

Blood Brothers

"Spit Shine Your Black Clouds"

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you're walking through the forests where they feed the
trees broken glass.

john lennon and the rolling stones crooning in plastic
bags.

spit shine your black luck now, baby.

you turn on the radio, the speakers spit tangled talk.
everything is war and who's fucked their way to the top.
but they'll eat black clouds we all eat black clouds.

you're working on a cruise serving caviar to the cruel.
they repossessed your heart; you're making payments
on your face, too.

spit shine your black clouds now, baby.

and what if your religion turns out to be a cruel joke,
and you're fucked beyond all hope?

gonna spit shine your black clouds now, baby.

first you stayed in bed all day and walked around all
night.

then you threw your phone away and slept beneath the
freeway underpass.

your mother slit her throat after your father's heart
attack.

and you've got two little sisters still in school.

what'cha gonna do? what'cha gonna do?

just sit and watch the ships loading their freight
and pale pelicans feeding their young and grasp at the
barbarically charming sun.

out on the weekend talked your way out of a first date.

said your uncle was famous, by then it was too late.

spit shine your black luck now, baby.

fall asleep to the tv-the cops are talking tough
to the cameras in the backseat, to the audience at
home.

but they'll eat black clouds we all eat black clouds.

once you knew a girl with skin like a sapphire sun.

took you back to her apartment, told you everything
you did wrong.

spit shine your black luck.

spit shine your black luck.

the sky's so desolate like flesh on a skull-shaped
balloon.

you sit in bed writing love letters to yourself.

no black ink on the black paper, bay.
stare at the ceiling, fall into dreamless sleep.
day climbs your chimney, taps you on the shoulder
blade,
"spit shine your black clouds now, baby."
all your best friends grow up to be successful
actresses.
all your bitter enemies died of liver failure in kent,
washington trailers.
all your brothers made babies until their brains turned
brown.
the world's lounging longways on an unbridled black
cloud.

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