

Kind Of Like Spitting

"This Life, So Unlike The Last"

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i'm gonna hitch a cabby instead of the mercedes .
forget chisel, tilt, and comic books.
i'll write with whistles and sing to walls.
remember faces massachusetts,
1998, snowing sammy shaw. we learn to forgive those
who do us wrong. recieve this language,
let me go. i'm gonna spend your money,
gonna make your baby sing again.
express disinterest. call you again and again.
forget i wrote this, i changed my mind.
you thought i'd have learned something from the last
time.

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