

Darren Hanlon

"Couch Surfing"

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Well I haven't paid rent for a month or more
I'm couch surfing
And I don't have a key cause I don't have a door
I'm couch surfing
I'm not answering questions
I'm between houses

Of my material possessions I've lost track
I didn't need them
Everything I need fits in my backpack
I call it freedom
A pair of jeans some shirts and a guitar lead
A toothbrush, socks and a paperback reader
All the rest is what's hanging off of me

And I'm not taking calls
I'm between houses

Outside the night is dark and stormy
And you blew up the air mattress for me
We'll talk all night like an open book
And I'll sleep on every breath you took
Before you leave I'll sneak a look up at you

But there's an old saying that could bare retelling
When you're couch surfing:
'the guest should leave before the fish starts smelling'
When your couch surfing

It's romantically existential
To reduce your life to the bare essential
All that which is inconsequential guides me

But this whole theory really depends
On weather or not you've got good friends
And all this weightlessness the philosopher preach
Reduces you to societies leach
But tonight I've landed on my feet
I'm still one friend away from the bum on the street
And I've used up all my good will vouchers
On every single friend with couches

It won't be long before they'll ask me to leave
It's time I cut myself some keys
Give me a pen I'll sign a lease and go get me a home

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