

South San Gabriel

"Like A Madman"

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At your feet was a mouthpiece and nozzle
Fit for the gas spreading all through the house
And in a box at the end of the hallway
Wrapped up were valentines that I once gave to you
And I swear I did not know about the leak under the
floor
Like a madman just waiting to take us
And kill us good
At our heads was a needlework pillow
Fit for the rest that we need so desperately
And out the window was the obvious escape hatch
But we were busy dreaming, spending all our lottery

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