

## **Kelly Joe Phelps**

# **"Cardboard Box Of Batteries"**

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Make a dent in the shovel, run the mud through a sieve  
Paste your hopes on a windmill blade, plant it up on the  
hill

Pencil sharpened with a putty knife, pretty girl as a  
pretty nun  
Maybe you wake and think, this is great, I just want  
somewhere to run

The walls blend into ceilings and faces disappear  
Never enough time to think it out, only time to forget  
I'm here  
The bill is on the table but I've got no coins for pay  
A beer half circle around her name, what the hell did  
she say?

The wise are playing tether ball and the ball's eyes look  
like mine  
Rolling around on the end of the cord, I can't make up  
for down  
I'm a stream lined engine with a cog chipped out of the  
wheel  
I remember a dirty joke or two but I can't remember the  
feel  
I remember a dirty joke or two but I can't remember the  
feel

Too much time alone I spend, a miser with a nickel  
worn  
Starving like a mother but I can't let go  
I'll spit the hours 'cross the room and I'll kick 'em out  
the door  
Hell, you can have them, just another thing I've got no  
use for

And it's funny that this comes out dark, it's not that bad  
There's still a sparkle, silver in my cavity that plays  
music in the winter  
I've a cardboard box of batteries hidden in a tire swing  
A miner's hat with a light on top and a handful of  
wedding rings  
A miner's hat with a light on top and a handful of  
wedding rings

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