

Vic Chesnutt "Hot Seat"

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Ventolin and Vivarin and primatene
secret tequila shots and a patch of morphine
in the morning and in the throes
what a great day to come out of a coma

I've been in the hot seat sweating it out
oh, sweating it out
sweating it out
sweating it out

I touch the telephone it falls away
I think they call it empathy
but not this way
I put my lips on the sound hole
my tongue is finally warming
but my brain is charcoal

I've been in the hot seat sweating it out

oh, sweating it out
sweating it out
sweating it out

not much later, fall out of favor
pretty soon I know I'll do
precisely what I wanted not to do

maybe I slipped up and learned a lesson
to work my proclivity towards second guessing
I was too naive and enthusiastic
to keep my trap shut
and my monkey in a motherfuckin' basket

I've been in the hot seat sweating it out
oh, sweating it out
sweating it out
sweating it out

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