

Abbott Hayes

"A Slideshow Of Better Things"

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I wish I could slip from the inside of a glass
From the glass to the inside of your mouth
From your mouth to your insides
Flip you inside out

To see your gears and watch them turn
With my eyes around and 'round like clockwork
Counting the seconds until your battery runs out

Why must you insist to flee
Briefly through my periphery
Hoping only then to see
A slideshow of better things

But you can't
The projector broke a lense
Pictures shattered from the bends
Why must you still insist to try,
Again

I find myself tempted to pry even further
To try like I meant it
To dig and discover

I wish I could push from the inside of you now
Up and into the inside of your mouth
From your mouth to the outside
Pull you inside out

I've got the flavor
If you've got the taste for it
I've got the work ethic
If you've got the time

You've got ambition
And I've got to pay for it
You've got your own life
And I've got mine

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