

Anterrabae

"A Shovel For Arch Stanton"

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I must have left my heart in Buffalo beating between
the rusty gears of the killing machine and I'll wear you
out for a buck or two did I made your day tasteless
memories scraped into concrete ignite this city a ruin
of apathy one light for every heart one rat for every
scar it's 10:51 you better get your shovel heartless
souls where do we go from here this time I'm all ears
but I'm not listening inspiration or adaptation of early
20th century French pornography plagiarism is planting
seeds this is not another cliché tragedy when the
body abandons me obscenity exaggerates love at 72
inches of revolution and 1051 a head you better get
your shovel and those who dig can you dig it's nice to
know that I've touched the lives of others by wasting
their time my heart's too big for this city where
everyone is strapped or strapping what's the word for
wishful thinking there's a word for wishful thinking I
must have left my heart in Buffalo and my brains
between your legs

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