

Failure "Frogs"

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Sent away to have my
Head checked
No more playing
In the sand
Frogs are leaping off
My brainstem
They don't seem
To understand
Roadside blurs against
A big bus
Face is slouched against
The glass
I am headed for
A cleansing
In a room without a bath
Didn't it seem
Kind of silly
The way the doctor's
Carried on so uptight
It's not bad being
So distant
I can live inside the gap
Frogs are hopping off
My brainstem
So excited to be sane
Didn't it seem
Kind of silly
The way the doctor's
Carried on so
Now that I've become
A monster to them
Have to keep their fear
Turned on all night long
I've gone away to have
My head checked
I guess I need to have
It looked at

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