

## **Bride "Time"**

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I got a raindrop on the tip of my tongue  
If I get all I want I will have to give you some  
Im the beggar, the thorn in the brow  
I am the cross you force and twist into the ground  
Butter so stiff that it wounds my bread  
Got a dew drop omelette an trash can lid  
Ain't got no loafers to warm my feet  
Funny paper stimulates comic strip heat  
Crack vials breaking like a shotgun blast  
How long can the sounds of a cat fight last  
Howling at the moon for friends who have passed  
On Sunday we'll fly black flags from the mast  
I've been hurting deep in my soul  
Does anybody have the time Holy Ghost  
Diesel is the smeel of a Mississippi grill  
Played trombone once for a delta dollar bill  
Pull the snow around me snug me like a blanket of wool  
If a lie here to freeze to death I'd be another fox hole  
fool  
I got nothing new it's used, borrowed and spent  
Good Friday, Ash Wednesday, and a pocket full of lent  
Living in a box of cardboard and gray  
Made a window, made a sign, woudn't mind working a  
little bit  
I can't sleep, I can't think  
Life has poured me a glass that I can't drink  
The rim is jagged like a razor's blade  
and has left a scar that will never fade  
My thoughts are daggers on every nerve  
Life is a slow song with dirt words  
When I get to heaven will I wear a mask  
That is a question I must ask

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