

## **Kind Of Like Spitting "A Shaggy Dog Shames Its Owner"**

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My father was run out of this town, a coward and a drunk. And my mother tried desperately to clear the name for me. Even in death that guy still makes a mess of our lives. That's how I found you. Angel at your bedside, kneeling down in front of Mary, with scary eyes. Kill myself for your vision, for an honest opinion. For what my mother wanted, what my mother wanted for me. Even in death that guy still makes a mess of our lives. That's how I found you. Lately I've been thinking doing some real serious thinking about the space between *[something]* a shaggy dog shames its owner, see.

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