

Andrew Belle

"A Nervous Tic Motion Of The Head To The Left"

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Over prescribed / under the mister / we had survived to
/ turn on the history channel / and ask our esteemed
panel / why are we alive / and here's how they replied /
you're what happens when two substances collide / and
by all accounts you really should've died / stretched
out on the tarmac / six miles south of North Platte / he
can't stand to look back / at sixteen tons of HAZMAT /
and it's what goes / undelivered undelivered / and it's
a nervous tic motion of the head to the left / it's a
nervous tic motion of the head to the left / exorcise
your cells till you're bereft / 'cause it's a nervous tic
motion of the head to the left / splayed out on a
bathmat / six miles north of South Platte / and he just
wants his life back / what's in that paper knapsack / it's
what goes undelivered / over imbibed / under the
mister / barely alive we / cover the blisters in flannel /
though the words we speak / are banal / not one of
them's a lie / not one of them's a lie / you're what
happens when two substances collide / and by all
accounts you really should've / died

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