

Vic Chesnutt "Sponge"

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Pleasure is melting like chocolate
My blue ribbon gumption is gone
All my gravy must have soaked into something
And the world

The filthy steps, the cold concrete
The phony earth below my feet
The ancient odor of the street
Yes, the world, world, world, it is a sponge

Yes, the world, world, world, it is a sponge

And when the crisis passes
When the coast is clear
I'll be buffed down to a liquid
And the world, world, world, it is a sponge

Yes, the world, world, world, world, it is a sponge
Yes, the world, world, world, world, world, it is a
sponge

Throughout this entire ugly outing
I've been mumbling the convex of what I should be
shouting
But I'll soon be silent, you'll soon hear nothing
'Cause the world, world, it is a sponge

The world, world, world, world, it is a sponge
World, world, world, world, it is a sponge

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