

## Cap'n Jazz

### "Yes, I Am Talking To You"

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Ah!  
let's 'fess up to  
firecrackerjack snacks  
and a piggy bank built  
and filled to be spilled and broken  
hammy fat fingers  
pinch clammy cold coins  
all the leaves left  
wither a sickly brittle brown

I'm dying to tell you I'm dying  
I don't need a reason

You've got yourself such a comfortable trap  
yes I am talking to you  
yes I know this is shameless  
yes I am talking to you  
You've got yourself such a comfortable trap

[Spoken]  
A matinee of sunshine ribbons  
on a sheetless mattress  
moonlighting as swooning  
moonlight isn't really from the moon at all  
I am shining smiles and flowery glows  
I am drunk in the breeze  
in the park chasing kites and splashing puddles  
forget meknots in my gut  
that's what you get  
we nibbled butter cookie rings to the knuckle  
artichoke trophies choked down  
through nevada sandy enzymes  
past ribs choking scorching hearts  
down to an autotrophic stomach  
I called her june, until that late spring  
quite possibly march leap year  
automatic trophies aren't shit

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