

Vic Chesnutt "Myrtle"

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A funny pilgrim on a crazy crusade
A saucy chaucer, a sorry chapter mislaid
Whittled with an exacto knife

Plum right through my load bearing wall
I'm horrified now that I could do such a thing
But I thought I saw the singer

I've heard those chimes so many other times
But if I gave in, it had to of been
I whipped it out, and destroyed my selfish cocoon
Since I gave in, it had to of been
Since I gave in, I hope it had to been

I'm not an optimist, I'm not a realist
I might be a subrealist but I can't substantiate
It was bigger than me and I felt like a sick child
Dragged by a donkey, through the myrtle

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