

## Jawbox

### "For Esme"

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Seems the competition  
Is sweet like a slap in the face  
This is a 3-legged race  
It was your meanness  
That told us you might have faith  
Your spine (?) keeps getting in the way  
You're a fool to think they care what you think  
In this poem some rise, some sink  
And which one are you  
You budding star, you  
Too dark for shopping malls  
No hooks, no leads at all  
Forget your \_\_\_\_\_  
Dare to be naked and real  
You think they care for how you feel?  
Never trust an artist  
Who tells you he has a choice  
You can't run faster than your voice  
Sing your life despite the spite it may bring  
It's your life to write, so sing  
Just bring the drama  
Shameless and crawling  
Over glass and underground  
Esm  needs her story now  
So don't break down

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