

Vic Chesnutt "Threads"

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Your personal pariah is in a wool cap
The mirror flakes away take a long nap

Watching the threads disintegrate
Like the Krishna beads in a lock box safe
Watching the threads disintegrate
Like the Krishna beads in a lock box safe

Watching the threads disintegrate
Crumbling like the lawn art you made
Oh, lawn art you made
Oh, lawn art you made
Oh, lawn art you made
I was crumbling like the lawn art that you made

Hard brown bread cut with a circular saw
Shallow rattling breath with a wee cough

Watching the threads disintegrate
Foisted into the middle ages
Watching the threads disintegrate
Foisted into the middle ages

Watching the threads disintegrate
Remain in the ruckus and you will get scraped
Oh, you will get scraped
Oh, you will get scraped
Oh, you will get scraped
If you remain in the ruckus and you will get scraped

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