

Jawbox

"Peel It The Fuck Down"

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Met my mother in a dream. She was just a stranger on the street. We averted eyes. Time will vindicate us all some day. Some, anyway. Why is my face so wide? Cheek to cheek is almost chin to eye. I'm in a bucket seat. Anger is a car door I can't reach. Don't close the door on me. I need the light to sleep. Your shadow on the ceiling. Toothpaste on my teeth. There's books but I can't read. Lay back and count the strange men. Mix toys from different sets. Lick felt tips, get them wet. The AFX is broken. God damn that closet door. Every night it's war. Who will get there first? This is a waking dream. Sometimes I greet my nightmares with relief. So I walk with that first step. One leg holds it's own or else it dies. Still, it tries.

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