night you've been sold, well alright, good night you've been sold