

Kevin Coyne

"You're Trailing Yourself"

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The sputter and blink of a streetlamp
Makes you taller then shrinks you then splits you in half
So you're trailing yourself
On the walk to the pay phone

Your pocket's weighted down with quarters
In the hope that no ones home

You spray paint cinnamon on vines
And key the cars you pass by
Your ears burn and your voice don't sound right

So you spend the next week playing weekend
Rollin' three men alone in the dark in your kitchen
Your apartment can't talk, so it's safe for your secrets

All the stories you've invested with a masochist
menacing meaning

Those tired tricks that you play
To graft a life to your name
And you know It's not yours but for now it's okay

You wake and cut your initials in cheap glass
To mark a space for yourself when you're time here is
passed
And you're drifted and done, trading danger for
distance
And all those rocks that rope your neck
Are finally nameless and weightless and faceless

And you'll strip the sting from those stains
That bleed the life from your face
And your cheeks will burn red on that pure perfect day

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