

## Despised Icon

### "Dutch"

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Mind your step I keep the overhead low  
Just the bed and the books and the rotary phone  
Chicago Manual of Style keeps the prose right crisp  
The Minneapolis Edition, well it goes like this:  
Well I talk way too fast  
And I shoot from a glass  
I keep Pope in the glovebox  
Plath on the dash  
And there's nobody shotgun  
I got enough gas  
To get Vegas by daybreak  
I'm not coming back  
I'm pushin this luck  
All the way to the coast  
I'm throwin it over  
Just to see if it floats  
I'm taking my chances,  
I'm making my own  
Cause I've been pretty impatient, I'm ready to go

I'm the book  
That beat the speedreader  
And I'm the card the dealers won't touch  
And it's just not true I'm a maneater,  
All the same, we should probably go Dutch

Careful kid with that wolf whistle  
You never know what you'll attract  
And you shouldn't make noise  
To which you wouldn't wanna listen  
What's good for the goose is good for the  
Gander back...  
And I'm packed and I'm out before dawn  
Leave a tip on the sink, ah, the staff they worked hard  
I hit rain, I hit sleet, but mostly weather stays good  
Hit a deer on I-80 fucked up the hood  
But you can't play for keeps if you never draw blood  
You just brace and you breathe  
You drive through the dust  
You go through people and places  
You hope the engine can take it

They get you up on the blocks on a regular basis  
But innocence is over-rated  
Based on what you haven't done  
I don't need a poker face  
Open book, smoking gun  
Renegade agent, I got no taste for their races  
I run on whiskey and risk and ennui and impatience

I'm the book  
That beat the speedreader  
And I'm the card the dealers won't touch  
And it's just not true I'm a maneater,  
All the same, we should probably go Dutch

Love it like liquor it burns as it moves you  
Far as I figure there's nobody fireproof  
So thank you for the offer it truly was kind of you  
I'd take you up on it, but just passing through  
Cause I talk way too fast  
And I shoot from a glass  
I keep Pope in the glovebox, Plath on the dash  
And there's no one in shotgun, I got enough gas  
To get Vegas by daybreak, I'm not coming back  
No I'm not coming back

I'm the book  
That beat the speedreader  
And I'm the card the dealers won't touch  
And it's just not true I'm a maneater,  
All the same, we should probably go Dutch

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