

Jets To Brazil "King Medicine"

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know that you'll soon go crazy just like a whittling stick
hit by the coming daylight cut up in a quick succession
a pointed confession really stripped of all your armor
down to your very nature beneath the haze and vapor
gaze
you're such a willing stick to beckon that wanting knife
and
you've been looking for it the right blade all your life
saying "who's gonna cut me down to a size that suits
me?
is there a worthy sculptor among all you fine young
knives?"
it's enough to make you take your head and put it on a
shelf
to cut the heart out of your chest they'll come for that
as well
tell me how you do that crazy trick where you walk
around asleep
save it for your doctor friend the one who keeps you
under lock and key
you'll soon go screaming like a bargain basement
lunatic who's
not so specialized that they couldn't just replace you
why don't you start crying for all that you've got left
here
why don't you stop dying before you go and get it right

now you're selling off the house so you can buy the
farm
you cut the heart out of your chest to let the light in
through your arm
it's enough to make you take your head and put it in a
bag
to cut the teeth out at the pink now there's nothing in
the bag
foul weather friend you are so dying an amateur
chemist now
king medicine when is it perfect? where is it taking
you?
there is no cure only reprieve some fleeting joy posing
as balance
nothing is sure so every four hours king medicine

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