

Connelly Chris

"Dirtbox Tennessee"

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stranded at the crossroads pouring solid in his wounds

corroding waste and alcohol erection afternoon

before the eyes of whiskey caught out right by his gun

I never tried to hurt you cause I love it everyone

no I pull my way with snakes

take part in the heat

dead birds are beached and human trash and
ulcerated beats

I cross in the way of a blind man but he don't
remember me

how I tore apart a happ home down in Dirtbox
Tennessee

Dirtbox!

Dirtbox!

I can hear the birds and a baby squawkin cryin to their
moms

they're asking where their daddy's gone and why he's
been so long

but they don't know he's lying down with his hands
between his thighs

to resurrect the infinite worm before he dies

you can lose your cool all you want

you can raise the dead

you can lie back and soak up sun while the insects give

you head

Dirtbox!

Dirtbox!

another blind guy and his halfwit son are gonna roll me
for my drink

suckered me up through gap-toothed-grins while
spitting out a jinx

the high priest of halitosis and his zit-red ugly kid

whose name is Elvis Sayborne afterbirth and I'll kill him
for what he

did

he pulled down my blood-stained pants and he forced
apart my legs

his daddy said 'shoot your best shot kid' and he shot
until I bled

Dirtbox!

Dirtbox!

another blood mixed with glass

mixed with come, mixed with all the afternoon sun

praise the lord and pass the gun

a crucifix and a rented room

that sticky night with a burning moon

she swore to god I wouldn't see her dead

on the night of the day that we were wed

so for love precious loe

light on dear while I disappear

this crock of shit and a belly full of rancid beer

I do it for you -only you, only you.....

Dirtbox!

Dirtbox

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